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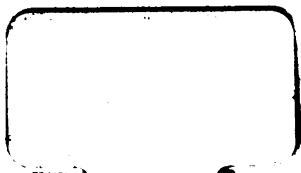
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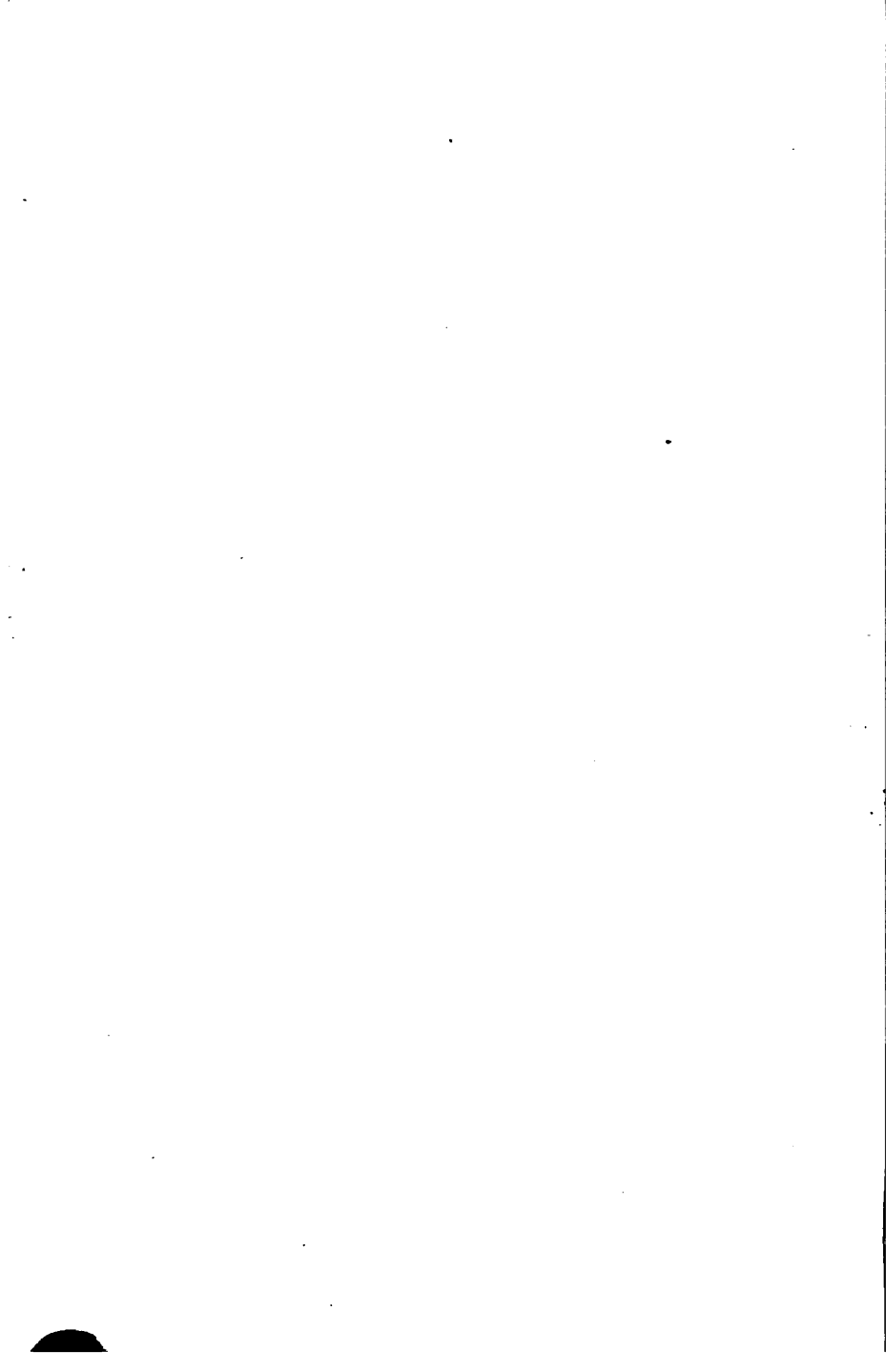
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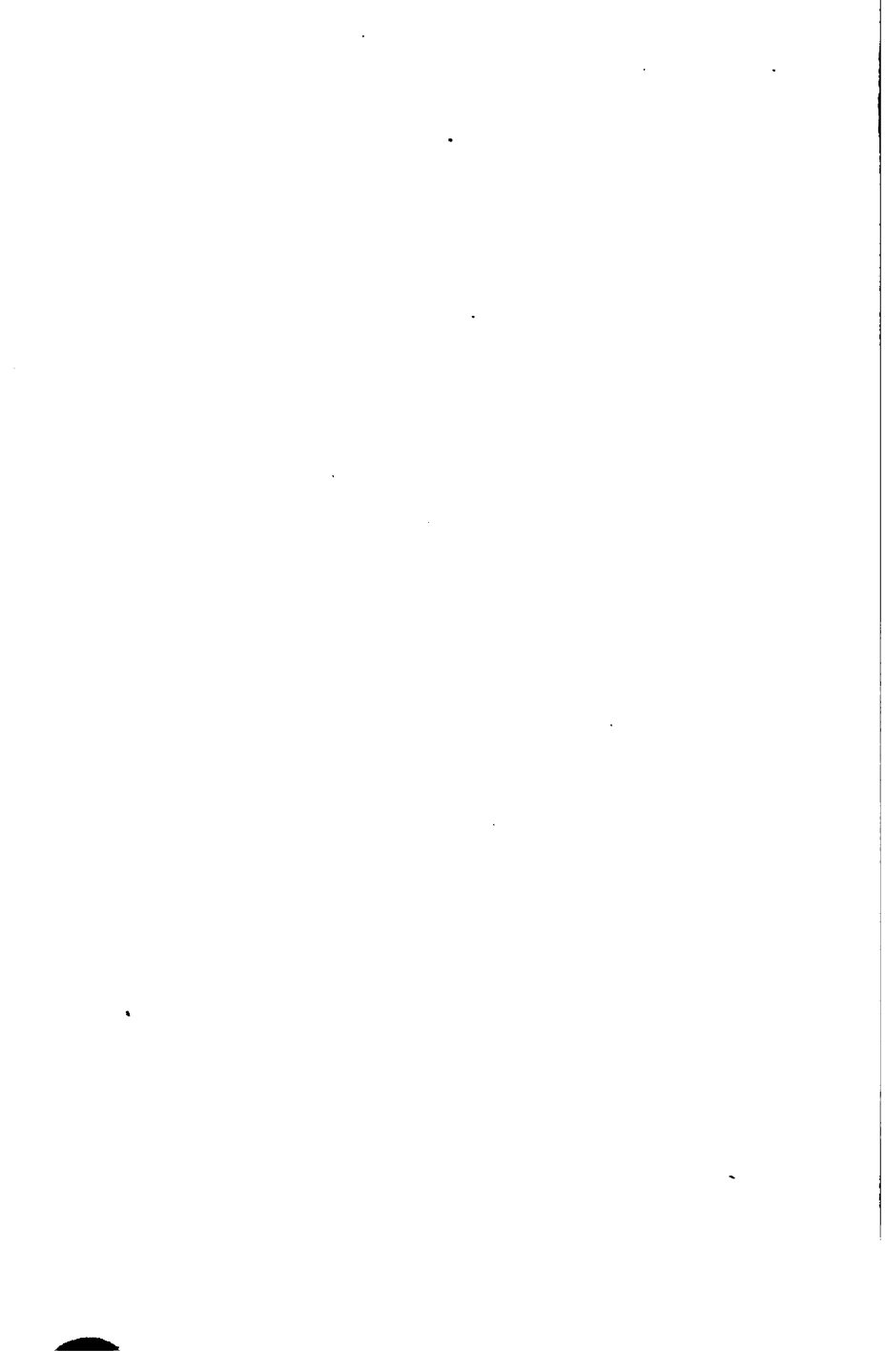


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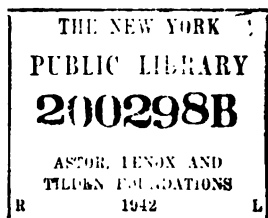
A JOURNEY

BY
CHARLES R. CORNING



BOSTON
CUPPLES AND HURD
94 Boylston Street
1888

M. G. M.



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AALESUND TO TETUAN.

CHAPTER I.

PORTSMOUTH—ISLE OF WIGHT.

WHEN I left London one exquisite autumn day to go to southern France by easy stages, the idea of extending my wanderings to Aalesund and Tetuan never for a moment entered my head. While I had heard of Khar-toum and Merv, and could point them out on maps, Aalesund and Tetuan were strange looking words, whose significance might belong to biography as well as to geography; and had I been asked to explain them, my discomfiture would have been complete. Lying so remote from the routes usually taken by travellers, and being so unimportant in the world's eye, these widely separated towns are rarely visited, although of late they are getting into society a little more, and are beginning to lose some of their shyness. The odd circumstance connected with my journey was, that I never dreamed of such places until chance set me down in them. As I never heard old travellers speak of them, I often wondered how I happened to go there, unless it was because the names attracted me. Having abundant time at my disposal, there was no occasion to hurry and rush, so I allowed myself two years for the journey, lingering here and there as long as it suited my fancy; then moving on, regardless of plans, until I knew both Aalesund and Tetuan, and many other towns beside.

The Channel Islands, with their quaint self-independence

and pride, had always interested me ; and the opportunity had at last come when they lay directly in my path, and not the shadow of an excuse remained for not visiting them. There is no more interesting way to Paris than by these islands and northern France, where every step brings one face to face with charming scenery, and that conservative manner of living which is as delightful as it is fresh and rare. The wheels of time go slowly there, and every hour has sixty minutes. For the moment one becomes a subject of the Norman dukes—a pleasing dream, surely, as it may be broken at one's will. The ancient ruins, with mosses and ivies, assume their wonted splendor ; pageants and ceremonies again bedazzle the beholder ; and Paris and London seem thousands of leagues away. All this is very pleasant and dramatic, and is thoroughly enjoyable in these declining days of the nineteenth century. A deep-seated consciousness that steam is the servant of man actually serves to enhance the romance and sentiment caused by these venerable scenes. As soon as Norman associations become heavy, all one has to do is to take a rapid train, and a few hours later be landed in the midst of that glittering world revolving round Paris. If ever a century held out special inducements to travel, this that we call our own is unquestionably the one.

Before leaving England for these deep-sea allurements, I spent a day at Portsmouth, where every lamp and window breathes war and glory, and where even the hitching-posts are disused cannon. Portsmouth, better than any spot in Great Britain, illustrates the military and naval power of the country, and affords a reasonable explanation of the old claim of Britannia ruling the waves. Profound peace prevailed, the horizon held no clouds at the time I saw it, and yet the great dockyard displayed an activity such as war might call forth. Every one seemed overburdened with

duties ;—soldiers rushed about, bearing messages ; officers, in half uniform, bristled with importance ; sailors were as thick as monkeys in Brazil ; and workmen plied their vocation amid a din of hammers so terrific as almost to make one deaf. If this was an every-day scene, then extraordinary occasions must be wonderful. Portsmouth is one of England's strongest ports, and is accounted impregnable. Money has never been a consideration with the people when fortifications were called for, and millions of pounds have been expended to make them complete. In a military point of view, the English have reason to be proud of this old garrison, and they rarely lose a chance of calling the attention of strangers to its strength and massiveness. For my part, I should consider Portsmouth an admirable school in which to give visiting Zulus and Maoris sound lessons in British supremacy and authority, so that they might depart to their people filled with astonishment and fear. In this way some of England's needless and annoying wars with natives might very likely be averted, and at the same time the leading chiefs could enjoy a royal tour, and go back to their tribes in broadcloth and silk hats. Even to us civilized mortals the martial aspect of the town is very impressive, and ought to compel admiration from Quakers themselves.

While these sights are certainly interesting, one must spend time to see them, a day at least. Then one gets a vivid conception of that infinite labor which is ungrudgingly given to the iron walls of the queen's empire, and even the anglophobe begins to entertain a respect for the nation that has the foresight and patriotism to so protect her honor.

Armed with the necessary passes, I went on board the Thunderer, that monstrous iron-clad, and was shown all I desired to see. The officer in charge kindly explained the working of the battery, which is simple in its manage-

ment, and might be handled by a child. Then he enlarged upon the guns, claiming for them a projectile force so tremendous that I could almost fancy this terrible ship outside of Portland, Maine, flinging solid shot across the summit of Mount Washington. While I was on the Thunderer they were making active preparations for sailing; and the hurry and confusion incident to departure made the decks anything but ship-shape. In less than two months later this terror of naval warfare had reached the Bosphorus as a living menace to Russian and French influences, and, to more fully demonstrate its fearful claim, began exercising this wonderful battery of thirty-ton guns. At almost the first discharge one of these celebrated guns burst into fragments, killing a score of officers and men, and, for aught I know, my guide might have been among the number,—thus teaching to the gunnery boards of England a wholesome lesson in more careful inspection.

The British admiralty rejoices in a nomenclature so awe-inspiring as to cause consternation among its foes. The Dreadnaught, the Inflexible, the Devastation, the Hercules, and the Dictator are among its choicest specimens; and if there is any virtue in a name, the battle may be half won. This European craze for constructing mammoth ships-of-war has by no means run its course. Every nation vies with every other; and a new idea, no matter how unsound it may be, or how expensive, is eagerly seized upon and incorporated into the prevailing architecture. England is always experimenting; and her experiments have caused sorrow and humiliation, as every traveller who has read the bronze tablet, commemorating the crew of the Captain, in Saint Paul's cathedral, will testify. Now France leads in the race; while Italy, not to be outdone, has startled the world by producing such monsters as the Italia and the Lepanto, with armor 36 inches thick, with a displacement

of 14,000 tons, and carrying batteries of four 100-ton guns. Where this extravagant competition will end nobody knows, but it is safe to assume that a good share of it will fetch up at the bottom of the sea.

Not far from the granite walls of the arsenal lies the historic Victory, mournfully tossing on those waves whose mistress she once was. Like a scarred veteran, she is an object of compassion and interest; but her day has gone, and ruthless decay has seized her for its own. At the risk of being somewhat disrespectful, the Victory, with her vast, almost square, bulk of four stories, reminded me of a shoe factory painted black. The four rows of ports dotting its bellying sides look highly ridiculous in these days; and the carved balconies around the stern, admirably adapted for flower-pots and moonlight flirtations, add another comical feature; but once on deck, and there comes over one the becoming sentiment which the memory of Lord Nelson always inspires. The decks are low, yet not gloomy, owing to the abundance of light admitted through the port-holes, and are kept clean and orderly. There is quite a museum of Trafalgar mementos on board, comprising, of course, cannon balls, swords, guns, flags, cutlasses, and innumerable objects bequeathed by battle; but the most precious among them is the coat and vest, blood-stained, and yet well preserved, that were worn by Nelson on the glorious October day three quarters of a century ago. On the quarter-deck a silver star marks the spot where the French musketeer shot him down; and around it stood little knots of sight-seers, lost in reverie. This venerable pensioner is now used as a school-ship, where the youth of England may learn, amid hallowed influences, how to be brave and patriotic. So long as the old frigate tosses upon the waves, she will be an object of fondest devotion. Fathers will carry their children there; and generation after generation will

pour over the lofty sides, and ramble about the quaint old decks, and come away thanking Heaven that no matter what the future may have in the way of chance, the glory of the Nile and of Trafalgar can never fade.

Beside the satisfaction of standing on the quarter-deck of Nelson's flag-ship and contemplating the history of nations, I came away full of an additional satisfaction, which is rarely permitted to strangers visiting such scenes: that ubiquitous pest, the seller of relics and mementos, never once put in an appearance. Neither canes nor pin-cushions carved from the timbers, nor paper-weights made from cannon balls, were offered for sale. The locality was refreshingly exempt from such irrepressible creatures, whose stock in trade is as inexhaustible as the sacred relics of Rome.

In the city, back from the barracks and arsenals, Portsmouth has that peaceful English air which is so full of charm. The streets are quiet, the walks shady, and the houses have peaked roof and awkward gables. The sea views are exquisite, so that when the eye is tired of broad arrows and bristling bayonets, the marine pictures in the beautiful roadstead furnish an agreeable change. The views from the Parade and the Clarence Esplanade looking toward the Isle of Wight are exceedingly lovely, giving a rare blending of war and peace. In the foreground are the iron-clads and the land batteries, while across the harbor is that emerald island sleeping as tranquilly as it did on the great creation day long before wars were a part of civilization. In the season the town is full of strangers, who seek its favored situation to catch the soft, invigorating breezes, and to lay in a winter's stock of national conceit; and the South-sea park is gay and vivacious all day long.

Portsmouth, like all these coast towns, is undergoing constant improvements. The crooked streets are becoming scarce, and the narrow ones are taking on that dignity

which breadth alone can give them ; the open and long dis-used parts bordering the water have been converted into lively promenades, with music-stands and flower-beds and works of art ; new hotels look out upon the change, and their coffee-room windows embrace as pretty scenes as one could wish for. Not only in this way has the town put on a new appearance, but also in the fortifications has a new order begun. The ancient bastions and ravelins are fast disappearing ; their uselessness is no longer questioned, and more solid works rise up in their stead ; the massive gates, once so formidable, are allowed to crumble ; the wet ditches are no longer looked upon for defence ; and the solemn old ramparts, with their strangely uniformed grenadiers, have all but disappeared.

Ryde, that most fascinating introduction to the Isle of Wight, just across the harbor from Portsmouth, is a mixture of sea resort and business place, and boasts of an importance, as such things go, in this sweet little gem of the sea. No doubt its people love their homes, and, that they may the more surely keep them, cater to the numerous wants of summer visitors, and so lay up a competency that keeps the wolf from the door, and makes life worth living.

The long iron pier, stretching a half mile or more into the ocean, affords a delightful promenade, and is almost like going to sea. To enjoy its attractions costs as much as a matutinal stimulation, but its effect is more sanitary. As an appetizer, it stands unrivalled.

In a most comfortable conveyance I left Ryde one fair morning. The air was scarcely tinged with autumn, and the skies were as propitious as any Virgil ever gazed at. Under such benign conditions no wonder I thought it was the paradise of old through which I was passing. Verdant and flourishing hedges enclosed the highway for miles and miles. The finishing touches of man's hand were everywhere visi-

ble. If the face of nature on this island ever wore an unsweet expression, it must have been when the savagest of barbarians shed their blood in its presence, for its gentleness and loveliness make it the abode of peace. The *Bucolics* might have been inspired amidst the charms of this favored isle, for the lazy hum of bees seems to float in the air all the day long.

Among such quiet charms the sight of the old-fashioned stocks in the market-place at Brading gave me a gentle shock, and the remains of a bull-ring quite took away my breath. I soon recovered, however, and charged them all to the influence of ancient Rome. Poor old Brading is sadly out of date; the dust of antiquity has settled thickly on its shapely form; and yet, notwithstanding all this, the town presents a rare and attractive simplicity. In a few minutes the blue sea comes in sight again, and the pretty scenery which greets the eye culminates in the prim little watering-place of Sandown. Being Sunday, the churchgoers regard my equipage with curious intent, for on week days these simple people have other things to look after, and the rolling into town of a single landeau does not seriously affect them. Even the frequenters of the cheerful ale-houses came to the door, and exchanged salutations with the driver. In England, including the Isle of Wight, churches and drinking-places are open on the Lord's day, thus catering to both extremes of society.

As Shanklin offered a pleasant resting-place, I drew up before "Daishes," a comfortable and liberal inn, and had a mid-day lunch. Having in mind the geographical fact that the Isle of Wight is only twenty miles long, I procrastinated, lest I should find myself at Freshwater, the extreme edge of the island, long before sundown; so I became very critical in the choice of meats and wine, and the waiter, on his part, assisted by delaying everything except the bill.

Chines, which may be roughly described as deep gorges made by the constant trickling of water-courses in their efforts to reach the sea, are plentiful all over the Isle of Wight; and no well regulated resort would be complete without one at least. The chine at Shanklin was about two hundred feet deep, with sides thickly shrouded with brush-wood and undergrowth, amid which rustic walks intertwined. Miniature bridges and shady seats added to the abundant charms of the picturesque ravine; and with plenty of time to dissipate, I found it quite a satisfaction to get lost and then try to find my way out of these leafy labyrinths. On emerging from the chine I noticed a shield close by a rustic fountain, containing these very sweet and appropriate lines:

“O traveller, stay thy weary feet;
Drink of this fountain pure and sweet;
It flows for rich and poor the same:
Then go thy way, remembering still
The wayside well beneath the hill,
The cup of water in His name.”

I quaffed my draught in accordance with the poet's suggestion, and tendered him my heartfelt thanks.

Between Shanklin and Bonchurch is a succession of terraces and undulating patches of earth, rather unusual in appearance, so I inquired what it meant. My driver, who was a native of the island, told me that the section through which we were riding went by the name of Undercliff, and that the eruptive nature of the country was due to a series of land-slides in years gone by. He also gave it as his opinion that the same process might be expected at any moment, owing to the action of the sea on the soft and yielding substratum of the island. I could but think how awkward it would be to have one of these big slides during our passage. I did not encourage the coachman to unfold his

geological theories, as he fostered a habit of walking the horses during each conversational period. As scenery goes in the Isle of Wight, the Undercliff road is very rugged and wild. Great boulders, loosely hanging over the highway, seem ready to quit their settings and drop on the unwary traveller; and to increase the startling effect, loose stones are constantly rattling down, and, like skirmishers in battle, may be the forerunners of something more terrible. Threatening as this road is, it creates a splendid contrast to the calm meadows and intervalles, and the glistening waves of the ocean.

The villages are so exceedingly neighborly that my carriage rolled out of one and into another before I had time to read their names in the market-place. I could not help thinking what a lively chase constables must have hunting petty law-breakers from town to town.

To show how quickly one goes from place to place, my talkative driver pulled his horses into that slow walk that presaged his conversation, and began telling me about Bonchurch and its attractions. I listened intently, only waiting for a pause in the description, and when it came I told him I would like to stop a few minutes and pay my respects to the beauties of Bonchurch; but Jehu sadly shook his red curls, and informed me that we had passed Bonchurch and were then in Ventnor.

Here the wind is tempered to the shorn invalid. The climate is equable and genial for those afflicted with lung diseases, and merits the name of the English Madeira. It fronts the sea, and is protected behind by a range of hills which keep out the saucy north wind. As at all the resorts on the island, sea-bathing is generously indulged in, the shore being peculiarly favorable for such sport. Nearly every house was adorned with the sign, "Apartments to Let;" and vacant lots were made interesting by the infor-

mation conveyed to the passer-by, in large letters, that leases for 999 years could be effected, and in two or three instances 2000 years was the limit. I could only hope that the owner did not require pay in advance. There are several large and sunny hospitals for consumptives in Ventnor, besides the usual number of hotels and boarding-houses; so, owing to its immunity from the fierceness of winter, the little dingy fishing village of 1836 has become one of the largest and most expensive places on the island. It is growing rapidly, and some over-sanguine patrons are beginning to compare it with Nice as a gay and festive resort; but Nice will, in my opinion, still continue to entice all but the very consumptive Britons to its Circean spells.

From Ventnor to Blackgang the scenery is wild in places, then gentle and beautiful as a cultivated garden, and always fascinating. I think my driver would have cried if I had missed the celebrated chine at Blackgang, for his tongue had been portraying its grandeur and marvels for miles. The chine is as wild and ugly a gorge as ever robber chief infested,—deep, barren of verdure, with sides dripping with moisture, and at the bottom trickles a sluggish stream on its course to the sandy beach beyond. Standing at the very foot, and looking up at the oozing sides all so dark and forbidding, I almost fancied myself in the gloomy hold of some large steamship. The chine was too damp for a long stay, so I made my way towards the warm sunshine streaming from overhead, when my steps were arrested by a small building set across the path. The means of ingress were numerous, but there seemed to be only one way out, and that lay through the architectural blockade in front. It was a bazar, with a full assortment of sticks, pin-boxes, prayer-books with wooden covers, and a hundred other mementos of the locality. It required much firmness on my part to resist the blandishments of a young

saleswoman, who kept insisting that I ought to buy the entire stock in trade. I was adamantine, however, and succeeded in getting off with some trifling article, which I gave to a small child playing near the entrance. It afterwards occurred to me that the child with flaxen locks was acting its part in the drama of the bazar.

Blackgang hotel, high on the brink of a cliff, commands an extensive sea view, which in fair weather enables one to discern the blue outlines of the coast of France. Under the assiduous assertions of the waiter, I fancied I made out a faint streak which looked like France. At all events, I was willing to receive it as such. From here to Freshwater the highway takes a turn inland, but the same beautiful landscape lies round about,—peaceful farms, with thatched and vine-clad cottages, symmetrical hedges and venerable bridges, and distant spires; while closer, flocks of sheep, with foot-worn shepherds, come trudging along the dusty road. Through Shorwell, Brixton, and Brooke we glided; and soon after the sun went down we drew rein before the hotel at Freshwater.

The next morning I joined a party to visit Alum bay and the Needles, at the extreme north-west of the Isle of Wight. The cliffs about there are variegated with the liveliest colors, each stratum having its own way as to the hue it should favor—some gray, others yellow, and still others red; so that from a little distance the effect is very pretty.

The Needles are sharp, spire-like rocks rising out of the ocean, and presenting strange forms as one looks at them from different positions. A fair imagination would be able to make a lively panorama of things terrestrial and things celestial out of the erratic rocks at Alum bay. One gentleman succeeded in creating Sinbad the sailor, the Jew Fagin, and the Indian chieftain, feathers and all, by observations taken at different angles. I was not so fortunate in my dis-

covery, but the Needles are really most prodigal of figures and forms. Our guide informed us that the highest rock tumbled into the sea about a century ago—a fate which he deeply deplored, inasmuch as the lost Needle was 120 feet high. Humanity has now taken possession of the loftiest pinnacle, and placed a light-house there, 700 feet above the waters that surge around its fantastic foundations.

The drive from Alum bay to Newport was through the same garden-like country as before,—broad fields and sweeping downs as far as I could see on either side, here and there a village, and here a party of harvesters who swung their hats as we hurried past.

Newport enjoys the mild distinction of being the capital of the island; and a cleanly and sweet little capital it is. Quiet streets, imposing dwellings, and an old church prove that the people of Newport are proud of their heritage, and mean to preserve the dignity of the place.

Carisbrooké castle, a mile out of town, is one of the most celebrated and most beautiful ruins in Great Britain. It stands on the crown of a high hill, and commands a wide view of the exquisite landscape. Charles I was imprisoned within the walls of the castle, and the very casement, with its thick bars, is still pointed out where the royal captive attempted to escape. The crumbling castle was built about the time of the Conquest, and traces of that rough architecture may still be seen at every turn. The time-worn walls are under kind protection; so in all probability Carisbrooke will continue to adorn the pretty Isle of Wight for many years to come. The ivy-mantled keep is highly picturesque, while the machicolated gateway affords a study to one interested in medieval structures. The slightly position was not unappreciated by the Romans, for villas have recently been discovered that showed unmistakable Roman origin; and the Celts, also, had their day on this lovely eminence. In

the court-yard of the castle is a quaint old well and a most historical ass. I do not think it was the well so much as the means of raising the water that made the attraction. Over the mouth of the well a large wheel is hung, worked by this venerable and patient beast. There, in his gentle, meek-eyed way, he paces his never-ending path. Resigned to his fate, he hauls up the cold, clear water from the caverns below; and his master offers it at a penny a cupful. Whether Charles slaked his thirst at this fountain, history does not record; but this ass, so they say, is a direct descendant of the mouse-colored quadruped that turned the wheel in the time of the Stuarts.

With Carisbrooke lingering in my memory, I took the mail-packet *Diana* at Southampton, and resigned myself to the night. The passage was to the famous Channel Islands, that sea-girt empire of cream. The *Diana* was a state-roomless craft, and the passengers were turned into a somewhat limited common cabin, with sleeping-berths arranged around the sides, so that no one could be sea-sick during the passage without every one's knowing the fact. I have never been a victim of that dread malady, but that night I almost succumbed out of sympathy with my fellow-voyagers. There was one sour, dyspeptic man, with a frightful shock of off-colored hair, who kept exclaiming "I shall die! I shall die!" He was vociferously ill, but long before daybreak I began to lose hopes of his promised dissolution.

When I went on deck the next morning we were passing the dangerous Casquets, the sharp, fanged ledges on which thousands of brave men have met their death; and Guernsey and Alderney were in plain view. The arrival of the boat must be the great event of the day, as a large committee awaited us on the pier at St. Peter Port. The harbor is well protected by massive stone moles, which run out into

the sea, and form a sort of breakwater. Owing to the state of the tide, we landed on what might properly be called the ground floor of the pier. It was covered with shells and sea-weed, and was most uncertain of foot. The assembled populace was ready for us. Eye-glasses were adjusted, and we, poor travellers, like the early settlers of North America, passed the gauntlet as best we might.

CHAPTER II.

JERSEY—GUERNSEY.

THE Channel Islands are illustrations of autonomy in government. They were possessions of the Duchy of Normandy at the time of the Conquest, and assisted in the missionary work laid out by William; but when a later king of England lost his continental territory, these little landing-places alone adhered to his cause, and amid all the turmoil of politics since that time Jersey and its neighbors have remained loyal. Their people claim that England is a part of themselves: at any rate, the imperial laws must mention these islands in order to obtain any efficacy and force. The sturdy islanders reason in this way: We went over with William and conquered the Danes and Saxons, and we remained there in a political point of view: hence, being the direct descendants of the Norman prince, England belongs to us. This view of the question is entitled to considerable weight, for England has never once attempted, during these centuries, to free herself from the grasp of the Channel Islands, but silently acquiesces in the claim, and does everything in her power to cater to the independent ideas of her insular owners. So far as law and customs are concerned, the government at London never troubles itself with the islands. It only exercises its authority on the subject of garrison and fortifications. This is pleasing to the inhabitants, inasmuch as the presence of the troops furnishes a ready market for the farm produce, and for the much better reason that the pay and expenses of the soldiery do not entail a shilling's

burden on the islanders. Whatever income they may receive from the garrisons is so much clear gain. The money comes from Great Britain—the Channel Islands not being a part thereof for the purposes of taxation—and is left in St. Peter Port, St. Helier's, and the other towns. In this sense it is better to be born a Channel Islander than to be born rich. They enjoy all the pleasures of the participation without incurring the inconveniences of the excise. This is almost a beatific state of affairs.

Besides these material advantages, the climate makes the islands a favorite resort, both to persons suffering from disease and to persons in good health. While the mean average temperature is not many degrees different from that of Greenwich, the average range is noticeably small, being only 8° or 9°. These figures are from a record extending through ten years, and were taken for the purpose of comparing the climate of Guernsey with other resorts in England and France. Under conditions so favorable, no wonder vegetation is luxuriant and profitable, and milk is rich. Aside from fishing and cultivating the land, the inhabitants find little to do; but two industries like these are quite enough to kill all the time at their disposal. The people are hard workers, rising early and going to bed late year in and year out, and then yielding up the ghost at a very advanced age, but working to the last. I cannot say whether this vigor is the result of heredity, or the mode of living coupled with the climate; but I observed more active octogenarians during my stay on these islands than ever before in my life. When I inquired of some shop-keeper why this was so, he only smiled, and said he had never noticed it. When a hearty old man of seventy or eighty autumns acts in the capacity of chore-boy, to carry out bundles and to make himself generally useful, it is not expected his master will observe anything unusual. Pauperism and its accom-

paniments are rarely seen. The conditions of life are hostile to social evils like these, and crime, too, does not flourish. Drunkenness may or may not be common; but I should think it might be, as every encouragement to drinking is held out by the exceeding cheapness of all kinds of spirits and wines. Being free ports, liquor and tobacco ought to be plentiful, and probably they are, as drinking-places are as numerous as barber shops in Bologna. If such a paradise as this existed in Ireland or Scotland, it would paralyze the imagination to conceive a Saturday afternoon.

The government of the islands may be said to be wholly a home rule, in which are retained many of the forms of ancient Normandy. The proceedings of parliament and the law courts are wholly carried on in the French language, or a modification of it, accordingly as it strikes one's ear. Some call it a *patois*; others consider it too complete for that; and as for myself, I quickly made up my mind that I did not care to learn it, and so let it alone. I have seen it written, and, with a knowledge of French, I found I could translate most of it; but the words are strangely mutilated and accented, so that at first sight a page of Guernese may be taken for so much early English. The islands form three political divisions, each with a parliament, a system of courts, and local functions. The chief official is the bailiff, who, with his associates, reminded me of some of Offenbach's creations, for they are pompous with wigs and three-cornered chapeaux, resplendent in red gowns and heavy in deportment.

Just how far coinage of money is permitted, I am unable to say, although I have distinct recollections of being brought face to face more than once by a flat refusal to accept my small coins because they were of another island. French money, even more than English, circulates in all the islands,

but the inhabitants have not yet reached that degree of pride that prevents them from accepting shillings and sovereigns.

St. Peter Port, the largest place in Guernsey, is English in all its details, policemen and all, and, with the exception of a few old crumbling lanes and corners, would pass for any venerable English town. Perhaps the contact with English people has weakened the primitiveness that formerly prevailed; if so, it is lamentable, for when these islands fall into the front ranks of to-day, their climate only will be left to attract the stranger. The hotel was clean, and the table excellent; the proprietor was an out and out Guernsey man, who knew every foot of the island, and could lay out an itinerary that would introduce one to every bay, settlement, and water lane.

To a certain degree Guernsey disappointed me. The island is well worth visiting, but my preformed idea of what its civilization was like was as unreal as the dreams of the night. I fancied I should see a people as backward in manners and usages as the grandsires before them. I did not for a moment consider that these little out-of-the-way places had cast off much that was original and interesting. As I found St. Peter Port, so I found the entire island: the tone was decidedly English. Notwithstanding the laws and language, the Guernseymen might pass anywhere as full-fledged English yeoman.

The coast-line is rugged, and deeply indented with picturesque bays, which add a lasting charm to the general recollections of the island. Fermain bay is a grand specimen, being enclosed by high cliffs, upon whose crests sturdy Martello towers were placed, as if an attack by sea was expected. When the carriage could proceed no farther, we walked to the shores of the bay through a lovely lane leading down past several Arcadian-like farms. It was a charm-

ing spot, where the weariest body might obtain absolute rest and freedom from the cares of the world. It was the inspiration of scenery like this that gave the world "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*." For years Victor Hugo lived on this island, and from the windows of his house at St. Peter Port he looked out on the mysterious sea and the imposing cliffs. His house Hautville may still be seen, but it has no outward indications of interest. It is prim enough, as houses go in Guernsey, to adorn the straggling street of some New England village. It is not built of wood, and has no staring green blinds: otherwise it would be very orthodox. Old buildings are not wanting. Many of the houses bear evidence of that period long since passed out of the memory of man. And one church in particular, St. Apolline, is constructed of the rudest stone-work laid in mortar made from small shells. This ecclesiastical structure was never done under a government contract. During my ride I came across several trickling brooks, so exquisitely placed amid the shades and lights of the overreaching foliage that I could not withstand their gentle teasing.

These "water-lanes" are found in the other islands, but it is in Guernsey that they attain that perfection which has no rival in the wide world. The lane is made out of the bed of the brook or rill, cut deep, and then laid with flat stepping-stones, while the water bubbles along the sides unmolested. It is all shut out from the rough landscape by high banks, and oftentimes high moss-covered walls hem in the clear little water-course for a long distance. The unwonted luxuriance of ferns and emerald green foliage is scattered along the banks, while overhead the interlaced branches of the elm trees keep off the inquisitive sun. So peaceful are these sylvan lanes, that I was startled when the sound of breaking waves fell upon my ear, for I had fancied the sea was thousands of miles away. The little silver

thread only glides through the enchanting lanes to drop into the world of water, and be lost forever.

It does not take many hours to see all there is of interest in this island, for, aside from the bays and cliffs and stretching beaches, Guernsey has but little to offer. The water-lanes are certainly as lovely as they are unique, and charmed me more than anything I saw. Of course one might spend weeks here without getting tired, but I fancy the time would hang rather heavily after a few days, for the old island is dull and uneventful, notwithstanding its numerous marine attractions. If one wants a complete idea of what the Channel Islands are in sights and customs, it is well to visit them all ; but to the ordinary traveller, whose purpose is not to examine closely, but to visit comprehensively, a few well spent hours between the steamers—generally twenty-four—are quite enough to give to Guernsey ; then let him betake himself to that greater and more famous isle, whose gentle cows have crowned it with a sort of bovine immortality more lasting than monuments of brass.

I was impatient to reach Jersey, so I cut my stay short at Guernsey, and took the morning boat for the fair isle of the sea where the cow is almost as sacred as the white elephant of Siam. It was a very comfortable sail of three or four hours from island to island, and our landing was accomplished under the same popular auspices as at Guernsey. The tides about here are almost as ambitious as in the Bay of Fundy, rising thirty feet or more, and entailing considerable inconvenience to travellers. The long mole, however, enables the boats to discharge their cargoes under most any circumstances ; but in the forefathers' day there must have been a good deal of profanity.

St. Helier's, the capital, is a large and flourishing town ; and before I had been there four-and-twenty hours I came to the conclusion that its name was a striking illustration of

onomatopœia. St. Hellious would have hit the nomenclatic nail on the head. Sounds of revelry by night, and loud strains of gossip and trade during the day, are among the peculiarities of the place. The accoustic properties of the town are very remarkable, and I detected the true Gallic in all this uproar. These people are more marked in their peculiarities than the steady-going Guernseyites, who, by the by, claim a somewhat higher rung in the social ladder than the dwellers in Jersey. If silence almost to the verge of positive dumbness be the token of aristocracy, then the latter are a good way off from ribbons and garters.

The island is twelve miles long and seven wide, and there are about sixty thousand pairs of lusty lungs thriving thereon. The general features of the coast bear a resemblance to Guernsey, being bold and indented; but the surface of the island is under a higher cultivation, and the drives are ten-fold more charming. The way to see Jersey is to divide the island into so many parts, taking one part for each day: by so doing, very little worth seeing escapes the observant tourist. I devoted four days to Jersey, and only wished it could have been as many weeks, so delightful were my experiences among the embowered lanes and along the romantic promontories. I would certainly recommend every American, who can spare the time, to enter France by the way of Jersey; then cross to St. Malo or Granville, delightful old towns; then to Caen and Paris. I fear very few indeed will follow my suggestion; if they only would, what mines of pleasure and incidents they might possess! I have approached Paris by five different routes, and this is the most interesting and picturesque of them all.

The attractions of climate, schools, and markets induce a large family immigration from England, where such things are highly prized, but are not always within the reach of moderate incomes; and as grass is green throughout the

entire winter, I should choose Jersey myself in preference to many more fashionable and less comfortable resorts. If there are many invalids on the island, they become so merged with the healthy and active that one does not observe them. The habits of the Jerseyites are vivacious, and present diversion enough to interest the seeker after health, and it is a great medicine to be amused by watching the amusement of others.

It was the middle of October when I was at St. Helier's, a date indicated by the calendar, not by the weather. The night air was warm and salubrious, surcharged perhaps with the excesses of the dog-days, and I slept with the windows of my chamber thrown wide open. By this sanitary expedient my lungs were filled with fresh air, and my ears with fresh noises. After night fall, the streets are given up to foot passengers; scarcely a carriage is ever found infringing on the time-honored prerogative of the place. King street vies with High street in the twilight revels, which take place on all but rainy and inclement evenings. Men, women, and children meet on the stage of friendly darkness and drink the cup of harmless pleasure year in and year out. The very night resounds with their laughter, nor does the quaint old town still its antics until the new day has come. These nocturnal entertainments are, I dare say, the special property of St. Helier's. The thoroughgoing farmer beyond the city walls seeks his couch at early sundown, and rises refreshed and ready for another long day's work, just as the merry revellers are fumbling for their night-keys.

Dublin and Jersey pride themselves on their exquisite types of womanly beauty, and the claim is generally allowed, for it would indeed be a foolhardy act to discuss this proposition too earnestly; but certainly the Jersey women are far above the average both in looks and health, and when Millais drew one of the beautiful faces on his canvas, the

joy of the islanders knew no bounds. Copies were for sale in the shops, and everybody appeared to take a personal interest in the victory achieved by this favored native, who has since become as well known to the people of a distant continent as she was to her own neighbors. With this indigenous charm, which so few countries possess, no wonder that Jersey feels she is the most important part in the system of imperial government; and if her people have the habit of looking down disdainfully on the sister islands, why need we wonder?

The best way to see the nooks and corners of the island is to get a map, hire a gig, and push resolutely on, always bearing in mind that the people you meet will gladly answer your questions and often give useful information relative to the object of your curiosity.

Jersey is a complete maze of embowered lanes and passages; so, go where fancy leads, you will find an entrancing loveliness and charm. What the water lanes are to Guernsey, these dry but shady paths are to Jersey. The sides are high with moss-covered walls or mounds of earth, over which, in tangled confusion, run vines and trailing plants, while above the interlocked foliage sparingly admits the sunlight. These lanes are very narrow and winding, so that care has to be exercised to prevent collision. Bays are arranged at certain distances, into whose kindly recesses one carriage turns, while the other glides past. At the openings in the walls or hedges I caught glimpses of the snug little farms within, and exchanged salutations with the proprietors. The system of feudal land tenure still obtains; and I believe inherited land cannot be devised, but must follow the laws of succession. The island is subdivided into small parcels, for the consolidation of land is not favored by law or by public sentiment. The eldest son takes the house and a few acres of land (five vergées)

and one tenth of the remainder, the residue being allotted to the other sons and daughters, the former taking two thirds and the latter one third of the entire estate, rents and all. As land is always liable for its owner's debts, even after he has sold it, a purchaser must exercise great caution, or he will wake up to find his hard-earned acres laid hold of by stern and unyielding creditors, who are strongly backed by the law. If land is the basis of wealth and property, then Jersey must be one of the ideal spots, for every farmer owns his little farm, or the little farm owns the farmer, which is better. Few farms contain more than ten or fifteen acres, and some are much smaller; but the reigning passion among the inhabitants is the cultivation of the soil, and the possession of only a fair sized garden would not discourage a bred-in-the-bone Jerseyman. London furnishes a great market for their farm produce. It may be shipped one day, and the next morning the stalls of the city markets are laden with its richness; and then the cows are transported to the four quarters of the globe. No farmer is so poor as not to own one, at least, of these celebrated animals, whose pedigree ante-dates that of William the Conqueror. The cows must possess so many points—thirty-four, I believe—in order to pass a satisfactory examination; but my knowledge of fancy farming is so slight, that milk, instead of a crumpled horn, or a small hoof, or a finely adjusted tail, would be my sole criterion of bovine excellence. And surely Jersey is the milk-drinker's paradise. On the whole, the farmer has drawn a prize in the uncertain lottery of life. With acres of his own, horses, and rich cows, abundant harvests, and ready markets,—with wholesome social surroundings, and a friendly climate,—what more could fall to his lot?

In riding about the island I had a good opportunity to see for myself how generously nature treats the farmers in the

way of abundant harvests. It was not the amount of the produce, but the quality, that caught my attention. I saw cart-loads of pears, any one of which would weigh nearly if not quite a pound; in fact, this fruit is sold by weight. It would be a rather awkward undertaking for a small boy to steal many of these tempting pears in the period of time generally allotted to such predatory excursions. The proper punishment would be to compel the young pirate to eat a half dozen at one sitting. Apples and grapes are most prolific, and so are vegetables of all kinds. But the most riotous plant is the cabbage. Its ambition is not restrained by the lankness of its growth. Up, up, towards heaven it shoots, until the startled American begins to expect a visit from Jack of the fable tales. Twelve and fifteen feet usually mark the height attained by the Jersey cabbage, although now and then a much greater size is found—a circumstance at once eagerly seized upon by the local newspapers. The frugal native turns this vigorous plant to practical use by converting the stalk into a walking-stick. I bought one as a souvenir, and a man from California teased it away from me because he had never seen anything like it. His confession was such a curiosity to me, that I willingly parted with my small telegraph pole. Cider and cream are not popularly supposed to get on well together, but I managed it by devoting one day to oysters and cider, the next to vegetables and cream. Cider is one of the chief sources of income, and vast quantities of this most delicious juice are made each year. To the American palate the name oyster suggests a feast; and of all places outside our own Eastern and Southern coasts, the shores of Jersey may be commended for their bivalves. They are smaller and blacker than our Cotuits, and have a more brackish taste; but they answer the purpose exceedingly well, and may be made susceptible of relish. Gorey bay is the meeting-place for the vessels

engaged in the oyster trade, and I have seen the broad tide-deserted beach black with them.

Rozel bay is a charming dash of rough scenery, with its cluster of castle-shaped ledges threatening the passing sail. Near the sea, but secluded in the pretty fret-work of winding lanes, is an estate called *La Chaire*, where most beautiful plants and flowers abound, furnishing within a small space the complete flora of the island. Besides these are exotics growing in the open air, exposed to the caprices of the sky, and yet they flourish as if protected by glass and nurtured by artifice.

No place would be tolerated on the map of Europe that did not possess some ruin or other ; and here, again, Jersey jumps to the front, leaving out of sight, for the time being, cows, cabbage-stalks, and Chaumontelle pears, and points with unaffected pride to the picturesque old castle of Mont Orgueil. This crumbling mass, dignified even in its decadence, is older than the Christian religion. Its battlements have not known the angry voice of strife for many centuries—not since the time of the chivalrous Du Guesclin, who once laid siege to the castle ; and to-day its utter desolation is touching. At its base reposes the hamlet of Gorey, famous for its oysters ; and a few leagues away over the glittering foam of La Manche lie the low outlines of the French coast, with an occasional spire breaking the monotony of the horizon. As I gazed into France, I could but recall how saucily England has stationed herself in the front doors of so many nations. With these islands, which geographically do not belong to her, she keeps an eye on Gallic enterprise. Then Heligoland, Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Aden, Campobello, and Bermuda occurred to me. I cannot say how strategic any one of these points may be, but their position, if not actually menacing, is somewhat irritating.

Each day's ride took a new direction, though the paths

often crossed each other ; but Jersey charms do not fade and crumble with one glance. They bear repeating, and there was mixture enough in my saunterings to give everything a dash of novelty. The rough and threatening ledges guarding the long, hard floor of the beach furnished me with vigorous exercise ; and a turn inland brought me among the shady lanes, with their refreshing wayside springs where thirsty throats love to linger, or into the very presence of home life where the housewife sat spinning or milking, and in the background the array of buildings with their tiles and thatches and scrambling vines :—these were some of the hourly-met-with pleasures of the tourist in this garden of the sea.

Scattered about the island are two or three ancient churches. One, St. Brelade's, built in the twelfth century, is full of interest to the archæologist and the owl, for, while not literally deserted, its mouldering aspect invites that impression. The church-yard is black with grave-stones, which, having been on guard for so many ages, now topple and bend in utter weakness, and are scarcely decipherable. St. Martin's is a fit companion to St. Brelade's, and is worth a moment's study.

I most reluctantly turned my eyes toward France, and as the steamer did not ply every day, I had to go ; but I carried with me the tenderest recollections of old Jersey, and promised myself to return some day when the autumn treasures were plentiful.

CHAPTER III.

THE COAST LINE OF NORMANDY.

THREE hours from the time the stout little steamer left the stone pier at St. Helier's, it was running through what looked like a vast fissure in the rocky coast of France ; and quick upon the view came the grim granite houses of Granville. Built on terraces receding from the shore, the town struggles up the uneven hill until its ambition is crowned with a fierce looking fortress, over whose ramparts floated the tricolor. There are two Granvilles—one by the sea, the other on the hill. The restless disposition of the Atlantic hereabouts accounts for the massive stone moles which extend far into the harbor, and impress the observer with the importance and mightiness of the place.

The fish business gives employment to the people from the time they are born until they are overtaken by death or age ; and a livelier and more vivacious population would be hard to find. Although the catching and selling of fish have their hardships and dangers, there still lurk about the business a certain briskness and exhilaration that are peculiarly its own. No other calling encourages such mirth and such free and easy address. The poetical part belongs to the brown-faced fisher maidens, shapely of limb and prodigal of health—proud and defiant, but always displaying that touch of female consciousness which gives a ribbon to the hair and a little flower to the gown. The practical part is largely engrossed by elderly matrons, rotund of form and wrinkled of feature, who conduct the commercial transactions with a

voice and vigor scarcely impaired by age, and certainly not improved. Years ago these Granville fishwomen were as pretty as the black-haired maiden of to-day, and artists were accounted fortunate in capturing them for models. Even now, under the adverse influence of so many March winds and equinoctial tempests, these seared and marred old dames are necessary to a faithful sketch of Normandy, for were it not for their lofty headdresses and clanking chains, the rich old towns along the coast would lose half their charm and picturesqueness.

The market-place at Granville, on the day of my visit, presented a strange scene of activity, for the fish-wives were assembled to ply their vocations. What a babel of hoarse cries and unintelligible language. One ventures through that labyrinth of fins and scales at considerable danger to one's clothes; but I succeeded in safely passing the whirlpool of controversy, and the rough projections of limpets and lobsters and glistening eels. On reflection, I think I prefer the fish-wife in the singular rather than in the plural. A near approach tends to dissipate the antique charm of the Granvillaises. Their wrinkles are like furrows, and their voices are coarse, and exhale a strong tobacco scent; besides, many of them bear unmistakable indications of a hirsute character on their chins. These personal traits are not entirely classical. No, these lusty venders of Granville are more interesting in a frame than as living realities.

The men wear a peculiar costume, handed down, very likely, by the early princes of Normandy, consisting of woollen caps, flowing blouses, and more flowing trousers which expand like small umbrellas over the clumsy wooden sabots.

The sidewalks of Granville are steep and uneven, and missteps are frequent; and when one of these sabots,—which, by the way, bear a striking resemblance to the rude

models of the Pinta and Santa Maria, of Columbian history, —slides from a projecting stone on to another, the strident neighborhood is still further stimulated.

I noticed that the male portion of the community was content to smoke short, black pipes, and to take life easily, as if unmindful of the vociferations of their better halves, with whom competition would be impossible. These hardy “toilers of the sea” were unconcerned about the doings of the market-place: all that was trusted to the not over-polite females with little chin whiskers.

The natural slope of the upper town affords good washing-places for those of the fair sex not interested in the treasures of the deep; and along the banks of a small water-course that chafed and murmured at its narrow confines, scores of elderly women and young girls were busy. I am not sure whether these laundry-workers occupy a higher rank in the social world of Granville, but they are by no means so garrulous or demonstrative as their sisters in the noisy market below; nor do they bawl out those left-handed compliments which set the assemblage in loud laughter; and for that reason I was inclined to prefer the red-handed destroyers of shirts and collars. These busy women make a great clatter as they slap a tender piece down on a board, and then proceed to pound and beat the crumpled thing into pulp. When the entire company happen to do this in unison, how the buttons fly!

Granville is what the French call *triste*; and, aside from the first interest excited by the population, the town does not offer any inducement to prolong one's stay. Historically and architecturally considered, this granite-capped sea-port does not call out much wonder. But Granville, however, is a good place from which to make an advance on Paris, for this part of France is full of interest and beauty; and yet, owing to its out-of-the-way situation, it never will be popu-

lar with those travellers whose object in life is to fly through the world at a break-neck pace.

Not far distant is venerable Caen, where the Conqueror lived and held his court. It is naturally taken for granted that the musty spirit of Caen would have succeeded in frowning down the encroachments of the new order of things; but scarcely so, for its encircling walls contain striking evidences of the busy world we live in. The familiar but untrustworthy placard, "English Spoken Here," may be seen; and the shops are filled with all the agonies of fashion. The medievalism of the rude forefathers has fled, and the old city is changing. Even the shop-keepers seemed out of place as they tried to allure me into purchases of lace at less than cost. What the future may have in store does not matter, for the masterpieces of medieval architecture make the city famous and beautiful. The shapely spire and graceful lancet windows which adorn St. Pierre, well repay one for a day's delay; and besides, the great interior, with nave and choir replete in all the possibilities of Norman genius, furnishes an additional reason why one should visit Caen. I did not admire the harsh whitewash on the walls, as I thought it gave to the interior a cheapness, and above all, a roominess, not in keeping with the requirements of the builders. A custodian informed me that it was done in order to make the interior light. It has succeeded in making it light and monotonous. Like the majority of travellers, I found the Abbaye aux Hommes, or St. Etienne, the most interesting structure in Caen—interesting because of its history and its strong, determined plan. William founded it, and within it is his tomb. The style is Norman Romanesque, and marks the transition period of the eleventh century. Ornamentation is reduced to the least possible pretension, the outlines are bold and uncompromising, but

symmetrical, with two massive towers tapering off in graceful spires. Inside, the dimensions, though most liberal, do not lose their proper proportion. Still, grand and impressive as the exterior certainly is, the freshness of the interior, like that of St. Pierre, is utterly out of keeping with good taste. William does not repose in a very elaborate mausoleum: in truth, desecration has left little except a slab, which is pointed out, and may be mourned over. The loquacious official who showed me the sights in St. Etienne had been wound up, and there was no stopping him. He related a vast amount of history and incident, and evinced so much familiarity with the Conqueror as to impress me with the idea that he had served under him; and I half expected to behold this Norman Euphorbus take down the shield he had worn at Hastings.

Caen has churches, monasteries, and convents in abundance, but they are not worth visiting, so I amused myself by exercise in the open air. The streets, like those of every town of character and antiquity, are a mixture of mathematical accuracy and hieroglyphics, while the houses conform to nameless styles. The old town is a good field for studying fantastic windows and casements, many of which are embellished with animals cut in stone, while the roofs delight in projecting water-spouts representing lions' heads and dragons' jaws.

The French have a mania for advertising, and it breaks out in the most unlooked-for places. Even the sacred precincts of the churches do not wholly escape; so the holy walls and the grim old edifices of the town become the medium of informing the public that the Bon Marché is selling goods for nothing, or that the *Petite Journal* has the largest circulation of any newspaper. Pear's soap, disguised in French, occupies a conspicuous place, and in friendly rivalry comes the Singer sewing machine. But, after all, Caen is very

interesting, although its commercial importance has suffered somewhat of late ; still, there is enough left to invite a visit. The crumbling walls and the picturesque ruins and the splendid churches more than compensate for the heartless air of trade and improvement. Year by year these ancient landmarks, so closely connected with William and Matilda and the English Edward, are vanishing ; but the citizens are not lacking in local pride ;—the inevitable will be stayed as much as possible, and St. Etienne and Trinity will long continue to adorn the earth.

From the grave of William the Conqueror to Trouville is quite a change, as it took me out of the middle ages and landed me safely in the most modern of modern eras.

Sea-bathing is reduced to an aquatic science in France, and curiosity led me to that nautical Eden, where Paris comes to enjoy a sea-breeze. Thither flocks the fashion of the French capital to spend the summer. Extravagance reigns supreme, but it is worth a few Napoleons to mingle with the gay promenaders and follow in the wake of so much fashion, to watch it and to reflect on its actions. Men, women, and children immediately assume an amphibious nature when once there, and the same hilarity that characterizes them on land bears them company in the water : and so the consistency of the Trouville reputation is maintained. The daily routine is bathing and riding in the morning ; lunches, excursions in the country, and promenading in the afternoon ; while the evening is patchworked with the cassino, where flirtation and cards and the sweetest of music hold their votaries fast bound. To be sure, the company may be more or less mixed ; but ten to one the company is busy criticising itself according to certain well known formulas, and comes to the same conclusion. Nobody lets this impression interfere with the generous enjoyment of the place. It is all like a grand masquerade, and no questions asked.

Prim watering-places are not popular in France, whatever may be the sentiment across the channel ; and, to tell the truth, the English, with all their paroxysms of virtue, find evident pleasure on the hard sands of these Normandy resorts. In the height of the season I know of no other scene half so entertaining as the bathers make at Trouville. The arrangements in the way of bathing-houses are as complete as those of a ball-room, for the French know how to manage these things better than most people. The variety of costumes that appear on the scene would furnish material for a Doré or a Turner, so *bizarre* are the designs. The human form appears before the naked eye of heaven, decked in the riotous phantasies of a dream. Things terrestrial and things celestial are brought forth for the morning frolic. All the absurdities of the pantomime are reproduced for the occasion, and spectacular plays are outdone. Hundreds of people of every station in life, from royal dukes and duchesses to the *demi monde*, plunge into the gushing sea, and disport in common pleasure. Such costumes !—harlequins, nuns, lobsters, sea-serpents, fisher-girls, pages, cross-bones and skull, convicts, knights-errant—every conceivable dress, plain, iridescent, and startling. It is refreshing to watch them ; and one can overlook their seeming extravagances in toilet later in the day, when one meets the beauty and fashion out on the promenade, or making its way against the playful breezes on the pier. Surely ozone and diamonds invite the world to the sands of Trouville.

There are so many watering-places dotting the headlands of this coast, that a person may take his choice, from Dieppe, high priced but delightful, to Cherbourg, the Portsmouth of France. Then, turning towards the south, the long array of bathing-places ends at Granville, which, up to the time of my visit, had not been seriously invaded by fashion.

Progress has plied its magic wand to some purpose in Rouen. Another Paris greets the stranger in search of antiquarian richness,—shops, boulevards, screeching whistles, and a ceaseless traffic at every turn. Joan of Arc once dwelt there, but that was centuries ago; and the gentle smoke that wafted her spirit upward has its counterpart to-day in the black, disagreeable clouds that tell of commerce and its furious gallopade. The splendid old churches, the Palais de Justice, and a few other ancient edifices, have thus far insisted upon their right to live; but they bear a sorrowful countenance, and excite commiseration because of their wrinkles and wounds. I presume the cathedral and the clock tower at Rouen will last for years to come; but really the onward rush of sandstone and plate-glass must create some uncertainty. It would be little less than downright sacrilege for the municipality to tear down the picturesque old *tour de la grosse horloge*; but, alas! the skilful hands that gave it so much richness saw proper to place it in a massive arch, which bends over one of the busy streets, where, instead of measuring the lives of men, it seriously impedes their progress. Poor old Temple Bar, with its rugged associations, has disappeared; and it will not be long before this pride of Rouen will also disappear.

Under the shadow of the clock-tower a trickling stream invites attention to a medieval fountain of exquisite design, which, like Horace's fountain of Bandusia, has become noble. Garlands innumerable have been honored by being dipped in its crystal waters, and thirsty generations have paused to bless its hospitality. While I stood by it, a shambling and stupid soldier, with hands in his pockets, cast a reproachful glance at this masterpiece, and passed on as if disappointed at not finding a cheap *café* instead. All along this street—it is called the *Rue de la Grosse Horloge*—quaint gables and old-time carvings are everywhere.

The grand Gothic façade of the cathedral, with its graceful traceries and ornamentations, fills the looker-on with admiration. But do not venture too near, for the charm will be dispelled. Like the elaboration of stage settings, it will not bear a too close scrutiny. Like the faces of the Granville fishwomen, it becomes marred and corrupted with criss-cross grains and furrows. Let one take a position at a distance from the celebrated façade, and the full splendor of this magnificent work will stand out in all its completeness, leaving on the memory of the beholder an impression never to be forgotten. To me the glory of the cathedral consisted in the great rose-colored windows that admitted the light into the transept. In the delicate tints of the old glass how superb must have been the effect, as holy processions moved slowly through the vaulted aisles, with songs and incense and a bewilderment of glittering candles! And yet this splendid church is insulted by having placed upon it a long cast-iron spire, reminding me of a Pennsylvania oil well. This spire raises its impudent head 500 feet towards heaven, as if ashamed of the venerable pile on which it rests. As one writer has said, it is a pity that its material insures it against fire.

St. Ouen is the church of Rouen, and to my mind one of the grandest in Europe. For grace in form and good taste in decoration I have still to behold an edifice that surpasses it. Its position is such that one may see its beauties through the trees of the adjoining park, and from whatever point one sees it, the same pure outlines appear. The interior is 500 feet long, and unobstructed save by the rows of tall and graceful pillars, which break the delicate flood of colored light streaming in through the strange old diapered windows. St. Ouen is the Cleopatra of churches, so eventful and pathetic has been its history. It has suffered from all kinds of foes ever since it was dedicated. The

middle ages did not spare it, and later wars have bared and bruised its shapely walls with barbarous ferocity. Like the unfortunate queen, its fascination and charms seemed to mark it for destruction.

The "Maid of Orleans" has been honored with a monument, which rests on the spot where her gentle soul took its flight. As a work of art I tarried but a moment to gaze at it; then crossed the *Place de la Pucelle* to the Hotel Bourgheroulde, one of the 15th century structures, attractive even to-day for the wealth of bas-reliefs that encircle the courtyard. Age has dimmed a few of them;—knights have lost spears and helmets; ladies, unconscious of any incongruity, are promenading without heads; while heavily mailed steeds prance contentedly without legs. It is interesting to note the strange pranks time has played with these elaborate figures.

Hard by is the *Palais de Justice* with its ancient assize hall. This edifice of gothic design was largely devoted to commercial uses, for an assembly of men were busily engaged in carrying on noisy transactions. The *Salle des Assises* was once the parliament hall of Normandy, but, aside from its purely historical renown, the rich carvings and fretted oaken ceilings alone make it a valuable addition to Rouen. Out in the court-yard the same mania for bas-reliefs shows itself, while overhead a large family of knights and ladies recline in the niches intent on this modern invasion; but it was not until a party of "Cook's excursionists" made their appearance that my attention was particularly called to the gorgon-headed water-spouts peering over the edge of the leaden roofs, vainly endeavoring to follow out the mythological process of turning the new arrivals into stone.

The *valet de place* who had me in charge was as enthusiastic over his calling as a newly made physician. He imparted a fund of anecdote, both medieval and modern,

and local history was at his fingers' ends. Observing that he limped as he walked, he told me that he was wounded in the late war, which, it will be remembered, raged about Rouen with the real Teuton persistency. The subject of the Franco-Prussian war was his hobby; he criticized its salient features with the air of a field marshal, and from the lofty tower of St. Ouen, where the landscape is spread out like a map, this veteran showed me the positions of the opposing armies and the successive changes that took place during the hostilities. It was very refreshing to hear him relate his own experiences, what he had done and seen, for our previous intercourse had been wholly on medievalism. From William the Conqueror to William the Emperor was a long distance, but under the circumstances I welcomed it.

Down along the docks, where not the faintest trace of Normandy is detected, this indefatigable guide conducted me, explaining, as he limped by my side, what surprising steps commerce had made since he was a boy.

Rouen has taken a high place among the ports of France, and means to keep it if the activity that met my gaze is any indication of intention. I lodged at a quaint inn, decidedly quaint, where the *dame du comptoir* was perched in a lofty pulpit, and where the sanded floor had been ingeniously marked with various designs intended to represent Bacchus gazing at a steamship—an exceedingly original subject, and worthy of attention. The guide told me that his young nephew was the artist, and he evinced considerable pleasure at the precocity of his relative. The aged hostelry, with its simple dignity and courtly bed-chambers, was a fitting ending to my saunterings in Normandy, and as I went forth from its hospitable archway and turned my face toward Paris, I felt sure that the most picturesque districts in France lay behind me.

CHAPTER IV.

NICE—MONTE CARLO.

A MONTH later, when the saucy winds and rains made life in Paris a constant struggle for safety and good-nature, I took the train for Nice, the capital of the *midi*. They call every district in southern France the *midi*, but the name is more euphonious when applied to the shores of the Mediterranean, where the first soft winds float in from Africa long before they become charged with the tingling atmosphere of central France.

The train carried me to Nice without mishap, through Marseilles, then along the red hills, picturesque with gnarled olives and sequestered stone houses, through garden-like scenery, skirting the classic sea for miles, till finally, as I came nearer my destination, the blue waves almost beat against the rails in their endeavors to be companionable—Toulon, Les Arcs with its salubrious climate, Frejus founded by Cæsar, Cannes with its migratory colony, the most select in Europe, then Nice, the modern Cave of Adullam, whither flock the hilarious and the discontented. There the Romans have bestowed their favors, and given the slopes of the adjacent shores a historic charm, which is kindled by the ruins of amphitheatres and temples.

I met an English lady in the train—a dowager, perhaps—who told me that she had spent many seasons at various places in the Riviera, and that the constantly increasing mobs of people were killing all the attractions. Cannes was her destination, and Cannes was the only decent town on the coast. She told me of Nice, when there

was nothing beyond the old town,—before the great caravansaries and their noisy guests had made existence a burden,—and said it was simply charming; now it is anything but that, and the worst is not yet. Before I had been there a week I saw what she meant, for Nice is anything but simple. It is Paris, London, New York, and St. Petersburg thawed out. It is the common meeting-place of people away from home, where they are in a great measure relieved of the strait-jackets imposed by venacular society. No wonder Nice is so popular, and the prices of living so exorbitant. Even the shopkeepers are as migratory as the pleasure-seekers; they come early and stay late; and when this class packs up, it is a sure sign that the dissolution has taken place. These itinerant merchants represent the best shops in Europe, and their goods are of the finest quality. Like birds, one sees them in the north during summer,—in Geneva, Stockholm, Christiania, Carlsbad, and Baden,—and in winter, in these sunny resorts of the south. Jewelry, wood-carvings, and furs, with an occasional *modiste* and tailor, constitute the commercial colony of Nice; and when one pauses to consider what a comprehensive display these combined windows make, there is no need of mentioning the English apothecaries and the American bar-tenders, whose ubiquity sends them Niceward. Each nation carries its gods to Nice, so that the pleasures of exile may not be embittered by the pangs of forgotten necessities. Vodki and prime cocktails may be had, and the red pyramids of Bass adorn cafés and grocery shops.

Nice is a fertile field for missionary work, but neither during my stay nor since have I heard of its vigorous prosecution. The trouble seems to be that the climate and the surroundings are opposed to attempts tending to hard work of any but a secular kind.

I had an excellent opportunity to see the way in which

the winter visitors gradually took possession of the city, for I was one of the first to arrive, and I only departed when the shops began to show a jaded and half-forsaken appearance. I found the season in its infancy; I left it in its decline. Kind friends had provided me with letters to our consul, Mr. Vesey, and the pleasures of my sojourn in Nice were in a great measure due to the thoughtful nature of that genial gentleman, whose recent death has been sincerely regretted by many friends on both sides of the Atlantic.

History is rapidly made at Nice, and the consul related many interesting stories of his experiences with his fellow-countrymen and countrywomen. Those homelike parlors on the *Quai du midi* are happily blessed with silent walls, but the tales they have listened to would fill a volume. Monte Carlo is near enough to exercise its baneful influence in more than one way, and the right kind of consul is a better confessor than a holy father. Even the city clubs, of which there are several, allow gambling, and in the hotels the Puritan and the black-leg sit side by side. Once in Nice, and the fascination of playing seizes hold of those whose whole lives have been a protest against such weakness, and they enter into the sport with all the zeal of neophytes. The evident difference between these Nicene players and those pilgrims who toil up the rosy paths of Monte Carlo is merely a matter of degree: one gambles for fun and francs, the other for gain alone. I remained long enough to see many shades of indulgence, and never have I heard casuistry discussed with so much self-satisfaction. Of course the laws are rigorous against gambling, but the eyes of Justice were never more tightly bound than in this sunlit province. Neither can she hear the ivory balls rattle into their little cells, for her ears are filled with strains of enchanting music. The evasion of the Maine liquor law is not more complete than these Riviera performances.

But Nice has also the fascination of lovely scenery. In any direction the walks and the drives are full of charm, both of land and sea. Half the people speak Italian, and say Nizza instead of Nice; it sounds more musical, and makes one think it is farther away from home.

It does not go amiss for visitors to have a few select Italian phrases with which to regale the natives, but first be sure he is of that way of speaking; they like to feel that they are as important as the rival French, and that their language is in the mouths of strangers. Ever since Napoleon—the nephew—laid hold of Nice as a part of his war booty, there has rankled an inextinguishable fury in Italian breasts, which time has not wholly allayed. To have Garibaldi's birthplace pass into the hands of the French wounded Savoy pride to the quick, and when we look it all over, it does seem unjust. The old town is unmistakably Italian, with narrow streets, rough with cobbles, and almost entirely dedicated to men, women, and children, for horses and cabs are voted trespassers, and are kept out. Above the house-tops, or shop-tops, extends a long and wide promenade, whence one gets the seaside laundry scenes of Nice and the noisy and ceaseless hubbub of the crowded streets below. This elevated boulevard is made safe by parapets sufficiently high to keep one from tumbling over, and there on a pleasant morning I used to stroll and watch the interesting theatre of the people.

At the further end of this house-top walk is the shapely Chateau Hill, with its tumble-down fortress, the work of Louis XIV; but, with true French adaptation, the battered casemates and the mouldering parade have been transformed into a most charming esplanade, somewhat like the Durham Terrace at Quebec, bordered by an abundance of palms and aloes, which afford a grateful shade in sunny days. From the platform the entire surroundings of Nice are

spread out, and the panorama is generous enough to include Antibes and the Alps. Here one meets the townspeople and the foreign birds of passage, who love to linger over the attractions of Chateau Hill. On Sundays this promenade is crowded, and under the magic influence of the military band dancing parties spring up, and the assemblage assumes an unwonted gayety. The French evidently believe that Sunday was made for man, and they practise it.

Nice is not so new as to be wanting in Roman remains ; and besides these, hard by Phœnicians have left their traces in this winter-Paris. On one of the hills overlooking the town a Roman amphitheatre still attracts hundreds of visitors. The Carabacel highway runs across the ring, where, in days gone, the fighters used to slay and be slayed. It is harmless now, and the taciturn driver will, if you get sentimental, pause in his journey and permit you to inspect the desolation. Times have indeed changed when a new civilization sits in its cabs at so much an hour and contemplates the irregular rows of stone seats that encircle the old ruin. The size of the amphitheatre makes it evident that no great combinations ever performed in it. The space is not large enough to butcher many lions or carve up many captive Christians at once : still, the old barbarians may not have been particular as to quantity. But the aged masonry is sadly going the way of the world ; grass grows in the crevices, and damp moss thrives in the sun-denied angles and ante-rooms.

The cloister of the old Franciscan monastery, hard by the Roman ruins, is lonely indeed, but the square, well in the centre of the little court, lends a certain charm to the solitary surroundings. Around this fountain birds twitter, and wake the solemn silence as if they wanted to teach freedom to the pious brotherhood ; but they have had their

noisy frolics for centuries, and the venerable institution still sleeps on.

The church is gloomy, and the few faint candles on the altar threw weird and fitful glances into the deep recesses. The monotonous intonation of a brother at prayer caught my ear, and in the deepening shades I made out his form. There he was, praying to God that virtue might be given to all mankind, and only a mile away the most terrible maelstrom vice ever knew insults heaven with its uproar. For centuries these holy men, with brown gowns corded at the waist, have told their beads with unflinching regularity; their lives have been spent within the gloom of convent walls; and when death at length has overtaken them, the little plot outside has received all that was mortal. I hope the influence of these monks of Cimiès may be as powerful as the surroundings are sweet, for on this slightly elevation one seems suspended between earth and paradise.

Cimiès must have been popular with the Romans, owing to its location, for within a short distance of the monastery are the ruins of a city and the visible traces of temples and baths. Indeed, what a superb sanitarium Cimiès afforded to those fearless fighters, who, wounded in the sports of the amphitheatre, might nurse their mangled bodies under the balmy influences of these sun-bathed heights.

Unlike the descent into Avernus, the return to Nice is not easy, that is to say, the motion is not exactly cradleish; still its discomforts are of short duration as the *cocher* urges his horse past wayside shrines whose worshippers pause in their devotions to look at us, then through dusty hedges, half concealing the orange groves and villas beyond, and out on the dusty embankment of the Paillon, whose bed is full of sand and pebbles, so that fishing, the self-appointed recreation of the average citizen, is utterly discouraged, while navigation is not to be mentioned. In the middle of

its broad bed a small and insignificant brook steals sluggishly on its way, but is not quick enough to elude the army of washerwomen who nearly succeed in choking out its life with their loads of linen.

Another turn, and the colony of laundry-women is left behind, and we rattle over the bad pavements of the old town, and then come out on the gay promenade, with its crowds of pleasure-seekers. Now we are in the Nice of modern times: the gardens are brilliant with rank and fashion, all listening to the latest opera airs as they eddy out over the still, warm atmosphere, while carriages innumerable block the wide boulevard; and beyond, next to the splashing waves, the esplanade is radiant with the gayest of the gay.

As a health resort, Nice does not enjoy the distinction accorded to Cannes or Mentone. The winds are more violent, and the temperature more subject to sudden change; but for the tired body, longing for rest and mild indulgence in the excitement of living, I commend this elegant town, stretching along the crescent shores of the classic sea, where art and nature have showered their charms until the taste is almost surfeited. It is one of those laughing nooks of the earth, where

"Jove accords a lengthening Spring,
And Winter's wanting Winter's sting."

Of course Monte Carlo lay within my plans. Why not? All Americans ask themselves the same question when they stand in the shadows of the bold promontory that once sheltered the Grimaldis, and I have observed they generally answer it by going up the marble steps. Our more virtuous British cousins literally encamp on the sunny slopes of Monaco; they have even gone so far as to erect a chapel in which to record their vows, provided they need recording; and here in this exquisite Eden the sons of Adam dwell

in tempting proximity to the forbidden fruit. All nationalities, from the Russian to the Sandwich Islander, help form the promiscuous throng that pours over the terraces from midday to midnight. The inhabitants of Monaco and the Alps Maritime, which embraces Nice and most of the resorts along the neighboring shores, are forbidden to pass the softly swinging gates that lead to this elysium : these favored citizens may revel in the luxuriance of the gardens or drink in the inspiration of the orchestra, but they may not enter the famous Egyptian hall where little ivory balls perform their noisy tattoos. This exemption does not in the slightest degree affect the income of the bank, for the people who form the bone and muscle of the interdicted localities have no money to spend in the pursuit of so gorgeous a sylph as the handmaid of M. Blanc. Monte Carlo is only one of the spots where the universal passion of man comes to the surface and shows itself—nothing more. The Empire drove M. Blanc from his German possessions, and he brought his ivory gods and glittering temples to this earthly paradise, through whose groves the modern Hydaspes brings its yearly tribute.

M. Blanc must have been a man gifted with rare business foresight and sagacity, or he would never have chosen this out-of-the-way spot for his bank. At the time of his advent the Riviera was not a Mecca as it now is, but rather a way-station for those going to Italy ; and as for Monte Carlo, the people of the town of Monaco used to pity anybody unfortunate enough to dwell upon its sides. It was nothing more than a rugged hill, running up back of the town, and so rough with ledges and rocks that the gymnastic goat might have felt uneasy on his excursions. Certainly the few thousand inhabitants clustered at its base did not put much value on it. But, Presto, change—and what a transformation ! And all in twenty years. The most celebrated

landscape gardeners of Europe levelled the uneven surface, until now one finds only plateaus, terraces, pavilions; delightful paths bordered with geraniums and heliotropes and camellias; while within the great conservatories the rarest plants flourish, in blissful ignorance of what they adorn. Architects, too costly for kings, have fairly revelled in their extravagances of design, and legions of artists of every calling have elaborated their works in ebony and gold. Splendid pavilions with richest merchandise allure the visitor, and hotels rivalling in excellence the favored cafés of Paris tempt a sojourn amid the dangerous paths and flowers. Shooting-matches are arranged, and the best marksmen of the world compete for the valuable prizes offered by the management, and swimming-baths furnish agreeable waters to cool excited nerves and to steady them for the battle of *trente et quarante* later on. Every franc planted in this soil has yielded abundant return in the way of making the place so irresistible that the wandering Ulysses succumbs to the spell, and stops. Here, on the sunlit rocks, heaven and art have been married and made one.

The history of Monaco comes slowly out of the mists of antiquity, unfolding leaf by leaf, until its chapter in the annals of nations is nearly complete. In the last century or two this small state has been battledored by Spain, Italy, and France, until nothing but the town of Monaco and this splendid home of the sorcerers is left to the heir of the Grimaldis. Notwithstanding all this spoliation, Prince Charles is not downcast, neither does he lie awake nights meditating on some prodigious scheme of revenge on those wicked neighbors who have divided his birthright. Oh! no; he spends his time in princely pursuits, and, despite the crown, his aged head rests easily. He is at peace with all the world, and, being actually blind, does not see

the goings-on at M. Blanc's dazzling establishment; and if he did, it would make no difference. So far as Charles is concerned, he has no more power to interfere with the business or management of the Casino than with the affairs of the Bank of England. He granted a charter or concession to M. Blanc, guaranteeing the latter absolute control of the district comprised in Monte Carlo, reserving to himself, of course, political and military jurisdiction, which practically amounts to nothing. So, then, the owner of the Casino is absolute monarch of all he surveys, and the moral tempests every now and then generated in England and France pass lightly over his possessions, without so much as rustling the slender stalks of the camellias. Of course the price for such a franchise is large,—how much I am unable to say, but large enough to maintain the prince, his army, navy, courts, schools, religion, and local burdens, in fact his entire principality, without levying the slightest tax. What a Utopian realm is Monaco, with all the bounties of heaven and not an assessor or tax collector! In view of these supernal privileges, earthly morality must present itself to the Monacoite in a strangely altered aspect.

Monaco furnishes a good study of microcosm, for it has all the appliances essential to great empires. All the wheels found in well equipped governments have their places and perform their appointed functions here, as well as in Italy or France. There is a prime minister, who sits at the head of the cabinet table and yawns; there is a council of state, comprising several distinguished members; high courts of judicature; and a state religion under the charge of a bishop. About the time M. Blanc arrived here with his roulette wheels, Pius IX honored Monaco by making it a see by itself—a strange coincidence, surely; but the bishop's name is followed by the words *in partibus*, which in this case are very suggestive. In the palace, which is sump-

tuously furnished, reside a brilliant crowd of secretaries, chamberlains, almoners, chaplains, and military aids, who carry more gold lace and heavy trappings on their persons than it had ever been my fortune to behold. One is uncertain whether to give a fee or make a salaam. I generally found, however, when in doubt, that it was safe to adopt the first course. Pomp and ceremony flourish with a vigor that would drive the prim old German court into diplomatic hysterics: it is a constant scraping and bowing, from the peasant up to the marquis *quelque chose* who holds the keys of the princely domains. The standing army is an adaptation from the French, and consists of sixty-five soldiers and several times as many officers, while the navy is modelled after ours in America. There are admirals, commodores, and captains, but not a ship of any rating. The national gendarmerie wear three-cornered hats and the same kind of uniform, even to the moustache and imperial, as the French officials of the same rank, so it is next to impossible to tell when one enters Monaco. Nothing, I believe, would indicate the fact if it were not for the stampede that takes place when the train-men sing out "Monte Carlo."

Charles has constructed his government on the most approved Gallic principles, and has, it is said, a leaning towards that country. It is related that the prince declared for neutrality during the late Franco-Prussian war—a proceeding that advanced him very high in the estimation of Mr. Chancellor Bismarck, and rendered lighter the trials of Fatherland. French money is commonly used, although the prince has a gold coin of his own which faithfully portrays his features on one side, while on the reverse is the Grimaldi coat of arms. The coat of arms represents a shield supported by two men with clubs in their hands. Thus it will be seen that history repeats itself. The pro-

genitors of the house depended on clubs, and so does their living descendant, although diamonds, hearts, and spades figure equally to his temporal advantage.

But let us return to Monte Carlo. You may sit in the gorgeous marble halls and listen to the sweetest music in Europe, and like many good travellers confine your curiosity to a mere peep into the splendid room with its rich frescos and bizarre decorations, and then pass the remaining hours of your stay in the innocent pleasures of the orchestra, in the reading-room—for the Casino is not unmindful that books may be prized by its votaries—or in sauntering through the perfumed gardens where virtue and sin meet face to face, only to disappear among the winding walks. If you care to enter the hall, you must leave your hats and outer garments, umbrellas and canes, with the porter, and then apply to the superintendent for a permit. This is not altogether an idle form. The management is strict, and you must give your name, country, age, and temporary residence, or the card will be denied you. Children and youths are admitted under no circumstances; they must content themselves with the picture-books in the library. If the examination is satisfactory, the secretary hands out a card containing your name, with a number which tags you and serves to identify your body in case of sudden death. The system of the *Cercle des Étrangers* is absolutely perfect; even the undertakers' department is under the same admirable supervision, and the bodies of the poor suicides are properly cared for. A servant opens the elaborately inlaid door, and you enter the Moorish hall. This is a large room, with curiously carved ceilings and walls, which with the ingenious designs are intended to represent as closely as possible the originals at the Alhambra, and the floor is of highly polished wood, which shines like ice under the magic influence of the lamps. The furniture consists of the

long, green-covered gambling tables and their complement of chairs, while ranged around the sides are sofas and divans, and a profusion of tropical plants. The servants are dressed in the showy livery of the Blanc family, and perform their duties with noiseless footsteps. The affairs of the place are conducted with the regularity and precision indicated by the monotonous tick of the handsome clock on the marble mantel at the end of the hall. Soon after noon the players begin to arrive, and the game does not lag, save at the dinner hour, until midnight, when the crowd rushes for its wraps, and hurries down the broad steps to catch the last train for Nice.

There were six tables in the room, two being devoted to rouge et noir, the others to the more popular game of roulette; but business was fast increasing, and now there may be a dozen tables. Rouge et noir attracted the older and more reckless players, for the stakes are higher and the game requires considerable experience; but roulette is admirably adapted to the novice and the man of small means. There are so many combinations and alluring chances in roulette, that the four tables are frequently surrounded with several rows of anxious players, and it is then necessary politely to request the persons nearest the cloth to make bets for you. There is no credit system at Monte Carlo. The money must be placed on the tables, and once placed there must not be removed. When the customers have made their bets, the banker cries out "*Le jeu est fait rien ne va plus*," and the wheel of fortune is set in rapid motion, the ball drops into the groove around the edge where it runs like a race-horse until the impetus grows weaker and weaker, when it falls into one of the thirty-five little stalls into which the wheel is divided; and then that particular game is ended. The keen-eyed banker announces the result, and with the quick assistance of the croupiers

rakes in the gold and paper belonging to the bank, and then proceeds to pay the fortunate players the amount of their winnings. The dexterity with which the bankers fling the coins down the table on the exact spot required surpasses any legerdemain I ever saw. They rarely miss the object, so unerring is their aim. Men and women play with an intensity that makes one shudder. They are professionals, probably, and are always cool and calculating. They watch the progress of every game, carefully keeping count on small tablets by pricking a hole as the ball records its vagaries, and when the calculation is made they cover some number or color with their money, and mechanically await the favors of the fickle marble. Their countenances are no tell-tales of their feelings, and if they lose heavily they are not despondent and reckless; they merely leave the ill-luck until another time, and stroll out into the starry night, or eat ices in the café.

Unfortunately all who risk their Napoleons are not so evenly balanced in mind and body, and it is these that emphasize the terror of the game. I said to a croupier one night, "Why is it that the bank makes so much when its chances are so small?" He smiled and said, "Monsieur, if those that won never came back to lose, the bank would close." This is the secret in a few words; it is the fascination of play and the love of gain that makes the bank rich. My observation of this resort was not confined to one visit, but to many; and I am free to say that a large proportion of the money left there does not come from professional gamblers, but rather from the opposite class. Most respectable ladies and gentlemen edge up to the green tables and drop their gold on some favorite combination; and never yet have I seen these philanthropic reformers in exile neglect to gather in the profits awarded them. I am sure if it were not for these migratory bands of hypocrites, the showers of

gold would not be so abundant. Here is what the British consul at Nice says: "In England a public opinion hostile to Monaco does, no doubt, exist; but it is nevertheless a fact, notorious to all living along the Riviera, that, instead of Monte Carlo being shunned as a plague spot by respectable English people, it is, on the contrary, thronged with them, and is rapidly becoming a fashionable English watering-place. . . . No less than 1,406 of our countrymen and countrywomen sojourned at the different hotels of Monte Carlo from the 1st of October, 1882, to the 1st of March, 1883."

Italy and France manifest considerable solicitude about the Monte Carlo question, more perhaps than seems consistent, and England continues to shiver at the sin while perspiring at the sport. The kingdom on one side helps support itself by the sale of lottery tickets stamped with the royal seal, so the weight of its moral force, as regards gambling may be lightly estimated; then, on the other side, republican France presents a fine picture of gay spirits gathered around the roulette tables of private clubs. As for American morality, I have nothing to say.

With such neighbors as Italy and France, I do not wonder that the establishment, hidden amid the cactus plants, feels secure in its position and certain in its income. The glittering theatre, where the finest singers and actors inspire and charm fashionable audiences night after night, is the direct creature of the Casino, and so are the other amusements on land and sea. All these attractions are too powerful to be easily pushed aside, and yet it is all the song of the same old sirens. This age of reform and moral principles sends its yearly increasing swarms to Monaco, the nations are bewitched, and up through the flowering paths, to strains of enchanting music, they wend their way to the ebony portals and into the fatal presence.

CHAPTER V.

GENOA—NAPLES.

GENOA is really beautiful, and no wonder she is glad to be called the "Proud." Her history has been the story of tireless devotion to liberty, to enterprise, and to commerce, and her citizens have made her name honored throughout the world. To-day her trade is not what it used to be ; but she is not idle, nor does she sleep in business hours. Her merchants are alert, and their flags fly from many a masthead.

The celebrated marble palaces, with their wealth of design and ornamentation, the pride of centuries gone, are, many of them, still standing in all their glory, to testify to the power and opulence of Genoa in the days when brave Andrea Doria sailed to meet the Turk at Lepanto. Their gorgeous halls no longer resound with the mirth and music of princely banquets ; their rich tapestries are either woefully faded and worn, or entirely gone ; and save the tramp of the custodians, or the rush of business, the spacious courtyards are silent. Many of these masterpieces of architecture have, by the requirements of business, been transformed into a strange and unnatural existence. The Balbi and the Nuova are rich in palatial architecture, each possessing an unusual number of beautiful façades, showing the resources of that brilliant era when the magnificence of Genoa and the valor of its citizens were by-words even to the savages across the sea. A strong passion for coloring was a peculiarity of the early builders, and it is common to see great palaces painted red, green, blue, and yellow, the latter

color being an especial favorite; and yet, strange as this lavishment of the brush may at first seem, the effect, when heightened by the bright sunshine, is fascinating. The grouping of the palaces lends an additional charm, as each stands out as if independent of companionship, so that, as I paused in the streets to survey the long rows of splendid edifices, with various designs and singular colors blazoned over their wide fronts, I quickly experienced a mild attack of that enthusiasm that belongs to the true Genoese.

Even down along the water front these splendid façades meet the eye, but, alas! they have become contaminated with the turmoil of the mart, and have taken in lodgers in the guise of counting-rooms, banks, and shipping agencies. But kindly Fate has preserved the picturesque palace of Andrea Doria, the George Washington of his country, and it stands like a sentinel on a slight elevation commanding a clear sweep of those blue waters that made its honored owner so famous among the heroes of history. Among the churches of Genoa is a conglomerate edifice known as Saint Lorenzo, made attractive, and perhaps noble, by columns, jewels, chapels, sculptures, and paintings. I sauntered through the gloomy naves, past the priests and their kneeling worshippers, and into the choir, where I saw exquisite specimens of wood-carvings. There was one panel representing a bird in a cage, and I had to rub my fingers over the imaginary wires in order to convince my doubting disposition. The little bird did not stir, nor has it for centuries. The one feature of Saint Lorenzo that I bear most vividly in my memory is the gorgeous chapel of Saint John. My guide had been trying to explain some regulation—he spoke, by the by, in Genoese-Basque—concerning this richly adorned chapel, but I was unable to understand what he meant. Suddenly he pulled me violently by the sleeve, and, grinning from ear to ear, pointed to one of my country-

women, whom a saturnine priest was pushing back from the steps. She was denouncing the gowned functionary in permissible English, and he answered back in rapid Italian. This international episode aroused my lagging curiosity, and I inquired the cause. She said she had attempted to enter the chapel, and the priest refused to allow her: hence the scene. Now, this chapel is dedicated to Saint John, and women are not permitted to profane it by their presence except on one day in the year, and the day of her visit did not happen to be that day. Since Saint John lost his head, the holy fathers have regarded the fair sex with a certain degree of suspicion, which manifests itself in small persecutions of this nature. The daughter of Herodias little dreamed that her essay in decollation would, many years after, rouse to passion the resentment of an American lady in fashionable attire. In the memorial chapel to Saint John are several precious relics, among them the *sacro cativo*, and the plate from which Christ ate the paschal lamb; but I saw them not, and I began to feel like the repulsed female, who stood in the deep shadows of the nave busily engaged in studying her red-covered guide-book. I was told these treasures were captured during the crusades and brought back to Italy, and that they were not publicly exhibited.

I peeped into the Jesuit church of Saint Ambrogio, the most ornate in Genoa. The mosaics are superb, but the especial charm is the highly colored frescoing as I saw it under the influence of the noon-day sun, which brought out the dull tints, mingling them in the most dazzling confusion imaginable, and highly increasing the splendor of the painter's art.

From the churches to the narrow street, resplendent with silver shops, is not far, and my guide—sly dog he was—thought to have me make some purchases, so that he might reap a liberal commission; but I disappointed him. I was

pleased with what I saw, for Genoa's filagree work is well known, and here in these small shops the most beautiful designs are ingeniously wrought out in gossamer-like strands and fibres, all so delicate looking that a breath might seriously damage them or perhaps blow them away. If the sunshine could only get into these argentine quarters, it would cover the dainty trinkets with a shower of snow-flakes so irresistibly fascinating that the most obdurate tourist would buy in spite of himself; but the houses are high, and the little sunshine that dares venture there does not penetrate farther than the upper stories.

Genoa, old as it is, has paid attention to new streets, wide and well kept, some of them leading to the park of Aqua Sola, where the liberty-loving Genoese spend their evenings promenading to the lively airs of the military band. The city is situated in an amphitheatre-like curve, rising gracefully from the sea, and its back is sheltered by the Apennines, while in the distance the lofty peaks of the Alps show their snows all the year round. Winding in semi-circular track are sturdy fortifications. Some of them are moss-grown and russet-colored, while others are modern, so that with its harbor defences Genoa is one of the best fortified places in the world.

The poorer the country, the more numerous the soldiers and priests. In England both these classes are reduced to their minimum, in France the increase is marked, while here in the realms of King Humbert the streets literally swarm with troopers and ecclesiastics. I must confess the scenery of these ancient towns would lose much of its interesting detail if there were no soldiers lounging about, or marching up the crooked and narrow streets to the fanfare of the bugle.

My day in Genoa was ended, and I reluctantly left its charms and palaces for the more renowned attractions of

Naples, whither I was borne in a steamer bound for the Levant. The shallowness of the Mediterranean harbor does not allow of quays, but imposes on the traveller a disagreeable journey in a small boat. This necessary marine adventure becomes morbid in a dark night, when the course winds in and out through hundreds of craft, with flashing lights swung fore and aft to puzzle the stout Ligurian boatman. The hoarse Genoese is neither musical nor romantic while tossing about the harbor in the gloom of night. Once aboard the steamer, and the twinkling lights of the town seemed like an illumination, or a scene from the latest spectacular. One by one they disappeared, or moved past as in procession, until our altered course blotted them from my vision.

What a storm we had in going to Naples! Of course the captain repeated the time-worn formula by telling us that it was "the worst he had ever experienced," but I didn't believe it. Still the "Sagesta" was banged about that night as she never was before.

The next morning we had either sailed out of the storm, or the tempest had abated, for the sea and sky were masterpieces of beauty, and our sail along the coast gave me a lively anticipation of that gorgeous Italy I had so often read about. Toward sunset we entered the Bay of Naples, that sparkling basin, half encircled by the exquisite curve of the shores, which extend like shapely arms around the city. Vesuvius was in a state of maudlin activity, and occasionally belched out flames for my edification, but the exhibition was not terrifically grand as I had hoped for, and there was no way to touch it up. Among our passengers was an American who felt the slight very deeply, and he insisted on comparing the crater and its lurid flashes with one of his small blast furnaces at home.

The steamer lay all night in the harbor, and a noisy place it was. Sleep would not visit our ship, nor the custom

officers either—so there was no help : we had to endure the inconvenience. I did not regret it, for the encircling hills were resplendent with the lights of the great city ; and in the faintness of the night Vesuvius sent forth its intermittent tongues of fire, shooting them up into the skies, then as suddenly subsiding into the friendly shades,—but all night long the straggling array of gaslights, so generously sprinkled along the quays and in the hilly and winding streets of the town, twinkled and sparkled as if glad of their office.

I should recommend entering Italy through the Bay of Naples, and making that city the starting-point for subsequent wanderings. My reasons are two-fold. In the first place, the scenery about Naples is unsurpassed, and it bursts upon virgin eyes with all its glories ; you have come into a new land, and are full of anticipations, and eager to see and to do. The marvellous loveliness of land and sea and sky reaches its perfection here, and your soul, once filled with its images and memories, will never admit a rival ;—so, then, see Naples first, then live to see Italy. My second reason is purely physical. In no city in Italy that I visited is there so much to do in the way of excursions as there is about the Neapolitan capital. Not to see these historical landmarks is wholly inexcusable, provided one has the strength ; and so, by all means, come to Naples when you are fresh, and the ascent of Vesuvius, the sail to Capri and the Blue Grotto, to Ischia and its baths, the rides to Pozzuoli, Baja, Cumae, the classic Avernus, Bacoli, Herculaneum, Pompeii, and the orange groves of Sorrento, will not weary you. Go to Naples by sea, and enter Italy through its most beautiful gateway.

The sea journey has its disadvantages, and all is not rose-colored. Nothing short of the most Christian resignation can withstand the vexations and turmoils of landing. Our cabin passengers were not numerous, but the landing steps

at the custom-house were crowded to the water's edge with a rabble of hotel porters, boatmen, loafers, thieves, beggars, and every other known species of movable pests. They threw themselves upon us, seized our trunks and travelling bags, and, like ravenous wolves in Siberia, fought over each piece, but, alas! unlike the wolves, they did not kill each other. In order to avoid delay and unpleasant scrutiny on the part of European custom officers, you must have thirty pieces of silver in your pocket all the time. Such tribulation seasons one's experience, and gives a zest to life. These initiatory ceremonies are not without their lessons, for having once passed through, all will be easier the next time: at all events, you are better prepared to take care of yourself, as you have some idea of what to do. Be philosophic and firm, and you will be the better for it.

From the landing to my hotel—the Bristol, excellently kept, and well situated on the Corso Victor Emanuele—I saw the hideous face of Naples in all its disgusting dirt and blotches. What a sight! On one side the tideless sea, crowded with sails innumerable, lay blinking in the morning sun; on the other, a long, unbroken line of wretched habitations, black with age and filth, looming up six or seven stories—vast layers of pens, where dwell countless thousands of Naples poor. How they manage to live, huddled in sickening confusion, is more than I want to know. That they live is bad enough. The row of houses is broken with zigzag passages or narrow lanes, and a moment's glance reveals the depth of this misery. These rents in the walls and passages lead into gloom more horrible. They are criss-crossed with clothes-lines, upon which sag the sparse washings of the poor. When the weather becomes warm—and it is generally comfortable in the sunshine all winter long—these romantic lazzaroni crawl out of their caves and dens to seek the grateful blessing of its warmth. They appear to live

entirely out of doors, though a reasonably severe shower will send them under shelter quicker than anything yet known. They detest water. Their persons are so encrusted with layers of the earth's surface, that cold winds have little effect on them. As I rode along that morning, the sidewalks were alive with bareheaded women, engaged in spinning or knitting, or in roasting chestnuts, while groups of ragged children circled about them. The usual tonsorial exhibition was ever present, and the docility with which the urchins submitted to the maternal search for the insect was very beautiful. At first this public exhibition used to stop me, but the process was too frequently seen to occasion more than a temporary attention, and in a day or two flea-baiting lost its originality. I must say the women were more addicted to work than the men, for the latter, rugged and indolent, lay sprawled out over the pavements, unconcerned as to all mundane things, and, I presume, were perfectly happy in their torpidity. The filth that naturally accumulates along the docks, the world over, is most intolerable in Naples, but no one seems to mind it. The best plan for cleansing the city would be, first, to exile these plague-breeding citizens to some distant isle, and then proceed to raze every one of these dilapidated tenement-houses to the ground. So this picture of misery and squalor followed me with its hideous face almost to the very threshold of my hotel, disappearing as I came to the royal palace and the Piazza del Plebiscito, then showing itself again as I came into the Santa Lucia, with its supplement of tumbling houses, suckling babes, and dirty children. On the seaside, oyster hucksters intrench themselves behind huge piles of shells and other *frutti del mare*, as the natives call lobsters, crabs, and fish. Strident, too, are the din of hand-organs and the resounding cries of venders.

As the dragon's teeth produced armed men, so every

curse bestowed on Naples by its enemies has brought forth a beggar ; and these persistent vagabonds have increased in geometric ratio for so many centuries that they actually furnish a subject for reflection. Numerically, the fleas are ahead, but that exceedingly spry insect has the virtue of keeping concealed, while the beggar always manifests a fraternal interest in you. It would never do to show them any pity, for as soon as you do they telegraph the fact to their associates, and your doom is sealed. I have heard of a traveller who hired one of these beggars to accompany him at so much a day, and I believe the experiment saved the man considerable annoyance, as the hired professional kept off the others. Indiscriminate charity is soon banished amid supplications like those in Naples. It would be wrong to encourage these lying and maimed professionals, for they are only doing what their ancestors did ; and if we of to-day have a decent respect for the generations to follow, not the tribute of one poor soldi ought we to pay.

CHAPTER VI.

NAPLES AND ROUNDABOUT.

NAPLES more than justifies all the praises she has won from the pens of travellers. Her beauty is acknowledged, and her soft charms still continue to delight the stranger. Her position is unrivalled among the cities of Europe. Gifted by nature and adorned by art as few spots have been, her name will always be potent to conjure the imagination and to attract pilgrims to her shores. If ever the fabled horn of plenty was shaken over our sphere, Naples surely got her share, for scattered about the neighborhood are many of the master-works of man, to say nothing of the wealth of nature. For weeks I lingered in the city, although a few days would have sufficed for its architectural sights; but one does not go to Naples to see churches, or porticos, or even paintings,—those would better be left to the cities further north,—but I found enough to do in the way of making a day's journey to this place or to that, or in idly strolling through the labyrinthian streets and seeing the people.

Naples was not laid out in accordance with modern plans, even in so far as these plans have reference to straight lines and ordinary breadth, but follows the old-time custom of twists and curves and narrow passages, which, though inconvenient, present an interesting study for trans-Atlantic eyes. The principal street of the city is the Toledo, or the Roma, as it is now called, a long, unpretentious-looking thoroughfare, neither narrow nor serpentine, and by no

means broad and dignified ; and yet the Neapolitans view it with the deepest satisfaction and pride. It is the jugular vein of Naples, through which the life-blood of the great city courses night and day ; fashion and direst poverty claim it, but it is the principal strada, and commands respect. Into it empty the lanes and alleys of misery and pestilence, but they become purified in its atmosphere and made better. Still, when one looks far into their deep recesses and beholds the squalor, the sensation is not altogether reassuring. It is just the locality for cholera, or the old historic plague. The Toledo, like its celebrated namesake blade, cuts the town into two well defined parts, just as the blade might cut a mouldy cheese ; and Naples from some points is exceedingly suggestive of a mouldy cheese. Here are the best shops and cafés ; but the street is not adapted to showing wares and merchandise, nor are its sidewalks wide enough to permit of out-of-door tables, at which one may sip beer and ogle the stream of passers by.

One cannot get an idea of living Naples by remaining pent up in hotels or picture galleries ; it is absolutely necessary to be on the go if one would see the conglomerate half million inhabitants that infest the town. Soon after noon the Toledo is an animated stage of action ; the people are out in full numbers, and while nobody seems anxious to accomplish any work either in buying or selling, the shops are crowded, and a brief period of prosperity spreads over the scene. Restricted as is the space between the curbs, cabmen do not hesitate to venture, nor dray-men either, although a constant blockade is the inevitable consequence ; but time does not count with them, and they choke the public way without any misgivings. The Neapolitan Jehu has an attractive outfit so far as the harness is concerned. The collar is high, and fantastically ornamented

with brass trimmings, or figures representing steeples, pagodas, whirligigs, comical puppets of men and women, and other original conceits, generally accompanied by jingling bells, which give a soothing effect to the pistol-like reports of his long whip, which he cracks without intermission. The horses are small, and the carriages conform in size to the steeds; and this is fortunate, owing to the steepness of the streets. But the cruelty of the average driver is something terrible. When the pony is doing his best, these brutal drivers will club and kick him unmercifully, and, worse than all, nobody notices it or cares a straw about it. Naples is the national whipping-post for dumb animals. Donkeys get the hardest blows, but they take them more philosophically, and only blink—poor creatures!—but their burdens are heavier than their cudgelling. Donkeys, with bulging panniers crammed with bricks or mortar, or something quite as heavy, amble along this fashionable street, but the sight calls forth no remark, nor do the loud and unmusical cries of fishmongers and the guttural supplications of candy venders.

Local guides persecute the observant tourist, offering their so-called indispensable services for a small sum, and hideous mendicants dog one's footsteps. Refuge in the shops or cafés affords no immunity, for on coming out they meet you with bleeding stumps or sightless eyes, and renew their hoarse solicitations. In the midst of turmoil and haste comes the slow and measured step of a funeral, wending its way to some church. The body is borne on men's shoulders, and a long train of singers, with trailing white gowns and black masks, and carrying flickering tapers, mournfully chant the requiem for the dead. As this solemn procession passes, the rudest cab-man and the loud-voiced peddler lift their hats reverently. This mark of respect is rarely wanting in Italy, but the next moment the imposed

silence is broken by their renewed vociferations. The quick notes of bugles announce the coming of the king's troops, and a squad of the famous Bersaglieri,—jolly-looking young soldiers, with broad-brimmed hats plentifully bedecked with ostrich feathers,—march proudly past, and the next moment a handsome priest, attended by his pupils, passes up the Via. The noise is varied by the wailing of barrel organs, and head-splitting pianos, which are pounded with a vigor quite out of keeping with the requirements of the score. But all this gives flavor to the scene, and makes the great Toledo what it is.

From the stately porticos of the National Museum, at the top of the Toledo, one may watch the carryings on below, or, if weary of them, go within and behold a perfect mine of art wonders. It is one of the world's great museums, and merits the fullest devotion on the part of the visitor. The collections of bronzes, statuary, marbles, mosaics, vases, manuscripts, paintings, and those inexpressibly beautiful mural decorations brought from the buried city across the gulf, are the honest pride not alone of Naples, but of Italy. These ancient paintings gave me more pleasure than anything I saw. Buried for so many centuries, they have come back to us in all their brilliancy and coloring. After hours spent in nearly every great gallery in Europe, face to face with the masterpieces of inspired painters, I never lost from my mind those exquisite frescos at Naples. The marvellous grace and expression of the dancing-girls in their singular dresses, the marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne, and the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, do not easily fade from one's memory. The imagination of the Pompeian painters was very riotous, to be sure,—but the taste of that age—craved satyrs and fauns, as well as deities, fishes, fruits, and birds. Finely drawn and wonderfully natural, they challenge the admiration of the world. Had

Pompeii gone the way of many cities and fallen into utter decay, it is more than probable that we never should have been enriched with these works; they would have followed the fortunes of their owners, and been lost; but a divine intervention planned otherwise, and preserved them under the cloak of destruction. In the statue-lined vestibule is the famous mosaic representing the battle between Alexander and Darius, and a more perfect illustration of what may be accomplished with mosaics does not exist. Here, too, is the Farnese Bull, once the admiration of Rhodes,—and well it deserved to be. A more stupendous piece of sculpture was never looked at—stupendous in its effect on the senses, for its marvellous action overwhelms one, and its frightful reality almost takes away one's breath. From roof to cellar this museum delights and astonishes: the marbles, the bronzes, the paintings, the glasses, the Egyptian collection,—everything in its hundred rooms marks off the centuries of human history as developed by mind and matter.

Naples is not remiss in her devotion to the church, and her religious pageants and festivals still excite the enthusiasm of her people, but they do not come up to the ancient standard in their effects. Times change, and the enthusiasm that once burned so fiercely has been gradually growing cooler, and no longer blazes with forests of torches as in the halcyon days of the Spanish kings. The churches of Naples are numerous, but uninteresting both in history and in architecture. The cathedral has a primitive appearance, decidedly out of character with its interior, which shines with lavish ornamentation. This edifice, commenced in the thirteenth century and resting on one of Neptune's temples, has been remodelled and restored so often that it now bears the handiwork of many generations, the last touches being given half a century ago. It was fitting that this church should be dedicated to the patron saint of the town; accordingly Gen-

naro has taken up his technical abode within its solemn shadows. This pious priest was beheaded in the fourth century, and buried near the place of execution; but two phials of his blood were saved on that occasion and brought to Naples, where they have since been religiously guarded, and to-day rest secure in one of the most costly chapels in the world. These little bottles have preserved the city from the horrors of the pest and the calamities of war, and thrice averted the fiery wrath of Vesuvius. These potent corpuscles certainly deserve the splendid shrine decreed by a grateful people. The chapel is the glory of the cathedral, and in any country other than Italy would be a church in itself. Within are eight altars of richest marble, while ranged about are pictures in copper framed in gold and silver, and a dazzling altar containing the precious blood of the saint. Thrice each year, amid the intensest excitement and demonstrations, these phials of blood are taken from their golden cases, and the head of the murdered saint is likewise taken from its casket, and shown to the populace. As soon as the dusty-looking blood comes in contact with the head, it loses its inertness and begins to boil and bubble, and is soon trickling down the phials in constant streams. This liquefaction, as they call it, often lasts a week, and then ceases as suddenly as it began.

One palace is much like another, and that in Naples did not astonish me either by its grandeur or by its meanness. It is a large and expensive structure, situated in the midst of trade and noise, but commanding a splendid view of the bay from its flowery terraces. The grand staircase is imposing and stately enough for any palace on the continent, but the rooms and salons are too formal to be cheerful. The furniture is gaudily painted in white, and streaked with gilt bands and circlets, and upholstered in canary and blue. This furnishing is decidedly theatrical in its effect; but then,

San Carlo, that monarch of theatres, stands hard by, only across the gardens, and, for all I know, the property man may have free access to the royal ante-chambers and state dining-rooms.

My guide showed me no cosy little nooks and corners where a king might be a husband and father as well as a sovereign. If these home-like rooms exist, they are not shown to the public, which may be a mistake when we reflect that the domestic life of a king ought to command the love of his subjects. The common people always manifest a keen interest in the every-day life of kings and queens; they like to peep into their private apartments, to see how they are furnished and adorned,—for it is either in war or in the affairs of life that monarchs make their thrones secure. In the middle of a vast hall, with shining floors, is the cradle presented to the young prince of Naples by the municipality. It is a gem in its way, made of pearl, and lined with satin of delicate tint held firmly by slender bands of gold, and plentifully sprinkled with jewels,—diamonds, rubies, and amethysts,—while dotted round the sides are exquisite cameos of laughing baby faces. As I admired the crib, the loud cries of the dirty, friendless children playing in the square beneath came floating through the palace windows.

As I had never seen Rome, I thought the church, with its Ionic peristyle form and columns, very imposing; but I afterwards stood in the shadows of the Pantheon, and this feeble Neapolitan imitation vanished like smoke. The altar is handsome, and is worth seeing. But to the happy traveller whose face is turned toward Rome the Neapolitan churches have few attractions; still, I found the sculptures in Santa Anna de Lombardi and the frescos in Santa-Chiara well worthy of attention, provided one has the time,—and so the strange, allegorical marbles in the little out-of-the-way

chapel of Santa Maria della Pieta de Sangri—a terrific name for so small a place—furnish an hour's pleasure.

But the open air is the place for one visiting Naples. It is preëminently an out-of-doors city, not only for the poor, but for the rich and titled, every one enjoying the sunshine as naturally as fish enjoy the water. On a warm afternoon the Chiaja is resplendent with gay people, in carriages and on foot, all oggling one another with the air of psychological connoisseurs on the lookout for something novel and rare. From the earliest times this beautiful bay has been the pleasure resort for every race that has inhabited it. The colonists from distant Cumae felt its potent charm, and then the Romans came, and so on down to the idle ragamuffin of to-day who begs pennies as a pastime. The taste for pleasure is one of the birthrights of the Neapolitan, and it waxes as strong now as ever.

The small but exquisite Villa Nazionale is a fashionable park, laid out in the sensuous Italian style, with statues and fountains, where music regales the ear and animation delights the eye, and where the tired sight-seer may recline on the benches and get bewitched,—on one side the Mediterranean, with its brown and picturesque sails and the hills beyond; on the other, the noisy promenade, where mirth reigns supreme, keeping up its revelry far into the night. Here, too, if one wish to take a look at the secrets of the sea, is the celebrated Aquarium, with its treasures brought from far and wide, and a small fee will show the horrible contortions of the octopus. The common people gather round its tank, and watch the long, boneless arms stretch forth after the victim crab. They like to see the creature's belly expand in sweet anticipation of the feast, and to note the small, bead-like eyes peer from behind their folds of wrinkles and seams, just as the awful mouth opens for its prey.

Far along the strident strada, almost at the entrance of the darksome grotto of Possilipo, is the tomb of Virgil. It is strongly doubtful if the ashes of the poet ever reposed there, but the urgent necessity for historic spots assigned this sightly mound as his last resting-place; and thither, in full faith, generations of pilgrims have made their annual visits. In the early days of the Christian era this part of the city was inhabited by the aristocracy and wealth of the empire; but this favoritism has long since been lost, and now the vicinity absolutely reeks with dirt and squalor. Blacksmiths' shops and haberdashers' stalls line the highway, wretched urchins shriek at their sports, and hideous beggars pluck at your coat-sleeves. A few coppers open the wooden gate, and a short series of steps leads to the top of the natural elevation where the tomb is situated. This mortuary structure possesses none of the charms of architecture. It is plain in design, containing one large chamber about fifteen feet square, within which are placed niches for the urns. To-day the sacred precincts are completely stripped of any ornaments they may once have possessed; and unless one's credulity is most subservient, it becomes difficult to believe that Virgil's ashes were ever deposited there. The spot is singularly blessed with a charming view of the city and the purple mountains and the beautiful bay, so that if the poet's spirit comes back from across the Styx, it could not find a more delightful spot from which to contemplate the new order of things. It is certain that the poet lived somewhere in this immediate neighborhood, and it was his dying wish that his ashes might forever rest in the midst of that glowing picture of sea and sky which he loved so well.

The entrance to the famous grotto is only a few steps beyond, and the appearance, on approaching its portals, is that of a tall and narrow arch, as black and forbidding as the grave. Up and down its sides and over its top vines and

shrubby grow in profusion, and dangle down like curls over the forehead of some swarthy giant. This is the famous tunnel built by the Romans under Augustus, and subsequently enlarged and improved by lesser monarchs. At the entrance its height is considerably greater than in the middle, for the roof has a large incline toward that point. Its width varies from twenty to thirty feet, and its length is about a third of a mile. It was currently believed at one time that this work was the result of a magician's will, so marvellous it seemed, but it may all be safely ascribed to purely human agencies. If it were not for this means of communication, the people dwelling along the shores of the gulf would be cut off from Naples as if by a mountain range; but this piece of engineering has saved them great inconvenience—a fact which they appreciate by unceasing patronage. The shades of Hades never generated a greater tumult than this Neapolitan thoroughfare. The dense gloom is surcharged with cries, yells, cracking whips, prolonged shouts, and the usual choice assortment of persiflage which these southern mouths love to utter. Prominent above the human din rise the bleating of sheep and the yelps of persecuted dogs, while in angry protest comes the excited cackle of hens on their way to execution. Into this cave of gloom gas has been introduced, but amid the clouds of dust its influence is reduced to a minimum; still it does some good, and in several places in the tunnel its kindly light leads to shrines before which indistinct worshippers say their prayers. The sensation brought forth by a journey through this grotto is unique and satisfactory, but once is quite sufficient for ordinary mortals; and yet its dismal confines and noise lead to a scene beyond where the very perfection of land and sea seems to have been reached, for, on emerging, one stands confronted with the full beauty of that classic shore, curling like delicate smoke from the mouth of the grotto, and

expanding in widening curves and rings to the cape of Misenum. There in splendid array repose Pozzuoli, Baja, Bacoli, Misenum, and many other spots made famous by nature and by the words of poets and historians.

Nature was lavish when this locality became settled, for here within a small compass is situated as choice a collection of interesting sights, to say nothing of their charms and beauty, as the world presents. The fascination of this landscape really lies in the power exercised by the sea: that is always exquisite in its changes and coloring, but the land is seared, scoriated, and unproductive.

With true professional pride I was taken to the little cave where the fumes of carbonic-acid gas are so powerful as to extinguish life, and there saw the sickening sight of the dog undergoing the agonies of dying. The cavern is small, and the unfortunate but hardened pup is thrust unceremoniously in, and the struggle begins forthwith. The kind-hearted tourist stands by, and notes developments. The beast's eyes soon take on a terrible lustre, his tongue rolls wildly, he shakes his body furiously, and, after an attack of violent trembling, he sinks to the ground, and lies gasping. The poison has done its fatal work, and the poor friendless dog has passed to a sphere where scientific brutality is not encouraged by idle curiosity;—but no, the prudent showman seizes the panting animal and flings him out into the open air, and the resuscitation is brought about with amazing rapidity and completeness. In a few minutes the accommodating cur frolics with the children of the party, and displays a *post mortem* appetite truly astonishing.

A short distance beyond is Pozzuoli. The stranger knows when it is near, by the concourse of guides and ragamuffins who advance to bid him welcome. It is about as bad as any place in Italy, and the only way to escape persecution is to hire a guide, and, through him, politely decline the ser-

vices and attendance of the willing multitude. I found the plan quite successful, and my rambles among the historic ruins were uninterrupted. Pozzuoli was once a Greek settlement, and in later times the most flourishing port in all Italy; but time has played awful havoc with its grandeur and importance since that day when the south wind wafted St. Paul to its shores. Enough remains of the vast amphitheatre to show its original size, and its completeness as to arrangements, both for seating the audience and for carrying on the barbarous games. The ante-chambers and entrances are well preserved, and so is the green-room, only the green-room of a Roman amphitheatre must have been more like a prison than a place of delightful recreation. Hard by is the aqueduct, from whose depths the arena was flooded with water, when Nero, satiated with the blood of wild beasts and gladiators, instituted marine spectacles and naval battles. It must have been quite an experience in a man's life to spend a week at Pozzuoli as a guest of an emperor like Nero. If Nature intended to frighten the dwellers along this coast by volcanic means, she signally failed, for within easy gun-shot of the reeking amphitheatre Solfatara has fumed and sputtered for centuries, and still the games went on; and now that the shows are no more, the mission of the crater does not appear to be over. Smoke and sulphur burst forth from the artificial mouth of the aged volcano, and in spite of the guide's foolhardy example I did not venture too near the hissing jaws of that pent-up sea of fire.

The crater having had the misfortune to fall in, now resembles a huge potato hill after the potatoes are dug out. It is situated in a basin formed by hills of pumice-stone and other volcanic substances, through clefts in which puffs of smoke issue incessantly; and to heighten the effect and to give tone to the locality, the earth is everywhere hollow, so

that the dropping of a stone causes a dull and angry response. As these volcanic localities are licensed to break out without advertising, I made my observations somewhat hastily, but quick as they were they are nevertheless lasting.

With bloody spectacles and belching volcanoes in the neighborhood, there is a fitness in having an assortment of temples to appease the slighted deities. The temple of Serapis, discovered a century ago, is a striking specimen of ancient architecture, with its great quadrangular court surrounded by lofty columns of marble and granite, and flanked by numerous apartments necessary to the worship of the Egyptian god. In the middle is a circular temple, now marked by an interesting collection of pillars and shafts in confused array. Over these dismal ruins plants flung out their bright flowers, and ivy drooped in graceful festoons from the crumbling capitals. According to scholars, the sea has performed strange antics with this temple in epochs gone, and even now the work of excavation goes on, in full hope of finding more concerning its strange history. Not far distant Neptune has been honored by a temple, but, being a more common god than Serapis, the memorial is only interesting to the pronounced archæologist.

The hard road along the sea from Pozzuoli to Baja, and for that matter to Miseno and its cape, is full of pretty scenery, the hills having that peculiar Italian slope so charming as they gradually decline into the blue Mediterranean, and above all hangs the precious aroma of the classics. Here it was that Virgil revelled in his art, and here Horace whiled away his leisure; while Cæsar, Caracalla, Tiberius, and a host of other worthies made this locality their winter home. Lake Avernus, over whose fatal surface no bird can safely fly, is the same as it was when Æneas made his descent guided by the sibyl, and there it lies, only a few rods distant; then Lucrinus brings to my mind visions of

feasts made delicious by its oysters; while the *thermæ Neronianæ* still send forth their hot vapors to relieve the pangs of invalids. Although I had never been on the spot in my life, all was perfectly familiar; so I suffered myself to be dragged through the suffocating passages until every twinge of rheumatism must have fled from my pores in disgust. Never afterward did I feel any inclination to explore the dark recesses of ancient bath-houses.

Baja was once the fashionable watering-place for the wealthy Romans, but to-day its splendid situation is silent in ruins and decay, and rank weeds run riotously over the sites of its palaces and mansions. It is one of the saddest places on the coast. Here Diana had a temple, and so had Mercury; and to-day it is entertaining to rest awhile within its shades, and listen as the peasant girls chink the castanets while they dance the tarantella.

A few miles farther on is Bacoli, with its army of ragged inhabitants ready to pounce upon the enchanted traveller. The dilapidated village is very woe-begone, and only wakes up when the winter kindly sends its northern visitors. This promontory, commanding as perfect a view of the unwonted charms of Naples and its bay as any on the coast, was a favorite resort of Nero; and here it was, in this very Bacoli, that Nero, that sum total of all Roman iniquities, deliberately plotted to kill his mother. Every step brings you to a temple or a ruined villa, or some kind of relic that once played its part in the history of the past. Here are vast subterranean prisons, with deep, gloomy cells hewn in solid rock, never admitting the light of day, and whose hideousness is revealed by the blazing torches of the guides. Life and death amounted to about the same thing with the wretch consigned to these graves. In stumbling through those damp, uneven corridors, I banished all thoughts of my guide's unkempness, and clung to his side in a manner

most fraternal. His dim and unsavory person was my only hope of escape from the death-haunted caverns.

The natives, whose livelihood is gained by acting as guides, have a way of extinguishing their pitch flambeaux by rubbing them on the walls of the prison, and the unsuspecting visitor, who constantly feels his way by touching the walls as he mopes along, emerges with face and hands of decidedly Ethiopian hue. At first I feared I had caught some malignant disease, but the assembled mob set up a shout, and some enterprising one among the crowd handed me a looking-glass, which made me a coal-heaver or an under-done minstrel performer. I willingly paid the usual fee for the revelation, and another fee for water and towel.

The *piscinæ mirabilis* is a grand illustration of the way the masons used to build, and also of the extent to which luxury went. To the very end of the land I rambled, and stood by the sepulchre of Misenus,—a gorgeous spot, washed by the waves and bathed by the pure, soft air of heaven; and there, away from the tumult of war and combat, the trumpeter of Æneas awaits the judgment-day.

The Grotto, Pozzuoli with its temples and amphitheatres, Baja, Avernus, Miseno, and Cuma, all lie to the west of Naples, forming an attraction of land and sea and sky unsurpassed. But one must not do them hurriedly: these wonders will challenge more than one day's attention. To them should be given three days, at least; for to visit these interesting spots only to squint at them is no part of intelligent travelling.

CHAPTER VII.

CAMPO SANTO VECCHIO—SORRENTO—CAPRI.

THE Neapolitans have a barbarous and most revolting mode of burying their dead. The catacombs were filled long ago, and no longer afford burial-places for the poverty-stricken wretches who swell the city's death-roll. Accordingly the municipality makes use of the ancient burying-ground known as Campo Santo Vecchio, and there inters its paupers. To be sure, the disposition of the dead seems fearful in all these southern countries. Even in Paris, amid the surroundings of the highest civilization, a visit to Pere La Chaise discloses strange sights; in Palermo, Barcelona, and Grenada it is sickening; but it is left to Naples to surpass all others in horror. There the unfortunates are not buried in coffins and shrouds, but are cast almost naked into a common pit, to fester and to rot.

The method of burial I had been told of, but the place and its surroundings were left wholly to my fancy. I pictured in my mind a well arranged area, laid out in regular divisions, with gravelled walks, and perchance an occasional plot beautified by flowers, or at least clothed in some of that verdure which revels in plenty all around; and I also pictured in my mind monuments and tablets telling of virtue and valor, and simple wreaths testifying of the love that never dies. It is two miles from the museum to the gate of the cemetery, most of the way taking one through those narrow lanes where death carries on high frolic with the miserable creatures that inhabit them. Verily, these are the paths that lead to the grave, and the horrors accum-

ulated as I neared the place. The nearer I went, the more numerous were the evidences of death. Scores of dead-carts, whose rough drivers were prodigal of ribaldry and garlic, rumbled along; and scattered up and down the street were men with little coffins swung over their shoulders, stolid and unfeeling as butchers carrying meat to market. The streets leading to the place of skulls are in sad need of paving: the work must have been done by contract many years ago, for my carriage jolted and trembled as it fought its way over the unevenness. A sudden turn, an abrupt ascent, a glittering shrine, and I was there. In front is a low stone building, used, as I saw, for the work in hand, such as living-rooms for the keeper and the officiating priests. At one end was a chapel, from whose cheerless portals strains of dolorous music came, and, on peering in, I saw a youthful priest seated at an organ, and doing his best to persuade Music to venture forth into the gloomy apartment. Passing through a long hall, I found myself in the old cemetery.

Gabriel Grub could never have come to this desolate spot with his bottle of Hollands. It would have been too much even for his professional nerves, and I further doubt whether the goblins would have felt like dancing around so cheerless a court-yard, for ghosts, even, need more inducements than this Campo Santo offers. Within the grim confines there is not a monument nor a head-stone upon which the goblins might go through their fantastic dances, no friendly shadows behind whose forms they might hide from the inquisitive moon: it is a spirit-shunned yard—cold, detested, and shut out from the world. In this cemetery the earth has been excavated, and then the great hollow divided into three hundred and sixty-five cells or pits, made of masonry twenty feet deep and thirty or forty wide. A stone pavement having been laid over them, the

grave-yard was ready for business. Over the centre of each pit is a square block, with a number cut in it. The practice is to open one pit on each day of the year and fling the dead into its dismal mouth, then close it until its turn comes round again in the procession of days. This plan is not now strictly practicable, as there are several pits devoted to particular tenants,—the Swiss Guards, and other more distinguished victims of the cholera. These are forever closed ; but the keepers are not over scrupulous, and it would not be surprising if they were opened once or twice in the course of the year to receive their sickening quota. Here and there blades of grass peeped out from between the cemented crevasses of the numbered blocks, but they were weak and pale : even weeds, vigorous as they are, hesitate to infest such a place. A few faded wreaths told their touching tale of dear ones laid in the mouldy cells, but Death is too inexorable there to allow sentiment in his precincts. The vault or cell corresponding to the day of the year is opened at six in the morning and closed about sunset. When the day's dead have all been flung in, the slab is replaced, presumably to be undisturbed for twelve months.

It is next to impossible to estimate the number of interments, for the paupers are innumerable in Naples ; but if the daily average can be based on what I saw, the number is frightful. The city hearses make their dismal rounds, collecting the dead and conveying them hither to sepulture. After visiting this cemetery, I never met one of those black, lumbering vehicles, with lamps staring like dead men's eyes, without shuddering. If burying is going on at the time the bodies arrive, in they go without further remark ; should they fortunately arrive during an intermission, they are placed in narrow trays lined with zinc, and deposited in niches arranged in the spacious walls of the long building

containing the chapel, and there they remain until work is resumed. Although the pit is open all day, it is used only at specified hours in the morning and at about sunset, this arrangement being both for the convenience of the undertakers and the priests. Both prefer to work on several at a time. As the hours for interment draw near, little groups of men and women begin to gather, drawn hither from curiosity and morbid interest, or to inquire into the history of this one or that. Many come to verify a dream, and to note important items, such as the age of the corpse, the number of the vault, the day of the month, so as to complete some combination in the forthcoming lottery. These low Neapolitans furnish quite as interesting a social study to other Italians as to foreigners. Late in the afternoon the men take off their coats and begin their work. A small derrick is moved over the numbered block, and a chain attached to the ring; then the wheels squeak and groan, the cemented edges crack, and the mouth-piece of the pit dangles in the air. Up stream the disgusting effluvia, the festering carrion of a whole year. Even the hardened laborers stand back for some minutes. The ragged edges of the hole are scraped; then the large iron coffin is brought out and laid by the open pit. This is the vehicle that makes thousands of trips yearly into the sickening caverns, going full and returning empty. It is box shape, eight feet long and proportionately deep and wide, and so constructed that by touching a spring the bottom falls open. The ingenuity of this contrivance is made apparent as the work goes on. The lowering and raising of the coffin is done by the derrick, while a long, flexible iron bar, thrust into the pit, serves as a rail to steady its movements. The dead bodies are now taken from the niches in the wall and laid side by side near the yawning hole, a ghastly array of unshrouded men, women, and chil-

dren ; some almost entirely nude, others in the dirty habiliments of poverty, all miserable beyond description. The laborers uncover their heads, while the attendant priest mechanically reads a brief burial service, ending it by sparsely sprinkling the departed. The bodies, one at a time,—except in case of children, when several are put in at once,—are laid in the iron box, the cover closed with a harsh clang, and then the horrible mechanism begins its work. The box is raised to an upright position, then carefully lowered into the darkness, gliding down the iron bar which gradually yields to the pressure until the iron shroud is near its journey's end, when it springs suddenly back, and in the twinkling of an eye the under section of the coffin flies open upon its hinges, and the corpse is dumped prone on the mouldering pile. As the hour's interment drew to a close, I mustered courage and peered into the hole. The fast fading sunlight made the sight indistinct, but there on the horrible and sickening bed were fathers and mothers, husbands and wives and little children, dumped in damnable confusion, there to await the swift decomposition which the hole generates. For more than a century this cemetery has been the scene of burials such as I saw on that lovely afternoon in March, and still the harsh coffin performs its dreadful task with revolting regularity.

In cheerful contrast is the new cemetery, dedicated only a few years ago, and occupying one of those favored sites in full command of the encircling panorama of Naples. It is well to visit this spot, if for no other purpose than to obtain the view it affords, for it is one of the best. Here the exquisite contour of the bay is most fully presented. The shores, bending with almost mathematical curve, may be followed to the dim headlands of distant Sorrento, broken only by the purple peaks of Vesuvius with just a faint smoke-cloud hovering over them.

When, at length, I quit Naples, it was to go to Sorrento by this winding road, along the curving shores;—and I advise every one to adopt this plan if possible. A worthy cab-man conveyed me through the fascinating suburbs to my journey's end, and made clear to me a vast mass of local legends and doubtful archæological lore. These fellows love to talk, and, overcome by the temptation of willing ears, their garrulousness recognizes no limits. To fly from Naples to the priceless cinders of Pompeii, cooped up in a railway compartment, is as near downright sacrilege as anything put down in the sacred book, but nevertheless many do it. I preferred the long ride among the lively people, dwellers beyond the city gates, independent and careless, and yet interesting in the aggregate, where I might see the unvarying consistency of Neapolitan dirt and manners.

It was the Santa Lucia long drawn out; but the houses were smaller, and sunlight and air were more plentiful than in the overcrowded streets of the city. It might properly be called the macaroni district, for on all sides the manufacture of that sweet paste goes on in all the details of form and perfection. Each small hut furnishes its share of the national dish; all hands work at the trough, or pull the long, plastic stems into their prescribed shape. For several miles the way lay through a forest of macaroni, trel-lised up like grape-vines. I felt no desire to step inside to gaze at the process of mixing; my appetite was well satisfied by the array of pipe-stems and ribbons hung out from black windows and casements, or thrown carelessly over racks along the street, where ragged children, mouldering animals, and broods of flea-bearing fowls were altogether too numerous. Dust and dirt eddied in the air, persecuting human eyes and ears, and settling on the moist cereals festooning the roadside. I meditated on the macaroni question for many miles, and thought I had weaned

myself, but at dinner a few hours later I forgot my gastronomic resolution and fell into temptation. Its early imperfections are soon forgotten at the hands of Italian cooks.

Twenty English miles measure the distance from Naples to Castellamare, but the way is miserably desolate and uninteresting. Very soon after quitting Naples the country takes on a sad and mournful face, strictly in keeping with the annals that make it historic. On each side are plains of lava, and there is nothing so sorrowfully monotonous as those dull-colored stones, not even the sands of the desert. I was glad when Castellamare lifted me out of a journey so gloomy and bare.

Castellamare is historic because it rests on the ruins of Stabia, and is noted because of its fisheries and dock-yards. I passed the night in a mediæval castle, kept by an English woman who did her best to make her guests happy. From its broad terraces the charms of the bay are shown in all their rare loveliness, while above orange and olive groves mantle the hills with green. My chamber must have been an audience hall in the good old days, for its windows were deep-seated in carved recesses, and the great vacantly staring walls were clothed in sadly faded tapestry.

Early the next morning, with the leaping sunbeams, I rode to Sorrento. The highway leading to that peaceful village is famous even in a land of famous roads. Through a veritable garden, where Nature fairly revels all the year round in the fierce slants of the summer sun, amid the balmy breezes of spring and the occasional harshness of a misguided winter, this highway takes its beautiful course. Not alone in the perfection of road-making, but in the rarity of its unfolding panorama, is this magnificent road renowned. Broad and hard, with sturdy balustrades along the edges, it skirts the brink of ugly precipices so near that I often saw the waves break on the crags below; but the

feeling of security is as complete as the sensation of delight, and danger was forgotten under the spell of the picturesque Mediterranean—on one side the sea of Virgil, on the other the groves of Tasso. For the most part the road follows the tortuous outline of the promontories, close by the water, but, now and then bending inland, winds through the yellow orange-trees and the sun-clad vineyards, showing gems at every turn,—now a sweet village, half hidden in the rich foliage, shy to meet the noisy tourist; now a pretentious villa, with heavy walls deeply recessed to ward off the summer solstice, peeping from its ambush; then a long, meandering valley, with its lap full of flowers; and shortly a stone bridge, whose massive arch defies the foaming torrent fresh from the mountains beyond;—all the varied charms that lead men captive are flung over the path of this highway, until one instinctively feels that the gods have distributed their choicest favors, and watch over them in the softest of skies.

Sorrento is a typical resting-place; there is none other like it. Tourist-trodden as it is, its salubrious air and unexcelled situation, along the horse-shoe bend of the jutting headlands, give it a definite charm that my six weeks stay did not weaken. I went to remain over night; but it was a case of love at first sight, and I kept lingering along until the north winds were agreeable. Sorrento is a village, straggling after the manner of small Italian towns, containing a few thousand inhabitants, boasting a market-place, a principal street with a generous supply of cab-men hanging round it, and numerous lanes, jealously guarded by high walls. There are exquisite strolls and excursions leading along the rippling sea, or back among the vineyards and olives of the mountains; plenty of narrow, uncleanly alleys criss-crossing the thickly settled portions of the town; crumbling churches and monasteries, whose creaking bells are forever summoning the devout to service; moss-covered

houses and damp cellar-like habitations, where the loom is busy ; and beyond it all lay the snow-capped mountains. Then nearer, only twelve miles across the sparkling bay, stands grim Vesuvius, rolling out its smoke, and at its feet great Naples stretches out like a mighty camp ; while in the soft sunbeams Ischia and Capri, graceful nymphs, rise from their beds in the sea to add lustre to the view.

I passed my time in a most sweet do-nothing way, making excursions to Deserto, with its red-walled monastery capping the hill and commanding a view unsurpassed ; to the telegraph station, where observant operators keep their eyes on isolated Capri, and so furnish the busy world with the latest news from that dozing isle ; then along the continuation of the superb highway to Massa, beneath towering cliffs, over deep gorges, where the legend-loving peasant looks for dwarfs ; beside rippling brooks and the falls of Conca, rashly leaping from lofty pinnacles, losing their slender threads in clouds of mist ; amid the chestnut-trees and the orange groves, pausing now at some rude shrine to contemplate the weather-beaten features of the Christ, and to hear the low murmur of the kneeling sinner ;—and so on, through the lotus land, day succeeded day in perfect peace.

The town is perched along the promontory that like a fortress resists the attacks of the sea, and to gain the beach to Piccola Marina long passages cut in the earth and rock offer their assistance : so down the steep descent, half choked with black night, you go, and the dancing billows welcome your friendship. There is a small settlement nestling there, and boatmen are ready to bear you over the waves to Capri or to Naples with their russet-colored sails, or row you into the chambers made by the waters. When the donkey-rides among the charms of the town and its surrounding hills and hamlets no longer amuse, and walking and sleeping have lost their interest, seek the cool

shades beneath the beetling cliffs, or trust your life to the stout mariner, and dash over the white caps of the bluest of seas. These boatmen are picturesque enough in bright handkerchiefs and flapping head-dresses, and their companionship is never tiresome.

In returning to the world above, try one of the many steep lanes leading thereto, cut in rock and winding as a serpent's path, but wide open to the skies: they are the public roads, and there the sure-footed donkeys pick their way followed by belaboring drivers. Shrines are not absent, and near the water's edge is an ancient chapel: it may once have been a temple of Neptune, but it is now a temple of the living God, where hardy sailors pray for favoring winds, or return thanks, after the custom of the Romans for escaping shipwreck, by hanging their dripping garments on its sacred walls.

Sorrento is fortunate in being so situated that Pompeii and Capri are like next door neighbors, neither being far distant: you reach one by the splendid highway, the other by a daily steamer. The sail to Capri is a pretty one, occupying only a short two hours, when the lofty sides of the island are at hand, and likewise a swarm of small row-boats manned by bawling oarsmen. These fellows are ready to row you into the famous Blue Grotto, and it is easy to strike a bargain with them, for they generally outnumber the passengers. Sharp as one's vision may be, the mouth of the Grotto defies the search. There are fissures, but the entrance is not through them: where is it? As our flotilla bobbed up and down on the waves, I could not help bringing to mind the patriotic print at home, representing Washington crossing the Delaware, for every boat was dignified with a flag at its stern, and the novelty of the thing quite made up for the historic floating ice. It was comical to see boat after boat disappear in a small hole not larger than a cellar

window. In they went, and the shrieks and cries of their freight were swallowed up in the darkness. The manner of getting in is very undignified, but there is no appeal: down you lie, flat on the bottom of the boat, where the chances are that some bulky German will be on top, crushing your breath into spasmodic gasps; and in this utter prostration state all hands patiently wait until a receding wave makes the narrow mouth larger. Then the boatman, whose feet are at liberty to rest on anybody's shoulders or stomach, gives a strong push, and the boat grates and squeaks, and then glides through and swims noiselessly on the pool within. There you are, in the Blue Grotto, submerged beneath earthquake-addicted Capri, and shut out from the world by a small aperture which the least breeze from the north may close at any moment.

But these dismal thoughts go begging in this marine chamber, so full of deep recesses and pulpits, with frowning ceilings and all sorts of grotesque architecture shown off in that weird coloring. It would be a fine dressing-room for some theatrical Mephistopheles.

The sensation which at first overcame me as I floated on the azure pool was very vivid, completely taking away every sense but that of seeing. Doubtless we all felt the same, for the chirping French were silent, and the American exclamation-points were lost in wonder. At first it seems like some phosphorescence exhaling from the rocks; then, as the eye becomes accustomed to the scene, the peculiar greenish-blue tint takes on more of the thin flame of burning spirits, and the constant movement of the water gives the surface the appearance of many lambent tongues licking the air. At no time could I rid myself of the impression that the place was in flames, and that the very rocks quivered in an all-consuming fire. Human faces were ghastly in green flesh and staring eyes, like floating corpses,

while the boatman, swimming round in the forbidding waters, was like some fabled monster, half fish, half man, as he frolicked about, his arms and back gleaming with silvery scales. Only a few minutes were allotted to us in this fantastic cavern, and one by one the little boats sought the open sky. My turn came, and out I went; but my imagination was surcharged with the strange sensation of flames and moving colors, and this clung to me for some time after.

Capri is such an attractive nest of crags and peaks, inhabited by an interesting people, and made sociable by a goodly colony of artists and seekers after health, that I regretted I did not make a longer stay. It is the charming island of the Mediterranean, purified by sweet breezes and kissed by the softest sunbeams. Small as is Capri, Augustus loved its charms, and here Tiberius spent his declining years, fascinated by its sweet influences. In later years this little isle has become famous for the physical charms of its maidens, and hither artists of many nationalities have found their way, whose skilful brushes have made those rich olive complexions known in all lands. Inter-marriage is common, and a cosmopolitan colony is rapidly springing up. These girls have shrewd mammas, who exhibit remarkable ability in managing the matrimonial affairs of their households. They often refuse to allow their beautiful daughters to serve as models, unless the intention of the itinerant painter is pretty manifest; and often the result is marriage. If this thing goes on, we shall have no end of international complications with this sea home of Cupid. Who can wonder that artists are attracted to its quiet charms, and make their homes amid the vines and the trellises, for a fairer spot than Capri can scarcely be found. There is everything to captivate the lover of the beautiful, and encourage him to be contented.

I saw the people of Sorrento celebrate the natal day of Antonio, their patron saint, and it brought out every phase of their simple lives. The small square was the meeting-place, and within its limits the celebration took place. The peasants began to arrive early in the morning, and by nine o'clock there was a busy scene on the usually deserted piazza. The stone statue of Saint Antonio, with its swinging lamp, was solemn and grave, as if bored by so much homage; but it must have been saintly conceit on its part, for I saw nobody kneel before it: all passed by engrossed with more material things. Wagons, carts, and vehicles of uncertain nomenclature kept arriving, bringing loads of human freight, which they discharged with a genuine trans-Atlantic promptness that startled me. I feared at first they were Cook's excursionists. Bareheaded women, cleanly dressed, men and children in holiday attire, were soon promenading the place, intent on making the most of the day. It was comical to see the men and women put on their shoes as soon as they reached the square. But this was an epoch in their simple careers, when shoes might be worn without exciting criticism. Booths for selling trinkets and nick-nacks and for spinning the lottery wheel abounded, while stalls for selling ginger-bread or its Italian equivalent were as thick as a Yankee muster could ask for, and their patronage was liberal.

Few women wore head-coverings, the custom being to let the black braids fall down the back in graceful negligence; but what they lacked on their heads they made up for on their bodies. Their dresses were of many colors. Color is to them what it is to the Indian—yellow shawls in peculiar contrast with blue skirts, or bright red and green in amicable relations; but, after all, not a hue or a fold could be more picturesquely arranged.

At last the procession emerged from the winding cathe-

dral lane, and a hush fell upon the noisy people ; hats were taken off, and a reverential stillness overspread the place. On it came with measured step—and religious paces are measured in Italy, if nowhere else—torch-bearers leading, followed by platoons of singing boys clad in white gowns ; bands of music dealing out sacred strains for this day only ; round-faced monks with cowls flung back ; priests in black, with their schools straggling close behind ; the civil government of the district in full dresses and broad yellow sashes, which denoted their local importance ; then the poor old bishop waddling along under the crushing load of mitre and official robes, and supported by attendants, one of whom kept fanning the oppressed ecclesiastic ; and, last of all, a silver image of the patron saint, borne aloft, and protected from the sun by a gorgeous canopy of silk heavily trimmed with gold lace, upheld by eight bearers, and surrounded by a profusion of standards and banners. The long procession straggled through the opening in the crowd, and after performing a circuit so that all might see, withdrew to its place of starting, and was seen no more. No sooner had the last banner disappeared, than fireworks, curiously rigged on poles and trellises, were touched off ; and the approving face of heaven was shut from mortal view. Such deafening salvos must have been exceedingly gratifying to the kindly saint, for, in point of design and effect, these village pyrotechnics taught the Fourth of July a lesson. The end of the religious part was immediately succeeded by a genuine holiday fête. Peddlers and hawkers were numerous ; and here that cosmopolitan rascal with the patent knife-sharpener screeched its virtues to the gaping crowd ; acrobats, with wonderful feats, tumbled over the ground, and went into splendid contortions, receiving a hat full of soldi as their reward ; but the most entertaining quack was he of clerical garb, and hair flung back over his shoulders—he

was an American, sure enough. How proudly I watched his gestures and listened to his Italian as he urged his painless tooth-pulling on the susceptible peasants. His carriage was surrounded with countless jaws, attracted partly by the loud notes of his cornet and partly by the mysterious art of legerdemain by which he blew fire from his mouth, feeding the flames with the bright colored handkerchiefs of the wonder-stricken women. He did many tricks, and then proceeded to sell his rheumatic cure, or to pull out aching teeth. A peasant would take his seat in the carriage; the operator pushed back his coat-sleeves, and the fun began. While the patient was writhing in expectancy of pain, the dentist would pause in his work to comment on the process, at which the crowd yelled with delight; then, resuming his neglected task, out came the tooth, and the patient, too, in many instances. My compatriot captured many a lira that Saints' day, for the good-natured crowd lingered about the square until the warm sun hid behind the western hills; then it slowly dissolved, taking away the vivacity of a few hours before, and leaving in its place an unwonted stillness.

It is in towns like Sorrento that the charm of Italian life becomes thoroughly interesting, for the reason that one can so easily become a part of it. During my stay I engaged a bright young priest to teach me Italian, and in his company I mingled freely with all classes and grades, giving my curiosity full play. I went into their houses and watched the busy looms, or lounged idly on the benches along the streets so that I might pass a word or two with those disposed to talk, or, in my rambles, paused at some gate-way where the garden was full of ripening oranges, and listened to the loud conversation going on, scarcely a sentence of which I understood; but their gestures were intelligible, and their hoarse laughter reassuring. In pruning the fruit-trees, they manage to climb into the highest branches, so that they may look

into some neighboring enclosure and enjoy a friendly chat with whomsoever they may see. If their dark eyes chance to light on some being possessed of vocal organs, the exchange of sentiments almost banishes all thoughts of arboriculture. The women do the hardest work, and have less recreation than their lords and masters. At every bend in the narrow lanes leading out of town, one meets troops of women,—not great brawny creatures such as one stares at around Killarney, but of finer organization,—with bundles of fire-wood or baskets of fruit on their heads, trudging along as their great-grandmothers did before them. It was new to me, but old to them; and so when I asked my clerical companion about it, he said they did not mind such customary things as carrying small wagon-loads in the place of bonnets. With bare feet these peasant women trip on their way, knitting industriously, and oftentimes singing, while a squad of infants toddle after. That hideous disease, the goitre, afflicts this neighborhood, and so mingles its curse with the blessings of warm air and abundant harvests.

The piazza, where so many rockets and pin-wheels banged and whizzed in honor of Saint Antonio, is the market-place for the country lying enclosed around Sorrento; and always on Sunday morning, if the sun is shining, crowds of peasants from Meta and Messa, and from Deserto on the hill, congregate and exchange the pent-up news of the week. Gossip is rife, and sharp bargains, too, judging from the quantity of produce that changes hands. It is very picturesque to see so many bright red caps and polished brass ornaments in constant motion, for these humble toilers are as restless as the waves of the bay that indent their shores. Sunday is the chosen time for trading, but not until mass has been said: then the license takes effect, and eggs, poultry, and vegetables are mixed in indiscriminate confusion with candles and macaroni and tobacco; and it was

not until the day had spent itself that I could even make out the results of the day's negotiations. But about that time the assembly is broken up ; and I used to meet women with baskets on their heads, and men with pipes in their mouths. A fair day's work, no doubt, as the wreaths of blue smoke attested.

In harsh contrast with the half romantic conditions of life and scenery around Sorrento stands the Cerberus of the custom-house—I mean the Italian link in the international chain that extends from the sands of Morocco to the snows of Siberia. Here, in the sweet-scented atmosphere of these graceful hills, the officer of the *octroi* stands ready, with wine-gauge and scales, to pry into the secrets of the baskets and the panniers. The little cabin, with the royal arms on its entrance, always blocks the way ; and the peasants have to submit with the best nature possible, while the active custodian of the king's revenue performs his hated duty. I have often seen the officers thrust long, sharp pikes into the bales of hay so as to assure themselves that a cask of wine was not concealed within, and look sheepish at not finding something contraband. Wine is tested by boring a hole in the cask or barrel, and letting out a pint or two in order to prove the contents beyond the possibility of a doubt ! These operations give a very worldly touch to the romance of Sorrentine life.

CHAPTER VIII.

NAPLES TO MONT CENIS.

THE ride from Naples to Rome may safely be called uninteresting, for the country is unattractive, and the little scenery there is soon becomes monotonous. The journey may be broken at Casserta, and a few hours devoted to roaming through the beautiful grounds of the royal palace, where, if the fountains happen to be playing, the attractiveness is greatly enhanced. Good Italians go into ecstasies over the park and its flowery avenues, and look pityingly upon the traveller who slights this national Versailles. With Rome in sight, a score of Cassertas could not swerve the pilgrim to the right or to the left.

The moon always exercises a magical influence over architecture, but over Rome she certainly pours an affluence of silver which knows no equal. In her fulness she creates a picture of positive splendor, which once seen is never forgotten. I was fortunate in entering Rome under the most benign influence, when domes and walls fairly sparkled, and streets and piazzas were filled with mellow light.

To make the approach more striking, and to give the picture a venerableness, the great aqueduct lent its aid, running alongside the railway for some distance like a wall of silver, its huge body and massive arches flinging grim shadows upon the whitened earth just as they had done for a thousand years.

Rome has sights and studies enough for a life-time. Even the three score and ten years are ridiculously inade-

quate. I found a month much too short, but in that time I trust I saw the famous sights which one ought to behold before dying. The "Eternal" is a fitting name for Rome: she beat Charles II in the unconscionable time she took to die; then, unlike Charles, she changed her mind, and, having experienced every vicissitude, her eagles again glisten at the head of her legions; her pristine power and authority are returning; and she confidently expects to receive in the future, as in the past, ambassadors suing for peace. To-day Italy holds the balance of power in Europe, and has lately managed to secure a plum from every diplomatic pie. Her eye is on Trieste, and the time may come when Austria will be powerless to prevent its cession. And so Rome, on her seven doubtful hills, is still powerful. Progress is fast sweeping the cobwebs from the imperial nooks and angles, and by the pace she goes little will be left standing in her way.

Those luxurious baths, which contributed so much toward the overthrow of old Rome, now reap the whirlwind, and are fast disappearing, their graves being marked by sumptuous structures dedicated to trade and to learning; temples and shrines once beloved by the forefathers are no more; historic ruins, the delight of students, become unpitied victims of the leaping civilization, and wide and spacious boulevards flanked with modern mansions wind majestically over the ancient sites: and the end is not yet.

Rome wears a surprisingly new appearance: the must and grime of antiquity are not so conspicuous as I had pictured. Even the Forum is kept clean and in good order, and the ruins on Capitoline hill receive the same treatment. But there are ruins most ruinous about the city, as a drive along the Appian Way shows. The Tomb of Cæcilia Metella above ground, and the Catacombs of St. Calixtus below, furnish grand illustrations of the wrecks of time. A more

unearthly journey could scarcely be made than the descent into the latter ; but it is a popular one, and the silent and mouldering precincts generally contain troops of visitors, whose feeble tapers flicker and blink in their struggle for self-preservation. A drive along the Appian Way should on no account be omitted, for one gets a wide view of the plains stretching to the Sabine hills, rolling in charming colors past castles and monuments and wavering lines of ancient aqueducts, until lost in the shades beyond. Here one meets those famous Roman oxen with branching horns and ponderous bodies, striking figures in the landscape of Rome.

Across the yellow Tiber is the tomb of Hadrian, now sadly changed from its former self, but still serving Italy as a fortress ; and but a short walk beyond looms St. Peter's, first among the churches of earth,—an edifice whose stupendous dimensions puzzle the imagination and excite the senses. Repeated visits fail to give any definite impression as to its size and grandeur. There is so much within its walls, that the human mind becomes overpowered, and incapable of fully realizing this work of centuries.

The number and elegance of the churches of Rome,—the Lateran, the Liberian Basilica, St. Paul's, the Pantheon, the most imposing of any, *Ava-Cœli*, St. Peter in Chains, with its famous statue of Moses, very solemn, and yet a trifle peculiar, all master-pieces of architecture,—furnish a never lessening source of pleasure and contemplation. The Vatican, whose wings and angles cover more ground than any palace in the world, is the objective point for strangers. There is an unconquerable curiosity attached to the papal residence, and an unquenchable desire to be presented to the supreme pontiff, which from the force of circumstance is seldom gratified. However, next to seeing the Pope is to see his splendid home, whose art-laden halls and famous frescos delight the soul and leave nothing to

be desired. If one is permitted to attend mass in the Sistine chapel, the cup of his joy is filled to overflowing.

Yet take away all these marvels, leaving only the Coliseum, and Rome would still be famous. This crumbling wonder is the most pathetic spectacle in Europe: silent and deserted it stands, solitary in its majesty. I never tired of walking about its corridors, or climbing over its flowering ruins. There was always a spell in its utter desolation that held me captive, nor could I escape its fascination by absence: my mind still dreamed about its magnificent pageants, and my feet still lingered among its shady nooks.

In violent contrast is the Pincian hill, where fashion and leisure catch the first faint breath of evening, and showy equipages roll around the little circle to the lively strains of the military bands. Loungers seek the benches and pass comments on the whirligig of society, young officers succeed in catching the admiring gaze of American heiresses, and sober priests lean on the balustrades with eyes fixed on the glowing west. Idle Rome, having saluted the parting day, deserts the vivacious Pincian, and goes to dinner.

Hotels in Rome are good and dear; but one ought to pay to see the mother city of the world, and leave no maledictions. Let him rather seek the bubbling waters of the Trevi fountain, and invoke their blessings on his return.

Florence is mirth-loving, its people are vivacious and good-looking, and the city bears abundant evidence of care and attention. It is a favorite wintering-place for English and Germans, although its climate does not entitle it to great consideration.

If every gallery in Europe, except those in Florence, were destroyed, the world would still be rich in art. The priceless treasures of the Tribune would in themselves atone for

any such calamity. The gems displayed on the walls of church, academy, and palace have long been the admiration of our race. Florence is beautiful; and its situation is all that could be desired. The woods and hills, the parks, the distant mountains, and the sluggish Arno,—its ancient bridges, so strange and comical to modern eyes, its rugged palaces, more like prisons in their ponderous style of architecture, its celebrated churches, the sturdy Campanile, and lastly the Casine, with its landscape gems,—give to the city a charm rarely surpassed.

Florence is the home of the Society of the Misericordia, and its solemn processions are frequent sights. A more impressive and at the same time chilling spectacle cannot be imagined than that presented by the members of this society when conducting a funeral. To meet them at night almost makes one's blood curdle. It is their province to attend to the calls of misfortune, and they perform this duty with true military discipline. The confraternity is very old, but age has not stoned its heart or palsied its limbs; and its mission is no nearer fulfilment now than it was in the 16th century. A certain number of its members meet every morning ready for duty; and they seldom have long to wait, for the alarm bell soon sounds its dull signal, and they are off to the rescue. The members wear black dominoes falling to their heels, while their heads are enveloped in hoods and capes, sombre in hue, and almost grotesque with two almond-shaped eye-holes. Among the regulations of the society is one forbidding members to speak to each other while engaged in their work, or to refer to it afterwards. Thus silence is enforced and rivalries prevented. At night I have heard them chant as they moved slowly through the narrow streets,—a weird and unearthly scene, as the living silhouettes bearing lighted tapers wound in and out of the gloom.

Pisa, serene and beautiful on the banks of the Arno, lies

only a few leagues away, and offers to the visitor those master-works of architecture known as the Cathedral, the Baptistry, the Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo. Any one of them would give an imperishable lustre to stately Pisa, but an indulgent past has been generous and given more. They are placed close to one another, occupying a spacious square in a remote part of the town. This position, however, sets them off well, and brings out the architectural effects in noblest proportions. One may journey far and wide, and then go to Pisa and be spell-bound. The builders of the Cathedral were inspired to make their work an epic, for never was an interior more harmonious in perspective than this. It is not a large edifice; it may be considered small as churches go; but in few others is there such a commingling of symmetry and elegance.

Almost within the shadow of this grand church leans the celebrated tower, whose enigmatic meaning is as unravellable as that of the Sphinx. We know who constructed it, but its use and its original posture we do not know. It is one of the strangest sights imaginable, and yet there is a charm about it which increases the longer one studies it. From the ground to the topmost cornice is 130 feet, and it leans eleven feet out of the perpendicular. The mean diameter is fifty-two feet, so there need be no fear in ascending the mystery. The entire structure is composed of a series of arcades, with superimposed arches, presenting an imposing exterior, and giving a complete illustration of the early Italian tower. A walk to the top is a good preparation for a sea-voyage; not that it is an antidote by any means, but it gives one practice, and accustoms the stomach to that sinking sensation so frequently attendant. The view from the upper gallery is enchanting. The surrounding country is like a flash of Turner or Lorraine. Tuscany and all its vineyards are at hand, and none fairer grace the earth.

The great circular edifice known as the Baptistry makes the total of Pisa's wonders, although the Campo Santo, with its cart-loads of real Jerusalem dirt, and its remarkable mural paintings telling of death and immortality, has its attractions also. I formed a strong attachment for Pisa. I liked its cleanliness and its calm and its appearance of respectability; and besides, I learned that the early scale of prices still lingered among the inhabitants.

Sunshine and shadow play hide-and-seek along the railway from Florence to Bologna. An endless series of tunnels, many of them a mile in length, rudely break the exquisite scenery in its tenderest spots, and cruelly scatter the fragments. The engineering exhibited by tunnels, viaducts, bridges, grades, and majestic curves gives one a good impression of that care-taking method of constructing railways so general in Europe. They are not laid hurriedly in order to catch the expiring hour of congressional land grants, nor are they so imperfectly built that a master in chancery may administer on the remains. Nowhere in Italy is the scenery grander or more pleasing than through these gorges and smiling plains of Lombardy.

Bologna is known to the uttermost parts of the globe, not only for its mediæval architecture, but also for its suspicious but delicious sausage. Its fame is imperishable, and long after the leaning tower and the ancient Etruscan burying-ground have passed beyond the ken of coming historians, the highly spiced meat may yet remain. At the Hotel Brun large slices were offered as a prelude to the dinner: appetizing were they, and far more salutary than the more cosmopolitan sherry and bitters.

The nearer one gets to Venice the stiller the streets, or, at least, it seems so. In Bologna, with its seventy thousand people, was a silence ill becoming the census—a kind of uncanny stillness, such as one might look for in time of

public disaster or alarming pestilence ; but no good cause could be assigned for it, considering that the national lottery was in a flourishing condition, and the undertakers weaved clouds of smoke around their disconsolate brows. Probably the temper is indigenous. The rows of arcades up and down the public streets are massive and deep, forming porticos for the houses and shops, and guarding their front doors from sunshine as well as from rain, so that in inclement weather they furnish an agreeable promenade. From the number of barber-shops, it might be inferred that no man shaves himself, this important office being performed by another ; but, after all, the Italians love to congregate and let out their gossip. This amenity is very likely denied them at home : hence the popularity of the wig-makers' establishments.

The cathedral and the churches of Bologna are not remarkable, nor are the public edifices ; and yet the old town has enough in the way of interest to detain the traveller a day, at least. Outside the city walls, perched on a hill and surrounded with a military looking colonnade, is the Church of the Madonna of St. Luke, whither hundreds of pilgrims yearly wend their way. From this eminence one may review the splendid scenery made imperfect by the tunnels, and, in addition, contemplate that majestic reach of country stretching over mountain and vale, with horizon so generous as to include the waters of the Adriatic. The church is modern, but the utmost was demanded of its builders, for it was to be the resting-place of that treasure bequeathed by the apostle. As an artist, Luke did not win great renown, but the relic is none the less precious to the faithful, who climb up the rugged ascent that they may breathe in its sacred presence. In the academy of arts is Raphael's gem, Saint Cecelia, one of those marvellous conceptions of genius which it seems impossible to attribute to

mortal agency. A more graceful portrayal of expression and soul does not exist. Around it copyists were clustered, but their most skilful brush could do little more than imitate, in a weak way, the transcendent faces of the master.

The approach to Venice does not break upon one unawares. The railway and its sturdy bed are constantly licked by the blue waves, thus making the coming into Venice a sort of sea journey. The real Venetian sensation creeps gradually over the stranger some distance away, preparing him for the city itself; for, known as Venice is through generations of writers, it presents as many facets as a diamond. It is full of surprises at every turn; strange sights appear; descriptions fail to verify the reality; things are not what they have been represented; and so it goes to the end of the chapter. It is this very uncertainty that makes the waterlogged town so interesting. I remember my astonishment, and yet I ought to have been prepared for it, on coming out of the railway station, and beholding the gondolas. The canal was blocked with a flotilla of most solemn and funereal craft, very suggestive of death. I had pictured in my mind gayly painted and caparisoned gondolas, with plumes and ornaments, and boatmen arrayed in fantastic costume; but nothing of the kind came floating across my vision. Black, plain, ordinary, were boat and boatmen. But once in a gondola, on those soft cushions, feeling yourself gliding noiselessly over the waters, and the perfection of earthly transit has been attained. A balloon may be equally delightful, but it is reprehensibly selfish in comparison. Go where you may in Venice, these good-natured gondoliers are present. They are the prototypes of the cab-men, but a vast deal more honest. They serve you more cheaply, are more entertaining, and less piratical. You can drive any bargain with them, and feel tolerably sure not to be swindled. They are good workers, and ply the oar honestly; but who

wants them to splash and whirl through the still canals, and thus shock the propriety of Venice? Life among the lagoons is made for ease and hurrying slowly. Thrice I skimmed over St. Mark's Square in a gondola, landing at Florian's, whence I gazed upon the newly made lake and its improvised fleet. When the wind is vicious, the waters rush in upon the city without the slightest fear or favor, causing great alarm, and, likewise, considerable sport. You must often trust to men's backs for conveyance; and water, in any form, never causes much consternation among these swarthy fellows. But the waters recede from the unequal contest with astonishing rapidity, and in a short time the gay piazza is alive again with its motley crowds, and the sacred pigeons pose for corn and bread.

St. Mark's Square, enclosed on three sides by imposing public structures, and at one end by the splendid church of the same name, is not large, but most precious to the Venetians. It serves them as a congregating place. They walk up and down the arcades, and discuss questions of moment, while the army of tourists send delegations into its very centre to gaze and gape at the Campanile, the quaint bell-tower, or the bronze horses surmounting the oriental gateway of the cathedral. Very animated, at all hours, is this breathing-place. The cafés retain their glitter and merriment far into the night, the nocturnal pilgrims keep their social corners, and are not admonished of the flight of time by the gigantic Vulcans across the square. As there are no drives into the country, the people perforce must amuse themselves as best they can; and St. Mark's classic precinct is the chosen meeting-place.

And what square in the world is flanked by a cathedral like this of St. Mark? Absolutely none. Its striking oriental character constitutes its charm, for the stranger is brought face to face with one of the most magnificent speci-

mens of Asiatic architecture. The five great domes, with their bulbous tops and needle-like spires, proclaim its trans-Adriatic origin, while the broad façade, profusely adorned with mosaics, sculpture, and architectural fantasies, lends a decided touch of that sensuous age long since vanished. The exterior is decidedly original, with numerous arcades and recesses upheld by marble columns many deep, with the arching porch embellished by quaint paintings; while within, the blaze of gold and flashing mosaics quite makes one's eyes tingle. The entire surface inside is covered with the richest mosaics, representing figures in Sacred history—such gorgeousness as western eyes never beheld; and the pavement, oppressed by so many generations, still shows its lustre. In places it is very uneven and somewhat slippery, and a fall is possible, owing to the uncertain light. St. Mark's is as much a source of study as a Greek lexicon. Visit after visit but serves to intensify its glories. There is always something new and exquisite to delight the fancy and to stimulate the imagination. The curtain can never drop on this venerable cradle of Christianity.

In loyal sentinelship stands the lofty Campanile, grim and bald, only a few steps from the principal portal; and ambitious humanity may ascend its easy incline to the uttermost platform, and there survey the ancient confines of the republic. The view is generous, including land, sea, lagoon, and far-off mountain-tops; but, on looking down upon the city, no one would dream that there were more than a hundred little islands and as many canals, for the buildings are so close to one another that the watery streets and alleys are completely lost in the brown maze of tiles and chimney-pots. At the base of the tower are three tall flag-poles, painted in bright colors, with modest streamers floating from their cross-trees, ready evidently to play their part in holiday dressing; and beyond, almost resting on the edge

of the Grand Canal, are the two granite columns brought from Syria in the twelfth century,—the one surmounted by the winged lion, the other by St. Theodore riding a crocodile. He was the patron saint for many years, until succeeded by St. Mark; but why he chose the unwieldy crocodile, instead of a donkey, to ride, is unexplained.

The doges' palace, built in the Venetian style, light and airy, and fantastic, too, is by all odds the most interesting edifice in the city. It lacks the bizarrerie of St. Mark's, but its façade displays the taste and opulence of the Middle Ages better than any other; and, beside, every nook and corner is garnished with those startling events which make the history of Venice so vivid and thrilling. Its interior is not so gorgeous as I had looked for, and yet it is rich in plainness, especially the ceilings, which are thick with paintings and frescos. The battle pictures are striking in their realism, presenting a fine study of warfare as waged under the doges. The vast council hall is superb with portraits and paintings, the frieze being adorned with doges in oil; and a monotonous set they were. The artist made them bear a strong resemblance to each other, and the uniform costume of the age prevented innovation in that respect; but the master-piece of the chamber is Tintoretto's Paradise.

This is the colossus of paintings, sixty by thirty feet; and a more conglomerate assemblage of figures does not exist. The entire picture is made up of seraphs and other equally interesting personages, who seem to spin round in awkward antics quite regardless of celestial grace or mundane propriety. An attentive study of Tintoretto's massive conception makes one's head swim at the thought of going to such a gymnastic paradise.

The palace is rich in paintings, sculptures, books, manuscripts, coins, and archæology. Every room introduces an era of history, which is now pathetic in spite of all we may

think. The marbles in the exquisite arcades show the skill of schools lost forever, while the imposing staircases, with elaborately carved balustrades and statues, bear testimony to what Venice was under Dandolo and Mocenigo. Their power for vengeance, not less than for art, is connected with this marble edifice, and intimately, too.

You may pass directly across the Bridge of Sighs into the gloomy stone prison, on the other side of a narrow canal. This celebrated bridge is seen to more effect from the quay in front: it then has a certain beauty, but the interior is plain and easily done, and the squalid prison is not inviting. I saw its dismal cells where patriots or traitors prepared themselves for the axe, and indulged in the conventional amount of soliloquy necessary to the time and place: then I came away wholly satisfied.

Another interesting place is the arsenal, more so, perhaps, to many travellers than the cathedral or the palace, owing to its intelligible contents, although to-day it is only the shadow of its former self. The decadence of Venice is emphasized there, and its halls and galleries tell their great story. In drooping fragments are standards captured at Lepanto, for on that proud day Barbarigo and his Venetian galleys led the left wing, and there also are cannon, ammunition, suits of ancient armor—among them one given by Henry of Navarre—instruments of torture, and, lastly, the shrivelled and unmeaning relics of that famous barge in which the annual wedding of the Adriatic took place. Its loss is irreparable, but its sacred cinders have become a national trust. I saw the gilded barge that carried Victor Emanuel across the canals on the occasion of his visit years ago. It is very rich in its appointments, reminding one of those last days of Cleopatra. No European museum would be judged complete unless some object, more historic than history warrants, could be pointed out. So here, in

Venice, they show you a rude iron helmet once worn by the ruthless Attila. It may be even so, but there is a wide margin for doubt. The work at the arsenal was dull ; its forges were dead, and its mammoth hammers silent. A pall hung over this once busy spot, where thousands of artisans built a navy that swept the seas. The royal soldiers, standing guard, blinked in the warm sun, and doubtless wondered, in their sluggish way, what there was in the arsenal to interest strangers.

Not far from the arsenal, but lying at the very extremity of Venice, are the public gardens, where weary feet recover from the day's labor, and mirth-loving souls are regaled with music and dance. Napoleon, deeming public pleasures of greater moment than public morals, tore down some convents that occupied the ground, and set about laying out this somewhat uncompromising park. It can never be beautiful, but it is precious to the land-denied citizens, who flock there with their families to enjoy Sunday afternoons or balmy evenings. It was there that I saw the only horses in Venice, for the queen of the sea is an unhorsed city ; but the cavalry have stables in the park, and thus answer all the purposes of a circus for the young people. Their daily evolutions attract admiring crowds of nurses and babies, who get absorbed in the gay spectacle of horsemanship.

Walk slowly along the broad Sclavonian quay, paved with marble and dignified at intervals with quondam palaces, now offices and shops, over bridges, pausing to watch the black gondolas glide into the darkness of remote waterways, brushing past strange men whose language is not of Venice, and whose negligent and bright dresses tell of oriental origin, avoiding the projecting bows of the tan-sailed craft, till at last the Grand Canal is reached, and you have traversed one of the famous promenades of Europe. This quay is a sort of neutral ground between Venice and the

rest of the world. To its strong masonry sailors tie their vessels, and on its generous flag-stones the rough and picturesque fellows recline, and gamble with cards and dice.

If the rich Church of the Frari, the Westminster Abbey of Venice, becomes overburdening in its splendor, or St. Maria della Salute, imposing and massive, across the canal, or the Academy, with its wealth of Titiens and Tintoretts, fails to interest, then a stroll up and down this noisy, crowded landing-place is stimulating and restful.

Another favorite promenade is from St. Mark's Square through the Merceria, a narrow and crooked street leading to the Rialto. All the industry of modern times, and ancient, too, for aught I know, has been emptied into the shops of this surging thoroughfare. You can suggest nothing in vain. The skill of every nation and people is spread out in a sort of semi-barbarous profusion, especially jewelry and precious stones, which glitter incessantly in the overarching shadows. The merchants are anxious to sell, and drive sharp bargains with the unwary. All through this stirring street the crowd never breaks, nor do the loud cries of peddlers cease. From morn till night the eager rush of trade goes on, giving a lingering representation of the days when argosies discharged their silks and spices.

At the end of this turmoil is the Rialto, a weather-stained, humpbacked old bridge, choked with haberdashers' stalls and a ceaseless concourse of odd-looking people. This old bridge is famous even at home, and is not without honor; for years it was the only one spanning the Grand Canal, and over its marble arch doges and Shylocks without number have passed. Their influence has been most disproportionately preserved: that of the former has all but disappeared, but that of the latter will be more lasting than the foundations of the city. Old Shylocks, with gaberdine and stall, still rub their close fists together and chuckle at

fate. The Jews are probably rated about their usances just as they were when Bassanio borrowed his ducats. But great exigencies are rare in these days, and the city's merchants no longer worry about their ventures: times are easier, and they take life differently.

The mention of Jews calls to my mind that section of Venice known as the Ghetto, where these people dwell. The visit may be comfortably made by gondola, and one sees the ideal Israelite in his own territory. The houses are high, and for the most part squalid and pestilential; not more so, however, than in other parts of the city,—but imagination has a great deal to do with such casual observations, consequently they are lofty and pestilential. The Ghetto certainly is not a tempting quarter, but one ought to glide through its tortuous canals, if only for curiosity's sake.

The splendid marble palaces which have invested Venice with its wealth of romance and history are best seen from the gondola, as you float leisurely up and down the grand canal. They revel in all kinds of architecture,—the renaissance; the Byzantine, the picturesque Gothic, the Venetian, and other styles not strictly conformable to any recognized school. In the old time their ownership was designated by piles driven in front of the entrances and painted in different colors, which served the purpose of door-plates or hatchments. The gondoliers have never been remarkable for literary attainments, but they were never color blind: hence they had no trouble in landing the lords and princesses at the right portals. These parti-colored posts are now frequently mistaken for the conventional sign of the hairdresser, and ludicrous adventures happen. While each of these noble structures presents its own peculiar features, there is still a sameness in gazing at them day after day; so it is well to read up the history of half a dozen of the more important, and then visit them and behold the elaborate

embellishments of a real old palace,—its sumptuous court with slender pillars upholding sculptured galleries, its grand staircase leading to magnificent apartments above, where art in every form has adorned the lofty walls with a richness worthy of an empire : then you can return to your black boat and muse over the sights you have seen.

The pleasantest spot in or about Venice is the small island set like a gem in the silver sea, and the home of the monks of the Armenian monastery of San Lazero. It might be accepted as a bit of true Paradise flung into the waves, so enchanting is its face. The brotherhood take infinite care to make it attractive ; they show a womanly frenzy for house-cleaning, and a botanist's love for flowers. Airy cloisters look out on blooming roses and nodding plants, and hollow echoes are broken by melodious song-birds. The buildings are neat and homelike, and the monks are clean and well clothed. The library, of which they are so proud, is exceedingly rich in oriental literature, many volumes being the only copies extant. Here I was shown specimens of exquisite pen-printing and illumination so perfect as to deceive the eye. These religious men give great attention to printing, and their work-shop turns out doctrinal works, thickly interspersed with more worldly productions. I bought an edition of Byron,—who, by-the-by, once dwelt amid these cloisters for several months,—and other works, some descriptive of the order of Mekhitar, the founder. The monks are glad to receive strangers, taking pleasure in explaining the doctrines of their creed, and in gentle arguments concerning speculative beliefs.

Venice is so deliciously still, with no dust or rumbling carriages, and no danger of being run over by careless drivers, that one in love with these negative qualities of existence might linger in the ancient city indefinitely. There is enough to do in the way of sight-seeing. Venice was not

made in a day, any more than Rome. There is an endless round of churches, public buildings, palaces, excursions on the lagoon, pleasure parties on moonlit nights, or the operas and theatres, where form and fashion love to go. To add to the allurements, a skating rink was in operation, and its slippery surface was gay with the hilarious youth of the town. There is a sense of eternal peace, both physical and mental, connected with a sojourn in Venice: no other spot seems to possess this boon;—but then the whole world cannot boast of another city like this lovely queen, whose grace and charm are by-words throughout the world.

The sun hung low on that May day in Verona, and the sky was fair as a dream; but such ought to be the conditions in that sleepy and romantic town, whose age and loveliness entitle it to the respect of the most confirmed cynic. Here Shakespeare threw the light of his genius, and conceived so many of his men and women,—Romeo, Valentine, Mercutio, and Juliet, surely a galaxy that any place ought to be proud of; and this association, I fancy, exercises an influence on the English and Americans journeying that way. I thought no city in all Italy fairer than Verona. It has a wealth of ruins and marbles, and, better than these, it possesses a situation marvellously beautiful, where it receives the vigor of the mountain air and the fragrance of purple fields and vineyards. Through its precincts dashes the Adige, an earnest river, with capabilities for usefulness; but like all these streams it does not sing to the accompaniment of turning wheels.

The tomb of Juliet is the Mecca for sentimental souls, and its lonely neighborhood is infested with legions of migratory humanity. Although three days was my sojourn in the city of the Capulets and the Scaligers, this burial-place claimed my first attention, and thither I went. Where its

original site may have been is immaterial now ; the desire for post-mortem topography has passed, and we must be contented to look at the sarcophagus as we find it. If its present position had been chosen by a Moltke, it could not be more strategical. The environments are impregnable, save to a charge of silver, for the last resting-place of the unfortunate bride is in the back yard of a monastery, whose lofty walls defy the exigencies of impecunious curiosity. At the only gate of this little fortress stands a curt custodian, who takes your admission fee with unemotional countenance, dropping it into his pocket with a simple " Thanks ! " and at the same moment half despising the credulity of the world.

At the extreme end of the uncultivated garden, beneath a rude shed, reposes the coffin of Juliet. Unlike so many sacred sights, this is at the liberty of the visitors. They may cry over it, they may indulge in theatrical meditations, or, better still, they may get inside and practise. The regulations are sorely lax, and yet we live in a relic-hunting era. The sarcophagus, it is true, is neither ostentatious nor sculptured. It is only a scooped-out block of stone, devoid of ornament and mortuary verses, and, on the whole, very unromantic and chilly. Its probable cost is not set forth, though, judging by contemporaneous monuments, the Capulets did not overdraw their bank account on the occasion of their daughter's funeral—a circumstance which goes to show that they possessed a wisdom which has now fallen into desuetude. Sentiment had strewn wreaths and fugitive flowers about the spot, and overhanging was a design, then woefully faded and dusty, attached to which was a card bearing the name of Shakespeare, with the further information that the giver was a descendant of the poet. Her reverential belief, so the card told us, impelled this deed of love. I noticed that the bottom of the sarcophagus

was thickly covered with pebbles and bits of glass, indicating that the guardians were neglectful ; but on inquiry, the filthy old guide startled me with his cold-blooded answer : " We have to do it, sir, or the visitors would hack it to pieces ; so we throw in *débris*, which serves the purpose and saves the tomb." He further edified me by the information that it required some labor to keep the tomb supplied. As I turned away from the garden toward the truly beautiful scenes of Verona, I thought how much better it would be to use the tomb for a public watering-trough than for the deceiving of honest people.

Like Rome, Verona rejoices in a massive arena called the amphitheatre, which, in its day, accommodated a hundred thousand spectators ; but age and ruthless earthquakes have demolished many of its arches and walls. Still enough remains to give a good idea of its former completeness and importance. Shops have seized hold of the moss-grown arches, and small wares are offered for sale where once rough warriors prepared themselves for bloody games. To-day the great ring is noisy with the songs and speeches of actors, for they have erected a theatre on the old battleground—a rather amusing spectacle as one looks down upon it from the upper tiers. If anything is out of place, it is surely this improvised play-house in the stern old amphitheatre.

Verona has always been an important town, and is to-day. Lying at the foot of the Alps and commanding the plains of Lombardy, its value as a military centre is readily understood. It is one of the strongest places in the country, maintaining a large garrison of artillery and cavalry, whose manœuvres are calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the travelling Gaul and German. Its fortifications were once the envy of the world, for Sammichelli introduced new features in the way of bastions and walls ; and in his

day he stood at the head of engineers. The names of Gallienus, Theodoric, and Jovian Charlemagne are connected with the defences of Verona. They all did their work in making the place as impregnable as possible, and still the demands of modern warfare compel constant improvements.

In the square facing the loggia, or town hall, is the huge statue of Dante, a recent creation, but very striking nevertheless, erected a few years ago by the Veronese, who take pride in their connection with the master-poet. It was to Verona that he came when the decree of exile had been pronounced against him at Florence. Verona is the Boston of Italy, and men of letters have always sought its society. Nepos, Pliny, and that ancient singer, Catullus, were born there; so was Paul Veronese;—therefore it seemed just the refuge for the great Italian poet.

The relics of that aristocratic era are thickly scattered about the streets,—palaces profusely ornamented with sculptured frieze or characteristic paintings, Gothic in style, but yet imposing and elegant. Indeed, the Verona architecture is happily in keeping with the natural beauty of the place, which was intended by indulgent Nature to be lovely; and man seems to have recognized the fact in his handiwork.

The bridges over the Adige lay claim to picturesqueness; also, the quaint mills anchored in the stream where their lazy wheels enjoy respite from too hard labor; while along the banks the arches and lofty houses show off to advantage, and lend to the picture a pleasing background.

In church building the fathers of Verona were not behind the sister cities in generosity and lavishment. They spared neither time nor money in gracing their city with those splendid Gothic temples which have caused Verona to become famous, in an age famous for ecclesiastical productions. Take the exquisite Church of Saint Anastasia, and you get a conception of that delicate Gothic which distin-

guished the republic of Verona from its neighbors. The magnificent cathedral, with its beautiful portals, is another masterpiece of this kind of design. Connected with the edifice is one of the prettiest cloisters in Europe, consisting of two galleries upheld by red marble columns thickly placed, and enclosing a quadrangle of velvety grass and cardinal-flowers. Here I thought might be found that sublime condition of mind which lifts the curtain of life and penetrates beyond its mystery. San Zenone, with its great round window and delicate pilasters, is a fine model of the Roman school of the twelfth century. The choir and the naves are imposing and beautiful, and the walls are covered with ancient frescos, now sadly blurred by time. Beneath the church is a mammoth crypt, quite as large as the church, though, of course, not so high; and here are deposited precious dust in solemn sarcophagi, while ranged about are bas-reliefs and sculptures from the chisels of antiquity.

When the Corso was laid out, its necessities did not, fortunately, demand the demolition of the sightly Arc of Triumph which dates from the reign of Gallienus. It was preserved in its dignity and wholeness, and, although it stretches across the busy thoroughfare and impedes the steady current, no one has yet been found to proclaim it a nuisance. I regarded it as one of the interesting sights of Verona, and quite in keeping with the vast coliseum not far distant. Another lively picture is the old bridge Della Pietà, shaggy with drooping mosses, and noisy with ambling donkeys and vociferous drivers. Looked at from any point, the typical Italian scene of gray monasteries with red tile roofs, churches, wandering priests, marching soldiers, lazy sun-bathers, and fruit-venders, unfolds itself, and charms the beholder. Cross this venerable bridge, and the massive gateway of the castle of San Pietro stares you in the face. Guards challenge, but a permit is easily obtained, and the

moat is passed. This was once the dwelling-place of Theodoric the Great, and was not strongly constructed ; but its very strength has twice invited the siege guns of the foe, and twice been overthrown. But a united Italy has again given it a formidable reputation among the strongholds of Europe. Fortresses are very much alike,—the same show of power, deep casemates, massive masonry, ponderous cannon, stacks of small arms, and squads of artillery men lounging in their mess-rooms, or undergoing the daily routine of the sergeant's drill. Aside from its history, San Pietro calls forth no unusual exclamation, although its elevated position gives a wide view of the surrounding country. For a view of the town, its environs, and the mountain ranges, go to the beautiful garden of Giusti, where the famous cypresses grow. There you behold a generous panorama, which includes the marvels of this favored province. What a wealth of scenery is encompassed within the horizon ! Emigration from much of the kingdom might be undertaken without a pang, but to the dwellers beneath the star of Verona there can be but one home. This garden is a gem of horticulture, great care being bestowed on the plants and shrubbery ; but the aged cypresses take care of themselves. They have long since attained the ripe age of half a thousand years. They were flourishing in vigor when the architects began their profound studies, and still they show no signs of speedy demise. The cypress is not a symmetrical tree, nor is it graceful ; and these old fellows are heavy with corpulence, and gnarled and seamed with the countless vexations of new men and things.

No family in Italy, if indeed in all Europe, repose beneath more elaborate memorials than the illustrious Scaligers. Art and ornamentation went to the utmost limit of possibility in designing these tombs. More superb Gothic, with lances and delicate points and graceful tracery, cannot be found either

in reality or in imagination. This splendid designing does not present its rare charms as it should, for the tombs are placed too near the church walls ; but enough is exposed to convince one that the old rulers of the republic ought to be happy even in death.

Hard by is the forum where Verona's statesmen used to harangue the populace, and where the creations of poets have made love or laid dark plots. Now its politics and sentiment have fled, leaving in their stead that concourse of trade and barter, which, if it were not in Verona, would seem vulgar and unpleasant. The Piazza Della Erbe, as it is called, is spacious enough to contain a brilliant collection of men and women buyers and sellers, who tramp up and down its pavements all day long ; and then, when night comes, especially if there be a moon, these same people make the square as vivacious and picturesque as a spectacular at the theatre. The classic façades and the lofty clock-tower, the splendid palaces, the handsome fountain which only strangers notice, the veritable tribune surmounted by a canopy to ward off the sun from the precious pates of the republican rulers, and even ordinary edifices devoid of romance or history, lend their beauty and nobility to the decoration of this romantic and fascinating piazza.

Even the hotel where I stayed, the due Torri, with unsteady balconies and galleries and roughly paved courtyard, may have served, for aught I know, as a palace, or as the house of some dignitary ; but its glories have fled, taking with them that luxurious larder of princes and merchants. Verona is the true epic of her country—a perfect poem, which sings of love and war, statecraft and fable.

Delightful, indeed, is the scenery between Verona and Milan,—a succession of fertile valleys, leaping cascades, foaming rivers, mountain peaks, and, most charming of all, comely Lake Garda, glistening in the sunshine. To Amer-

ican eyes the country is refreshingly bright and peaceful, if there does not linger a fretful cloud in the heavens.

In the afternoon I reached great, industrial Milan, the seat of half the manufacturers of the kingdom. It bears but slight relationship with most Italian cities, for not one approaches it in that wealth and importance so indispensable to the nineteenth century. Put Milan in England, and she would not suffer, so well established are her industries. There is a breadth about things Milanese. The streets are wide and clean, the public buildings contain live men, and the theatres are the best in the country. Evidently the inhabitants, proud as they are, do not waste their energies on reveries and retrospection. They realize their place in the world, and mean to deserve it.

This was made apparent to me within a few hours after my arrival. I strolled across the shadows of that colossal Gothic monument to the great arcade dedicated to Victor Emanuel, and occupied by hundreds of shops, cafés, and offices. This handsome structure is six hundred feet in length, seventy in height, and as wide as a boulevard; while in the centre rises a huge dome many feet above the adjoining roof. The form is that of a Latin cross, and the four great arms are honeycombed with these places of business. In the day the massive glass covering admits abundant light, and at night the innumerable gas-jets, high up on the little balconies, shed a dazzling lustre over the interior. The manner of lighting the gas is interesting. A miniature engine, propelled by clock-work, performs the nightly journey, speeding up and down the cornices, leaving a broad band of light in its wake. In an instant the vast interior gleams with noon-day splendor; the little shops and cafés add their illumination, thus giving to the arcade a frieze and a dado of richest gold. Then the promenading commences, and the marble pavements are not silent for hours. The glitter

holds out, and music and refreshments weave their irresistible spell. In rainy weather no place is so popular as this, and none so dirty; but good-nature and pleasure suffer no abatement, and trade goes on the same as usual.

Milan is a great place for marble-working, more statues being cut here than anywhere else; and this arcade is generously supplied with a choice collection of worthies—among them Dante, Savonarola, old Marco Polo, Michael Angelo, the crafty Machiavel, and Count Cavour. Cavour is well memorialized here, for near the station he has an imposing statue, and public streets and piazzas have taken his revered name. Cavour was most emphatically the greatest man of his day. He did what Bismarck could not do: he welded discordant states into a homogeneous kingdom, and left his native Italy strong and respected by all the world.

The Brera gallery, with its wealth of pictures, contains that celebrated work of Raphael, the "Marriage of the Virgin"—the product of his youth, but bearing evidence of his transcendent genius. This painting left an ineffaceable memory, standing distinct among the many that I saw while in Europe, for the expression and arrangement are marvellous. In another section of this elaborate museum are collections of antiquities in bronze, marble, and the Middle Age sculptures of Agostino Basti, all worth an attentive examination.

The venerable church of Saint Ambrose, founded by that father in the fourth century, is a quaint structure, combining the qualities of the sanctuary with those of a curiosity shop. No doubtful origin is attributed to any object within its massive walls. Each has a startling history, which the glib guide reels off at so much a minute. Relics innumerable are exposed, but the most startling of all is the serpent which the Lord conjured into a rod in order to assure Moses of His presence. It is now bronze; and as it clings to one of the columns, it seems to have given itself up to eternal

torpor. This and Da Vinci's "Last Supper" are enough to make any city happy; but the cathedral is even super-remarkable for its relics and wonders.

This stupendous mass of needles, lances, turrets, spires, steeples, and statues does not need myth to make it renowned and sublime. The Milanese, in their enthusiasm, term it the eighth wonder, but nearly every people rejoice in this ordinal acquisition; even the hardy population of Thronhjelm in Norway think their rude church worthy to rank with the Pyramids and the Hanging Gardens, while the Sevillians are just as sure concerning their grand edifice. I unhesitatingly put the Seville cathedral first, and Saint Peter's and this may fight it out between them. In elaboration and detail the Milan structure surpasses both; but in solemn dignity and repose the Spanish rival is ahead. The former, however, is one of the largest churches ever built, covering more than 100,000 feet, and its material is of the richest. In its construction, both inside and out, white marble has been exclusively employed, and has been carved into thousands of figures and symbols. No building was ever more lavishly adorned than this: not a vacant space appears. Every spot has its tenant; even the capitals of the huge columns are like so many little cells, and in each a stone image is placed. There never was a work like this before, and there never will be again. Gothic from end to end and from pavement to pinnacle, all the quaint conceits of that style have been introduced and emphasized, so that now the most inventive mind could not conceive of an additional scrape of the chisel. To be sure I was deceived about the roof, which had all the appearance of most delicate fret-work; but a strong opera-glass revealed the cheat. It was merely the effect of cunning paint-brushes. After that set-back my observations became more critical, and I felt a perfect right to dispute the genuineness of gems and jewels. The

vast and silent interior, with its fifty gigantic pillars deeply fluted and surmounted with extravagant ornaments, with here and there a pulpit and gorgeous sounding-board high above the floor, the glittering altar a church in itself, the choir with its polished railings, and perchance some religious ceremonial with torches and chants and dazzling vestments, presents a spectacle worthy the brush of Titian. Quietly stroll about and view the sculptures and the decorations, and you will be rewarded. There are so many objects, that description is impossible; but one, I am sure, never fails to impress the visitor, and that is the horrible anatomical undertaking of Marcus Agratus. His zeal led him to represent, in all its revolting reality, the body of Bartholomew after being skinned. The saint stands in the nakedness of a cadaver in a dissecting-room, holding his skin over his shoulders; and if the study is not pleasing, it certainly contributes its mite to the incongruities of the cathedral.

From the flayed saint just as he was, to the silver statue of St. Ambrose as he was not, is quite a step: but nothing of this kind is out of place here. In the resplendent sacristy, so full of jewels and precious relics, are two life-size silver statues, one representing Ambrose, the other St. Carlo Borromeo, both clad in gleaming bullion, which, in the flickering light, fairly sparkles as though endowed with life. These senseless and vulgar caricatures of pious men, whose years on earth were spent in submission and humility, show as well as anything can the uncontrollable frenzy which possessed the builders of this tremendous church.

In and about the edifice there are 4,000 statues, busts, and mythical figures of princes, saints, and beasts; and yet the mania for increasing the population is by no means weakened, but goes on year by year. Time is no respecter of these images, and some crumble into hideous bur-

lesques, or fall to the ground and are broken beyond the coroner's power of recognition; then a new generation takes its turn in filling the niches and cornices, and the world continues to marvel. If one goes up the 500 steps to the lofty spire—and surely one ought to do it—the walk along the roof brings one face to face with these images. They then lose their serenity, or fierceness, as the case may be, and become deeply pitted blocks of expressionless stone.

From the tip-top one can only appreciate the vastness of the cathedral, for there the roof spreads out like a small park, and the minarets which from below seem like needles among the clouds, now become clumsy towers with blunted points, and the shapely spires are covered with unsightly knobs. But allow your vision a cosmopolitan sweep, and the sight is magnificent. The mountain ranges of Switzerland loom against the sky, while in envious attitudes lie the Italian mountains. A grand procession of noble summits passes by in review. Mont Cenis, Mont Blanc, the Great Bernard, the Simplon, the Bernese Alps, and the graceful Apennines are distinctly recognized from this religious peak of Milan. Once I climbed that height just as the sun was declining, when the scene was alive with changing colors and shadows, creating a superb intermingling of patchwork hues, such as nature sometimes revels in but rarely unfolds. The distant mountains became red, blue, and dark purple in that brief moment,—for the spectacle moved as if controlled by the wand of a spirit, never twice alike in its nervous haste to charm the beholder and leave him eager for more. From this pinnacle I descended, through the mazy passages, brushing past the grim statues into the uncertain twilight of the cathedral, pausing to admire the red flood pouring through the three great windows of the choir and to listen to the faint chants of the vespers, then out into the open air for one more walk around the white

walls, with their pilasters and lavishments shooting up story on story until they end in the slender points far above, all so ingeniously carved and sculptured, until the mass seemed like the fantasy of a dream, or the grand caprice of an ice-storm.

Disappointed indeed was I that an unmerciful rain shut out the beauties of the Italian lakes: such weather would almost darken the glow of true happiness, to say nothing of the havoc it played with those gems of scenery. I waited in Milan a week, and there was no abatement of the storm. A cold, drizzly rain had set in, and the skies were dark. Regretfully I took the train, and was whirled past those charming spots to unattractive Turin, with its arcades and vermouth shops. The next morning the picturesque climb to the Mont Cenis tunnel, with an occasional sunburst, revealed a rugged landscape with numerous marvels of engineering,—across viaducts dizzy above the rocky stream, skirting abysses whose frightful depths drew one from the open window lest the balance of the carriage be lost, and plunging into dense but merely introductory caves, until the last Italian outpost was reached. The cross over the door of the little Bardonnèche custom-house was the last of Italy, and in a moment more the gloom of the great tunnel closed upon us. The transit is not uncomfortable, but the lingering feeling is novel. The time occupied is half an hour, high up a mountain-side, penetrating its fearful depths, shut out from sunlight and the world: no wonder there is a new sensation to be added to one's list. Gradually the light comes back, and the journey is over; and below, seemingly inaccessible, nestles the little French town of Modane. How the train crept in zigzag course down the steep mountain-sides I know not, but down, down it went, until the end was reached, and Italy lay beyond the mighty barrier.

CHAPTER IX.

NORWAY.

EARLY in July I was sailing along the rocky coast of Norway. Wild and desolate it is, with fissures and huge indentations, fringed with heavy pine woods, with scarcely a sign of life save an occasional lighthouse keeper's humble cot, or some fugitive fishing smack tossing at anchor. The skies were soft and cloudless, and the sea was motionless. The air was warm, and nobody felt disposed to go to sleep until very late: the fascinations of the hour were too potent to be rudely slighted, and long after the morning watch was pacing the deck the enchanted passengers remained awake. This reluctance to turn away from the splendors of the unsinking sun was noticeable throughout Norway. On Sunday morning, just as the bells of the cathedral were rousing drowsy sleepers, our steamer came into Christiansand. It was my first glimpse of the country, and it proved a typical one. Unlike Southern countries, where a variety and richness of architecture prevail, Norway presents a plain and unembellished monotony. The severity of the climate and the slenderness of the public purse discourage architectural wonders, but the sturdy and wholesome characteristics of the people seem to have been impressed on the public and private buildings. It is a country which insists on making architectural descriptions painfully laconic.

The town of Christiansand, with its few thousand inhabitants, is important for the reason that all towns of this size are important in Norway. It contains two or three large

buildings, and the usual number of shops and hotels. Its houses are wooden, scrupulously white and well cared for, but never ambitious to rise above two stories. Ground is evidently cheap, as no party walls encourage neighborly dissension and hatred. Each house has abundant territory about it, and the dazzlingly green earth makes the clapboards glisten in the sunlight. I noticed that nearly every window, particularly on the lower floors, was fitted up as a conservatory, where exotics and vines might withstand the rigors of the long winter, and gladden the eyes of the passers by. In no way could the kindly disposition of the people be more beautifully portrayed than by these inexpensive attempts at home ornamentation. The men I met during my stroll were polite, well dressed, and eager to give information as to the sights of the place. There is not much to see, although the walk through the park, with its cascades and curious bridges, gives one an insight into the deep love the Norwegians bear toward out-of-door life. Small as the town is, it has a beautiful breathing-spot in this public pleasure-ground, which is laughably out of proportion to the needs of its people. Notwithstanding the union between Sweden and Norway, a jealousy exists which years do not heal. Each people claim a superiority of strength, of intellect, or something else, and will not let go. Practically the two countries are entirely distinct, each taking care of its own interests, levying taxes, maintaining garrisons, and carrying on internal improvements. The soldiers of Sweden are not allowed to come into Norway. Such a performance would set the country ablaze with revolution. So they stay across the frontier, and let the Norske-men protect themselves. The modest little fort at Christiansand is looked after by spruce young soldiers who stared at us as our steamer glided past the ramparts, and some of them waved their caps in answer to our salutations.

The sea journey to Christiania is as charming as soft air and brilliant skies can make it. Early the next morning we came alongside the American-looking docks of the capital, and underwent the easy ordeal of the custom officers. It was not very trying, and required no mental reservation. The baggage was passed, and a porter wheeled it to the hotel. Christiania is blessed with a delightful situation on a great fjord, whose waters are as still as a mill-pond, being land-locked by densely wooded hills whose gentle slopes contribute to the beauty of the city. Its population increases yearly, and is now computed at more than 100,000. Its houses and public buildings are constructed largely of brick covered with white stucco, and, although not exactly imposing, possess a substantial air that counts for a good deal. The streets are generously wide, but the paving is painfully underdone; but happily there is no need of long suffering, as the distances are short. The churches are not remarkable, nor are any edifices save possibly the parliament house and the palace. The latter has the advantage of being on the brow of a hill, and at the end of a wide street, so as to display its shapely form to good advantage. Everything about this royal residence denoted frugality and an eye for economy. There were no elaborate decorations, no expensive picture gallery, and yet I thought its interior decidedly tasteful and dignified.

After a year spent in more southern countries, a journey in Norway is refreshing in every sense. The freedom from *table d'hôte* formalities, the long stretches of woods, lands, and fields, the magnificent river scenery, the mountains, the strange lodging-places, the plain fare, and the utter independence of movement are not to be had elsewhere. Visitors are getting more numerous, and prices begin to feel ambitious; but the small wayside stations are still maintained under a mild sort of governmental supervision, and

at these one finds the real old-fashioned comfort and cheer.

Fishing always attracted many summer tourists, but lately English parsons and business men seem to have caught the Norwegian mania, and they fairly overrun the fjord country. I was there five weeks, and in an extended tour met only a few Americans: the travellers were English or German.

No people are so welcome as Americans. The Germans are hated, and the English sneered at, but we have no trouble. Many a time has the host or hostess plied me with questions concerning my country, and often they have brought out photographs of western farms and cities, and asked about them. These pictures had been sent by relatives and friends, so that the people at home might see how America looked. In many topographical aspects Norway and New Hampshire are much alike—more so, I believe, than any two of our states. The mountain scenery is almost identical, and so are the rugged features which produce the splendid waterfalls: but there it ends. Only Norway is invaded by those magnificent fjords or inland seas, which ramify in all directions as if to coax to themselves all the splashing cascades and roaring torrents. It is these superb water-ways that give an indescribable charm to the country. Without them travelling would be difficult, owing to the abruptness of the mountains. Imagine a deep fissure in some great rock filled with water, then magnify rock and fissure millions of times, and you get some idea of a fjord. By some extraordinary upheaval mountains must have been split in twain, and the vast abyss flooded from the ocean.

Heeding the advice of an old stager in Norway travelling, I bought a cariole and harness, with the understanding that they were to be taken off my hands at a fair price when I had done with them; and it turned out to be an admirable

plan. If one owns the equipage, the uncertainty of the station accommodation has no terrors. The government furnishes horses at these stopping-places, and carioles, too, but the latter are often the worse for wear, and give a nervous person no end of trouble. My cariole boasted of springs, which oftentimes assuaged the unevenness of the roads; but springs are unusual, and are considered a little too luxurious by the natives, who prefer a sound jolting to such innovation. A cariole is an anomaly in the vehicle family, and reminds one of a baby's cradle set on long shafts. It has only one seat, but that seat has a generous back that extends above the shoulders, and makes riding easy, and in front the dashboard comes near hiding the horse from view because of its height. The body of the cariole is securely fastened on the long shafts, which run out behind and furnish a rack for baggage, or a rest for the station boy who attends you in order to take the horse back when the next station is reached. Horses are let to go from one station to another, a distance of seven or eight English miles, when a change is made, and a new steed and another boy are substituted. The cariole has two wheels and no top, so in case of rain and mud the occupant must take it unflinchingly. The temporal inconvenience, however, is amply compensated for by the unobstructed view which the cariole commands.

The car ride from Christiania to Eidsvold is rather attractive, not alone for the scenery, but for the people one meets. The natives are very polite, lifting their caps as they enter the compartment, and in case of favors shown, insist upon shaking hands with you on their departure. I found this custom prevalent wherever I went: both men and women practise it, and also the small post-boys. Set in the partition between each compartment of the cars was a tin tank of iced water, from which the thirsty passengers

quaffed their fill in a most approved Yankee fashion, thus engendering dyspepsia and kidney troubles with lamentable indifference. The Britishers viewed our indulgence with a lofty contempt, but it tasted good in that far-off country. In Geneva, the proprietor of the Belle Vue, encouraged by a house full of transatlantic guests, imported some water tanks for their use ; but they were not successful, and after a trial had to be removed. In Norway a different fate has been bestowed on these American institutions, and the limpid stream never dries.

We changed to the boat after a two hours ride ; the carioles were run on board, and we began the sail over the mirrory Mjosen, the queen of Norwegian lakes. We traversed the entire length, fifty odd miles, and landed at Lillehammer. The scenery along the lake is not distinctively national. The hills which encircle it are unimposing and mild, but picturesque in their way, being thickly clothed with pine and fir, and occasionally broken into verdant fields and farms. There are a few villages to be seen, but the habitations for the most part consisted of detached houses and country seats scattered over the landscape. Hamar is quite a town, and a railroad centre ; so it boasts of an importance in the world. My cariole journey began at Lillehammer, from where after tea I set out with three companions for the next station eight miles distant. Our caravan whirled over the magnificent turnpike in fine style, my mouse-colored pony exhibiting an unlooked-for speed, carrying me far ahead of the others ; but picking out horses is purely a matter of luck, and many a time my steed has failed utterly to comprehend my desires, and left me sadly behind.

We rode till after ten o'clock at night, but the sky was still bright and not a star twinkled. The hills threw no shadows, and the belts of woods through which we dashed

caused no uneasiness : the scene was heightened, if anything, by the evening influence. We saw away on the left an encampment of troops—militia, probably—undergoing its annual evolutions. We passed singing peasants and darkened chalets, for the people seek an early couch regardless of the lengthened day, and at last we drew rein at the door of the Fossegarden station. This is quite a resort for fishermen, and their demands have brought into existence a new building where lodgers are accommodated, and where we soon fell into profound slumber. The river Loug, so pregnant with trout, is broken here by rapids called the Hunnerfos, which roar like a young Niagara, and send their refreshing spray high into the air.

From Fossegarden to Dombaas there is a sameness to the valleys and hills: the grander sights are not there. The best part of Norway lies beyond, and in easy stages we approached it. The mountains are not lofty and craggy, but rather tame, and far up on their sides are farm-houses and cultivated acres. The valleys possess a generous width, and do not contract as in other parts of Norway. They look inviting and fertile, and hold out inducements to the dwellers. At regular distances of one norsk, or seven English miles, a sorry, weather-beaten sign indicates that the house is a public one, where the traveller may obtain food and horses. Of course their accommodations are somewhat primitive, and their larder restricted to the common things of life, but I never found any difficulty in getting fed and comfortably cared for. I met an English clergyman who carried a commissary department with him for fear he might come across short commons; but he told me he seldom had occasion to use his provender, as the tables along his route were excellent. If the tourist is addicted to carnivorous indulgence he may suffer, for the supply of fresh meat is uncertain, but in its stead they serve

the most delicious salmon and trout, cooked to perfection. Vegetables and berries are plentiful, and the cream rivals that of the Channel Islands. The coffee is rarely drinkable, and the tea would not take a prize. The bread is execrable and the butter bears it company: but then, what could one look for at these humble, out-of-the-way peasant cots?

After a brisk drive in the morning air I never sat down to the table except for business purposes, and the thought of delivering a lecture on cookery never entered my head. Fussy and particular mortals would better keep away from the Land of the Midnight Sun; their presence is not wanted, and their sneers are out of place.

Perhaps half of the stations are "fast,"—that is, so many horses must be kept at them all the time,—while the others, being in sparsely settled districts, are not so restricted. At these one must wait until the station-master collects the animals, and in case of a large party the delay is not inconsiderable. The farmers are obliged to furnish a certain number of horses so many times a month; otherwise the public would have no way of getting from point to point. I often pitied the honest farmers, who had no say in the matter; but then they have the same right to demand horses when they go abroad. The price paid is regulated by the government, and is trivial, at least so it seemed to me, forty cents being charged for the seven miles, and, besides, the horse has to be returned either by the post-boy or by some traveller. Forty cents for fourteen miles is not exorbitant, and it often happens that the horse is kept away all day.

The stations are merely farm-houses built of wood, sometimes of logs, simply furnished, and not always clean, but the price paid for entertainment is moderate, and one ought not to complain. In the more pretentious stations I

found a certain air of refinement, a dignity in the furniture and the table-cloth, and an attempt at decoration that was not to be laughed at. Pictures hung upon the walls, and plants grew in the window-gardens. Everything looked ancestral, and had the unmistakable stamp of former grandeur. I came across many a piece of antique furniture, such as chairs, wardrobes, and bureaus, heavily carved, and ornamented with inlaid work of beautiful design. Antlers are sure to be found over the door to serve as gun-racks,—for the farmer adds hunting to his calling, as the deer and fox skins on the floor attested.

The Norwegians are very religious, and sacred pictures are found everywhere; but generously interspersed were photographs or prints of King Oscar and the queen, and in some places Gen. Grant's familiar face looked down upon the surprised American. I inferred from my conversations with the station people and farmers whom I met, that although the king was not so popular as his predecessor, the pleasure-loving Charles, he did not fall far short in the estimation of his subjects; but they do not take kindly to monarchical institutions, and in case of their utter abolition the grief would not be profound. The people are either too poor or too negligent to buy albums for their pictures, and so they tack them to the wall in a great circular collection, where the caprices of smoke and weather transform some into veritable curiosities. I have more than once had the satisfaction of being mentally introduced to many of these photographed worthies by garrulous but well meaning old women, who labored under the impression that their names and characteristics made me happy.

In some stations they showed me the quaintest and rarest silver dishes and bowls I ever saw; and once the kind hostess, on the strength of my transatlantic nationality, brought out from their hiding-place the jewels and trap-

pings of her bridal day. It was a curious array of beads, brooches, chains, and embroideries. She explained it all, but her excitement caused her speech to come so rapidly that much of her narrative was lost; still I understood the pantomime very well. One strange bridal equipment was a crown, not glittering with precious stones as they have in palaces, but simply adorned with pearls and gold beads strung on purple velvet. Crowned with this token of an empire, the bride receives the congratulations of her friends.

Not far from Moen, amidst a wild scenery of precipitous cliffs and angry waters, I came across a monument set by the roadside—a solitary memorial of a massacre. On this spot Col. Sinclair with his Scotch troops was ruthlessly slaughtered by the Norwegians, who lay in ambush for the invaders, and wiped them from the face of the earth by sending tons of rocks upon their heads. A more desolate pass could not be found for such a death. Even the Gap of Glencoe presents a more lively and attractive face than this Norwegian Thermopylæ. The river in times gone must have played strange havoc with the land about here, as huge deposits of stone of all sizes, rising in the form of miniature hills, are frequently seen.

At Toftemoen, an uninteresting station, we met an old man who claims a royal descent from bold Harold Haarfagre, but the pride of ancestry did not make him insensible to our kroners. He was civil enough, but not so communicative as he might have been. Under the new order of things, old Herr Tofte stands in the ranks of the people and is one of them, although it is allowed him to muse over the ancient platters and plates and feel proud of his ancestry. They tell the story that when the king visited Norway a few years ago, this dilapidated chieftain informed his majesty that it was quite unnecessary to have the royal table

service brought into the house, as he possessed everything needed for feeding the king and his suite. The Norwegians tell it, and it is safe to say the Swedes deny it. When I drove into the old man's yard, this descendant of royal stock was engaged in the rather unkingly occupation of horse-clipping—an art in which he fairly excelled, judged by the neat furrows up and down the animal's flanks. He paused in his tonsorial labors and assisted us to change horses, and upon somebody's invitation we went inside and quaffed ale with true democratic simplicity.

For the next few stations the road winds in and out of deep gorges, narrowly skirting the foaming torrents, then crawling up steep hills where faint hopes of distant views are held out—but hopes are vain; then comes the decline, down which the ponies dash without a thought of consequences, and rattling across the long sandy plain the carioles reach Dombaas, the largest station between Christiania and Throndhjem. In approaching Dombaas, which caps the hill-top, the row of clean and silent buildings reminded me of Canterbury Shaker Village, for the resemblance is very striking, but the poorest family of Shakers are much better off, I fancy, than the owner of this Norwegian station. Lying at the junction of the Gudbrandsdal and the famous Dovrefjeld routes, its position is important, and in the old days, before the locomotive poked its nose this way, it was a great stopping-place for the thousand and one travellers who drove through on business or pleasure; but in this era of progress it has been pushed to one side. Few pass that way now save the tourist, and the pretentious sign-board creaks a pitiful requiem. The government maintains a telegraph office and several operators, whose lives during the long winter must be of an Arctic nature, but fortunately they stand no chance of starving or being cast adrift on an ice floe.

I remained at Dombaas over night, and an enjoyable rest it was. The telegraph men were intelligent and talkative, and the proprietor, although sorely afflicted with rheumatism, managed to keep up his end of the conversation, and related many a story of interest. He mentioned, among other things, that he once kept twenty-five horses, and even with that number people were often obliged to wait; but now eight are sufficient. "The railway has not made me rich," he added.

While the Norwegians are sturdy of stature, their beds are amusingly dwarfed and strangely made up. A novice may expect at any moment to find himself in a lump, painfully contorted and aching in every joint, with the bed-clothes on the floor. It is a complete collapse. A generation of travellers had complained of this anomaly in housekeeping, until the guide-books came to the rescue and told how to make one's bed. Those to the manner born put in a wedge under the pillow, but we are instructed to remove the same, and then tuck in the clothes tightly all round, a process which, after a few trials, becomes efficacious in carrying the sleeper safely through the night. Another peculiarity consists in hanging the looking-glass so high,—“skying” it, in fact, as if it were a doubtful painting,—and compelling the matutinal razor to perform blood-curdling evolutions. Whenever I mentioned these indigenuous things, the good people of the house manifested great surprise but no pity, and left me to undertake any reform I deemed proper.

The next morning we were out on the road at six o'clock, endeavoring to accomplish as many miles as we could before the heat of the sun overtook us, for in the middle of a July day a siesta is exceedingly agreeable, and a long rest is imperative. We pulled up at Molmen, beautifully situated in quite a lake region, and the temptation of trout and

freshly picked strawberries overcame our ambition for fast driving.

At this place occurred an illustration of the free and easy mode of travelling in Norway. We had intended to change horses and push on, but instead of doing that, our stay lasted until late in the afternoon. The cause of this was our meeting with the parish priest, a youthful and robust man, with trousers tucked in top-boots and a make-up quite suggestive of a man roughing it. My English companion fell into a grievous blunder by mistaking him for a commercial drummer, and, plying him with questions about fishing, informed him that we would like to spend the following day—Sunday—at Molmen, and have some sport. The next time my friend wanted such sacrilegious information he adopted a safe course by asking a woman. I must confess that the deception was highly successful, and few persons indeed would ever have suspected that jaunty individual of being the shepherd of a Christian flock. He spoke French quite well and was eager to show it, and, above all, his delight at seeing strangers seemed unbounded. He gave us the history of the people, and the legends too, and finally took us across the road to his little church. It is the sanctuary for the large and thinly populated Laesokongen district—the only one, I believe, in all that vast territory. Built of wood, and economically painted, it presents no exterior attractions; all is of the utmost simplicity, while the interior is rudeness itself. There the logs are visible, the seats excruciatingly Lutheran, and the altar almost grotesque with its rough sculpture. He noted our thoughts, and said,—“My people are very poor, and cannot pay for grand churches, and besides, the distances are so great that but few ever come.” To me that simple and lonely parish shrine taught a lesson that went deeper than all the columns and mosaics of St. Peter’s. The parson

gave some geographical statistics to show his responsibility, and said that his parish was thirty-five miles long and contained scarcely two thousand inhabitants, so widely scattered as to require two places of worship, between which he divided his work. "If my hearers don't like me, they all have a fortnight to get over it." This utterance proved his philosophy and his courage amid difficulties.

Hard by the station is a lovely waterfall, which crawls down the deep ravine, and as it nears the bottom suddenly changes its mind and plunges and roars as if angry at being seen, and at last glides under the highway and is lost to sight. Across the fields rise lofty mountains, accessible to venturesome legs, but the scenery from the summits is not considered as grand as may be had elsewhere; still these are the outlying sentinels of that superb army of mountain peaks that begin here and extend beyond Aak.

From Molmen on, the grandeur of the famous Romsdal increases mile by mile. Picturesque ravines, foaming cascades chafing at their rocky confines, and breath-taking roads follow in startling succession. The farther we went the narrower became the valley, until it was merely a thread over which the sun shines but a moment the whole day, and a penetrating chill has its home there all summer long. Grass had disappeared from the mountain-sides, and in its stead hung relentless banks of snow, almost lying in the cariole tracks; gleaming falls pour down the black crags and fill the gorge with loud reverberations; the mountains rise perpendicularly, and actually seem to waver as one pauses to look at them—and then comes the sensation of being shut out from the living, and imprisoned in a barren and forbidding valley. The journey through is not short, for the black valley extends for miles, until near the end it is so contracted as almost to press against the cariole wheels. When the escape from such a bold and terrific pass is made, the

country expands once more, green fields appear, and with them human habitations.

Just before we reached the wildest part of the Romsdal is a dismal little station, prettily situated in the centre of the smiling valley, and guarded by lofty, verdure-clothed mountains, where we drew up to change ponies. There, in the midst of such sublimity, an accident befell us. In other lands it would have been merely an incident, but there on that lonely highway it assumed the importance of an international dispute. A personally conducted party of tourists had taken possession of the station and all thereto belonging. They demanded eleven horses, and the station-keeper was distracted. He had to scour the district, take the weary animals from the day's work and receive the maledictions of his neighbors, and all for this unwarranted horde of personally conducted Huns. The equine part was not the worst: these people were human notwithstanding their helpless condition in the travelling world, and they ate and drank everything they could lay their hands on. They ate everything save the pictures on the walls, leaving us hungry mortals high and dry as upon the sands of a desert. They did leave a sheet of flat bread which has the color and consistency of leather, and to devour which requires a severe and extended schooling. Dry and ungarished flat bread in the land of salmon and cream is the sum total of misery. We were compelled to remain there many hours, and to solace our seething minds with the adage that "Too many cooks spoil the broth."

Aak is the Oban of Norway. It is the meeting-place for travellers going or returning from the cape, and at any time during the season the hotel is sure to be comfortably filled with tourists. I call it a hotel on the same principle that in the land of the blind the one-eyed is king. The scenery here is grand as can be found: the encircling mountains are

Norway's pride. Behind the house rises the shapely Romsdalshorn, and in front the avalanche-breeding Trolltinder, and all around are peaks and crags innumerable and nameless. One could pass the days most pleasurably at Aak, for there is such a sublime feeling of rest and siesta about the place as to make a lengthened stay excusable. I chanced to pass Sunday there, and the number of English clergymen was appalling. Services were held in the morning; but in the afternoon scarcely a man could be found, while, strangely enough, the next day salmon and trout embellished our dinner table, thus proving that Aak is not under the espionage of the conventional eye.

There is a most extraordinary bath-house at Aak, which performs its functions with an alarming success. I tried it. It is a small shed near the hotel, and is scantily furnished. A large wooden tub or box and a few pegs constitute its furniture. Directly over the tub is a V-shaped trough, and attached to it is a cord. When all is ready, the printed instructions on the wall hint at pulling the dangling cord—and then comes the deluge! There never was any bath like that. The water comes all at once, and ice in winter was never half so cold. The mountain torrent seems to have a fatal mission to perform, for before the inexperienced bather can regulate the supply, the floor of the house is several inches under water. Woe to the mouth laden with false teeth; even sound ones get loose in the agony. Ever after, when I wanted to bathe, I turned my back to the bath-house and took to the clear and honest river.

To show the simplicity of Norwegian fare, Aak was the only place, save Bergen, where soups and roasts were served; at the others we thought it luxurious to get even a slice of steak or chicken.

Our very first fjord sail was marred by rain and low-lying clouds. The entire distance from Veblungsnaes to Molde

was blotted from our vision, and we were compelled to keep to the close and disagreeable cabin. At Molde we landed, and strolled about the limited streets, some of which are tidy and pretentious, and the houses clean and vine-clad; but the treacherous mist shut out the grand fjord and mountain view for which Molde is noted, and we came away disappointed. Happily, the late hours of the afternoon brought better things; the clouds were dispelled, and the sun tendered his warmest welcome. In and out among the islands, with a constant twisting of the rudder, quaint Aalesund comes into view like a picture. Sailing in the fjords is like playing hide and seek: now you see Aalesund—now you do n't. The houses of the town came in sight and went out of sight many times before we grazed the jagged walls of the harbor and came to anchor.

I look upon Aalesund as one of the typical towns in the country, and beautiful in every line and feature. Picturesquely set on the rocky mainland and on the rocky islands, she wears a Venetian aspect, and her glaring white dwellings become ancient palaces. The district jail and court-house lend an air of metropolitan importance to the place, but, after all, everything is so charmingly primitive and fresh as to be fascinating. Never in Italian skies was a sunset more gorgeous than the one I beheld at Aalesund. On the promontory near the light-house the scene spread at our feet was that of a perfect marine panorama: the islands were covered with a veil of blue, the sea was calm and tinged with a peculiar yellow which grew more deep as the great burning sun dropped into the west, and the heavens were literally crimson and red. I sat there for hours and watched that splendid painting undergo its changes; the islands and the water lost their fairy colors and looked sullen, but high above, as the sun sunk to bed, was a sea of gold, on whose billows the argosies of angels

sailed. Then came the exquisite twilight, that neutral tint which answers for night up in those high latitudes—a long, steady glare, that marks the pathway of the ambitious morning, and lulls to rest the nestling hamlet and its good-natured inhabitants.

Steamers take advantage of this nightless condition, making their starts accordingly, and hard fares it with the man that loves to sleep late. He must get up and be going if he would see the fjords. Through the Stor fjord and its branches we sailed all day, and late in the afternoon reached Hellesylt, a dirty station with a most obliging landlord. On this excursion we brought along provisions; and well we did, for the number of guests was out of all proportion to the size of the cupboard, but by a general commissary agreement we got on nicely. Biscuit, canned meats, sardines, ubiquitous Bass, red wine with the regulation Bordeaux stamp, Crosse & Blackwell's appetizing condiments, mushrooms, and fresh salmon were among the treasures of our collective larders. In order to get the most out of Norway, one must make acquaintances right and left.

A people ought to be proud who possess such a magnificent heritage as the Geiranger fjord. It is one of the most startling outbursts of nature imaginable, an awe-striking realm of the wonderful. Mountains rise out of the fjord and extend thousands of feet into the air; their huge sides are walls of oozing rock, as unscalable as the walls of heaven, and as full of grotesque profiles and playful images as a toy-shop. The precipitous sides deceive the eye, and lend a theatrical effect to the scene. In places one is sure that some mysterious force is pushing these gigantic rocks higher and higher into the air, for they appear to rise as one looks at them, taking other shapes and figures as they seemingly go up. Their sides are seamed and cracked, and deep gorges everywhere are revealed, and over their craggy heads plunges

cascade after cascade, until the wonder is where so much water comes from. The Geiranger is the birthplace of all that is beautiful in cataract and waterfall. In every form they come—in thundering whirl as from a mighty river; in tangled skein as delicate as lace; in noisy, splashing streams, leaping from pinnacle and crag in their descent; in arched waterspouts, spurning the brink in their eagerness to kiss the fjord; and in soft unseen vapor that shimmers through the air and is scarcely felt.

Up this watery cañon we sailed, close under the towering heights, in the midst of an awful desolation, to the nestling hamlet of Merok. Nothing could be more lonely and forlorn than this scattered settlement, hidden in the wildest region of Norway. And yet there was the little stone church, with its clumsy steeple covered with rusty tin, which made a feeble attempt to smile in the morning sun. All the town stood on the beach gazing at us, for the steamer's coming is an event with them, and when we disappeared behind some jutting crag, they probably went back contentedly to their work and thought of us no more. What is there in life harder than an existence in such a spot? Unremitting toil from youth to old age, an exile self-imposed—and yet it is home, after all. In summer there is a brief respite from the routine of their lives; but when the sun starts south, and the night begins early in the afternoon, and deep banks of snow blockade the roads, one would almost choose the lot of the mirthful Andalusian mule-driver.

Once, for the last time, we saw the magnificence of the Geiranger, and passed into the Stor fjord, whose scenery is by no means uninteresting, even after the grander scenes of the morning. We touched at several towns, at one of which a spruce young Norwegian came on board, bringing with him several pieces of baggage, among others a cum-

bersome sailors' chest. The captain told me he was a physician, but his appearance certainly did not inspire an over amount of professional confidence, and had it not been for his wise-looking spectacles, it would have been a difficult matter to classify him in the ranks of the learned. He improved vastly on acquaintance, and became a target for curiosity. He informed us that he lived in one of the neighboring townships, and that it was his duty to minister to the wants of a district embracing some forty English miles. He declared that he did not intend to spend all his days in this way, but he needed money, and his fees, together with the government subsidy—for the state is very considerate with its sparsely settled districts—enabled him to get along very comfortably. His description of visiting patients in winter was graphic enough for a picture, and even his summer experiences did not want for adventure. He was then returning from one of his long visits, which had taken two days even in the favorable weather. But what gave me the deepest insight into the life of these subsidized gentlemen was this man's medicine chest. No carpenter ever had a more capacious one for his tools than had this Good Samaritan for his potent drugs. He was a veritable travelling apothecary shop, ready at a moment's warning to prescribe for the complete category of ailments. I fancied I detected a gleam in his blue eyes when somebody hinted at the boiler's bursting; but it quickly passed away, and the conversation turned on subjects other than professional.

Again we slept in pretty Aalesund, where the skies of midnight are so soft and enchanting as to banish sleep. The North Cape steamer on its way south was due sometime within the twenty-four hours, but precisely when nobody could tell, and to make certain we employed several rival boatmen to keep on the watch and notify us of its coming. Then reluctantly we turned in and stole a few

hours of forgetfulness. The eager watermen felt the importance of their vigil, and no sooner had the vessel appeared on the rose-colored horizon than they made a rush for the hotel. Very likely it was a race to see who would get there first, but once there, they joined forces and commenced the most furious attack on the doors and windows. They pounded and shouted and kicked, and made such an infernal din that the sheriff ought to have read the riot act. But patience did its perfect work, and they captured us and took us to the waiting steamer.

It was then after twelve o'clock at night, but sitting under the awning I had no difficulty in reading newspapers in the bright light which from that moment grew stronger. I never could shake off the mysterious fascination that this light exercised over me. It never seemed to belong to this sphere, but rather to realms of fable; and after I turned my eyes to the south and saw it gradually lose its rare mellow tints, becoming more dull each day till finally it faded entirely and became the common night, there yet remained the perfect picture in my memory.

It is a long sail from Aalesund to Bergen, but a surprisingly lovely one. A more diversified water journey could not be devised—in and out of fjords great and small, penetrating their uttermost bays and recesses, darting under huge precipices, gliding slowly through thick archipelagos, then emerging into the open sea. A grand and impressive day it was, the like of which I scarcely hope to see again. How the boat ever got through such a perilous and intricate path is a wonder, for we actually grated along the ledges, and yet there seemed no cause for fear. It was surely a most exciting and original voyage, and one never to be forgotten. Late at night the twinkling lights in the amphitheatre of Bergen town brought to an end one of the red letter days of my European wanderings.

CHAPTER X.

ACROSS NORWAY FROM BERGEN TO STOCKHOLM.

BERGEN is dignified and interesting—as much so, I think, as any town in Norway; for it contains many traces of antiquity and former importance, besides being exceedingly picturesque in its situation. The town extends in a semi-circular course around the river and fjord, and is flanked with mountains. There is a new and an old part, with buildings to correspond, and typical studies are met with at every step. Bergen belonged to the Hanseatic league, and was one of its four great factories, and even now, although so many centuries have gone, the style of architecture so peculiar to the league has not wholly disappeared. But, like Christiania, the houses are generally built of wood and painted white, and, to add to the effect, many roofs are covered with tiles whose flaming red color forms quite a pleasing contrast. Between fire and fish the town has suffered and prospered—both have played an important part in its history—but just now the fish have their way, and Bergen fairly pants with enterprise. An aqueduct supplies the town with an abundance of water, and the danger from those devastating conflagrations is largely reduced; but the fish still come to Bergen market by shiploads, and the people are happy. The morning fish-market presents an animated scene. The women, in their queer dresses and head-gear, do the hardest work, and let the men enjoy their pipes and small-talk. The Bergen fish-wives are more comely and less masculine than their sisters in England and France. Among them I saw some very pretty girls, neatly

dressed, and with better manners than their class usually possess.

In this part of Bergen are those massive warehouses and caravansaries once the property of the league. As marriage was forbidden to the employés, these latter buildings bear considerable resemblance to monasteries in their internal arrangements. But to me the charm of Bergen was its cleanliness and evident prosperity. The new town contains large and handsome structures, and the streets are wide and straight. The churches are not at all impressive, and after visiting one the mind may rest contented; but the museum, with its ethnological collection, amply repays one for the time spent there. When I was in Bergen the people were making preparations to receive King Oscar, and an unwonted nervousness had taken hold of everybody. The principal streets were resplendent with triumphal arches, windows and doorways were being converted into flaming testimonials of loyalty, in fact all the private houses were receiving the delicate attentions of decorators. Evidently the coming of the king was a great event, and nothing was to be left undone.

Not to be able to stay over a week and assist in the hilarities was disappointing; but in order to catch a semi-weekly steamer, I was obliged to say good-day to sweet Bergen nestling among the hills, and take my departure.

Had it not been for the crowded condition of the steamer, the day in the Hardanger fjord would have been most enjoyable; but a Norwegian party of excursionists made things uncomfortable, for, no matter how sublime the scenery is, it cannot be appreciated when one's toes are being constantly trodden on. The size of the party was out of all proportion to the size of the steamer. The Hardanger fjord is one of the largest and most beautiful, although its shores and mountains are not the wildest and most ragged. Still one cannot fail to be captivated by the wonderful diversity

on all sides. It is more like the Scotch lakes in the gentleness of its scenery, and better than those lakes in its freedom from mists and rain. Its form may be compared to a gigantic spider with long and crooked legs extending in all directions; for nowhere in Norway are fjord connections and ramifications more numerous than here. Hundreds of inlets of water-ways branch from this mammoth inland sea: the Kvindherren, the His, the beautiful Sor, and many nameless fjords, form the system, and command among them almost half the grandeur of the country. We sailed that day the entire distance of the Hardanger, touching at various places, darting into the inlets and back again, and landing late in the evening at Eide, where the waters end.

One of the pleasing characteristics of a fjord is the uncertainty where you are going next. On lakes the general uniformity of the body makes the course tolerably certain, but the fjord calls for the exercise of guessing better than anything in the way of travelling. Nature played all sorts of jokes when she created these northern bays and inlets, and the inexperienced traveller speedily becomes an agnostic as regards his material future. At times further progress seems surely barred, and instant destruction impends, but the next instant a wide vista of open water appears, generous enough to float the American navy. A constant series of surprises keeps one alert on the celebrated Hardanger, and the same is true of all the fjords. In places the width may be four or five miles, but this is subject to sudden contraction at any moment, and scarcely more than boat-room is afforded, then the water-path can be marked out for many miles, and finally comes a succession of devious sailing through the dark meshes where the course is recognized only by the large rocks which the government has painted a dazzling white.

And so one goes through this grand scenery, where each

minute is impatient to show some soft or startling sight—a waterfall, a dizzy precipice like those in the Geiranger, green valleys sweeping away from the rocky shores and carrying their verdure to the mountain-tops, or some sullen mass of black crags around whose pinnacles the eagles soar and cascades have their rise. In the distance, too, gleaming in the warm sun, stood the majestic and hoary-headed Folgefond, the mountain of snow and ice, with vast level expanses of glaciers casting their green colors before one's eyes, and forming a rather strange contrast to the luxuriant neighborhood. Several times during the sail this glacial panorama was presented, and always with intense effect.

Eide is quite a popular summer resort for Scandinavians, especially Danes, who find in its exquisite surroundings all those touches of nature which hold men captive. Indeed, I thought Eide pretty and restful, and just the spot for a month's stay. At the hotel I met a Swede who told me so much about the Norwegian Niagara—he had visited America and seen our wonder—that we made up a party and started for the Voringfos. The journey is partly by water and partly by land, but such grand revelations of scenery as that excursion brought out will never be forgotten. In places the road dwindled into a rocky path, zigzag and steep, where horses and carioles had to be abandoned and our own feet substituted; but the experience was refreshing and the novelty exhilarating, so nobody found fault. Vik is a quaint town with an ancient church and a fair hotel, and is situated in the midst of splashing cascades, whose music must long ago have become monotonous to the hardy Northmen. An aged boatman rowed us some three or four miles along the picturesque highland lake, and he took his time so that the charms of his birthplace might not be lost, and I was grateful to him. We parted with him after an exchange of kroners and thanks, and began the

last stage of the tramp. Here the scenery was wilder, and, if possible, grander, than any I had looked at—great mountains, some snow-crowned, others cultivated and inhabited by rugged farmers, at whose houses we often stopped for milk and berries. Down into the very bowels of the earth we picked our way, into the tangled and desolate valley of the Maabodal where rushes an angry river fresh from the glaciers, then up the steep sides better adapted to goats than to men, until we came to one of the mountain farm-houses or saeters, and were glad to receive its limited hospitality.

In Norway there is a society whose object is to explore the country, find out the most beautiful spots to construct paths, and to furnish any information. Often have I blessed the labors of that association of gentlemen, who are doing so much to make their noble country attractive. Here in this out-of-the-way place they have made a path to the falls, so that one may get the best view of them without the slightest personal danger or inconvenience. Long before we saw the magnificent torrents, their dull roar was plainly heard, and high in the air rose clouds of mist. I must confess that the Voringsfos, although much smaller than Niagara, is one of the world's famous waterfalls, and impresses one with the tremendous mystery of the Unseen. Into the deep, box-shaped cañon falls with thundering tumult what appear to be solid blocks of water. It is like some mighty river, dashing over the perpendicular ledge to destruction. Never for an instant is there the slightest pause in the mad Voringsfos; no variation and no timidity, but one continual avalanche of unbroken water pounding out a hole in the rock-bound earth. In many waterfalls little streams leave the boiling torrent just before the fatal plunge, and are permitted to find their way down as gentle cascades; but here no such liberty is tolerated. Every drop is held in the giant current, and flung with a giant's hand

into the seething abyss. There on the shelving rocks we four stood, unable to make ourselves heard, and contemplated the awful maelstrom, not, as at the Swiss and American falls, in sight of hotels and hackmen, but alone in a solitary and frightful crater, whose gloomy walls seemed to shake with the reverberation of the falling waters.

Vossevangen is a typical Norwegian town or large village, boasting of two or three inhabited streets to give it a pompous air, while the houses and stores are sufficient to give it a slight metropolitan aspect. There I found quite a pretentious hotel kept by an English-speaking landlord, who attended to the wants of his guests with commendable promptness. His hostelry was full of English and Germans, many of whom were to start early the following morning. It was all-important to anticipate their departure, for to follow them through a country of slow stations would be an indefinite postponement of my journey. I conveyed the information to my companion, and we got a good start of them.

The inhabitants of this district are noted for the quaintness of their dress, and as I rode along that Sunday I saw scores of them in most picturesque apparel;—men and women in their rude carts going to the Vossevangen church, decked out in their gay and theatrical array, following to a ribbon and button the custom set by their forefathers—broad collars, flowing sleeves like those of a Lutheran minister; strings of glittering beads around their necks, harpoonish looking hair-pins criss-crossed, or long plaits tied with bright ribbons. The men wore stovepipe hats regardless of the heat, red waistcoats abundantly bespangled with buttons, and short breeches and low shoes. These people, I suspect, were the well-to-do farmers, for as we progressed this costuming faded utterly, leaving instead the regulation jacket and trousers with not so much as a red cravat to relieve the monotony.

On we sped just fast enough to keep out of sight of the international caravan we had left behind, past station after station, all of them poor, dirty, and uninviting even to the extent of a mug of ale, ascending gradually and slowly until the height of land was gained and the grand valley of Naerodal lay before us.

Unquestionably this is one of Norway's splendid views, in one sense the grandest. Cortez on the peak in Darien was not more silent than are modern travellers who stand on this brink and look off. Profound is that great gorge with its perpendicular walls rising 3,000 feet, warding off the sun and casting gloom throughout the valley. Leaning over the parapets of the magnificent highway, the turf-roofed cabins below are mere child's toys, and the river looks like some huge serpent. Desolate indeed is the scene below, and yet it must be traversed. The cliff forming the end of the Naerodal is very steep and very high, but the government has constructed on its unyielding side a road which rivals the famed Cornice. By zigzag stages the descent is made, first to one side, then to another, thus affording an ever-changing view of the imprisoned valley; down we go, out of the sunshine into the chill, only to be more impressed with the awful surroundings. With every step the grandeur fades, but an appalling sensation takes its place, for when one reaches the bottom and looks back at the winding road, or overhead at the stern, unbending walls, one begins to realize how small man is. The Naerodal is several miles long, but not as narrow as the Romsdal. The experience, however, is about the same as one rides beneath the projecting ledges, or wheels among the remains of avalanches which fell only a month or two before. This seems to be a favorite place for these devastating occurrences; and as they give no notice of their coming, one may well feel a little shaky in venturing under those in a

ripe condition. The exceeding wildness of this valley of the shadow of avalanches can never be tamed. It was destined to arouse those feelings of awe and reflection that so often sleep, and its lesson is rarely lost. On to the extremest limit the jealous cliffs towered high, like some Titan-built fortress watching for victims; but the end came as suddenly as the beginning, and we dashed into the scant settlement called Gudvangen, where they say the sun rarely shines. There the glorious Naerodal gives way to a beautiful fjord bearing the same name, over which we sailed in the twilight, and went to bed at Laerdalsoren

There was not much to interest me in this poor village save my mail, which had been waiting some time, and when that novelty wore out I gladly commenced the last stage of my Norwegian jauntings, for before me lay the grand scenery of Valders and the Fillefeld. The road runs for miles along an unambitious river, through meadows and past well cultivated farms, a rather wearisome monotony, but still a good preparation for the scenes to come. I noticed that the peasants dressed in a characteristic costume, the women wearing red dresses with white sleeves and pretty white caps, while the men had knee-breeches, and the peculiar Norwegian head-bag with generous folds hanging down their backs. This added a certain animation to the day's journey which was very pleasing. Although the district was comparatively level, high and shapeless mountains hemmed it in; but go anywhere in Norway and the same rugged appearance will be found.

One might as well think of walking about Naples without meeting a beggar, as to travel anywhere in Norway without expecting to see mountains. The river Laera must have provoked the government in one way and another almost as much as Sweden, for by its impetuous and imperious disposition it has plunged in every direction, carrying away roads

and bridges with evident satisfaction, until, I believe, there have been four or five different routes made in order to head off the stream. The last road winds through the valley close by the river banks, but I preferred the more ancient turn-pike that led over the cliffs. When that is closed then travellers will lose a grand panorama of valley, ravine, and mountain peak, and their only compensation will be the saving of a few hours' riding. A glorious sensation it is to roll along the broad backs of the mountains a little nearer the stars than other mortals, to see summits below and none above, and to feel the fresh, strong air that sweeps across the plateau, as if bent on violence. Even there on the wind-tortured heights families live all summer, and seem to enjoy it. They come early with their herds, and stay as long as prudence will admit, which is generally about the first of September: then the rude saeter is closed, and this bleak highway is left to the long winter. In places the only barrier between the traveller and precipitous abysses is a low wall of stone, and when the wind blows too fresh this seems of little moment; a big gust, and all would be over. Whoever is charmed with cloud views which give to the lower peaks the counterfeits of islands in the sea, should seek this lofty thoroughfare where such scenes are playing all the time.

This journey is a succession of lofty mountains and vast valleys, sometimes monotonous; still one gets a fair idea of the different aspects of Norwegian land scenery, for the direction is away from the fjords. If a week be spent in getting to Christiania, there will be much to remember.

One of the sights of this route is the famous church of Borgund, which is certainly fantastic enough to have been the shrine of Santa Claus. It seems to contradict the Norwegian himself, for no khanate of China could show a structure more unique. The thought of the prosaic Norse-

man—the sailor and the warrior—building a church like that is a little too much. Wood was the material used, and incongruity was the design. The exterior, which is shingled and has the appearance of having been recently varnished, is cut into passages, gables, porches, and low galleries—what for nobody knows, inasmuch as their utility is questionable. The body is high and narrow, and dormer windows, adorned with crosses, flare out most generously, while from the edges of the dull-colored roofs carved dragons project their ugly heads and lap their jaws for food. The interior is stranger still. The rough pillars and few benches, the shapeless altar with the queer carving surrounding it, and the small apertures in lieu of windows, make up one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of Christian architecture. This ancient church is no longer used; its limited capacity precludes the assembling of congregations; so a new consort stands close by, and disdainfully looks down on its venerable and contorted neighbor.

The highest point of the Fillefjeld is at Nystuen, 3,200 feet above the sea; and, singularly enough, one finds there the largest and most comfortable station on the route. Its generous form stands out prominently, and may be seen from afar—a long building of two stories, with numerous windows, and having about it those hospice features that gladden one among the Alps. At first I thought it was a monastery, and even after a night's rest the cleanliness and quiet of the place seemed to verify my mistaken impression. The proprietor is well-to-do, and puts luxuries on his table: wines and preserves, and the delicacies of the field and stream, may always be found there in abundance. His cook had a much better understanding with the coffee than was commonly had, and the butter spurned the charge of inconsistency, and really became butter. I met there a number of travellers, principally Norwegians, and a most

enjoyable evening was passed. This is partly a government station, especially during the winter, when the scenes of Great Bernard are likely to be enacted, but in the warm months deeds of heroism are uncalled for.

From Nystuen to Skogstad the road is a continual decline, in places exceedingly steep and uncomfortable, and the easiest way is to walk. The little ponies are both ambitious and vicious: the former trait is exhibited while going down hill, the latter while going up. They are very cunning, and show not only an instinct but a reasoning power beyond expectation. For instance, on coming to a steep and somewhat dangerous hill, the little rascals begin to shy or back or perform some trick not wholly reassuring, and they keep it up at frequent intervals. I recollect once on coming to a hill my pony showed most extraordinary signs of insubordination, and as the gorges on either side made this moment a pretty serious one, I got off and led my beast. He was then as docile as a lamb, but on looking back on the rest of the party, I saw, to my surprise and delight, that all the ponies were similarly affected. They insisted upon hauling empty carioles up the hill, and their rights were respected. So it was going down this steep decline;—they wanted to run, and to run would be to break shafts and harness and create general havoc; so we alighted and led the way, and our tyrants meekly followed.

From this point the scenery is very striking, and a pleasing variety of landscape is continually going and coming,—mountains and waterfalls, luxuriant vegetation, prosperous farms, and little villages make up the panorama. The scenery is less startling, but more uniformly beautiful and attractive, especially near lake Vangsmjosen, where the road leads through long galleries hewn in the rock, at the end of which the view is wonderfully charming. But the splendid lake, while not unappreciated, is sadly neg-

lected by man: the sparseness of population, and its inaccessibility from the current of travel, doom it to an everlasting solitude, and yet no lake in Europe is fairer or sweeter.

While talking with one of the men at the station of Sorum, I heard a loud and prolonged hiss in the air, which caused me to start and look about me, but it was nothing to cause alarm. I had often noticed long wires stretched from the road to the mountain-side, but never understood their meaning. On this occasion I learned that the wire served as a means of communication between the mountain saeters and the farms. Instead of carrying wood and hay down the steep sides, it was tied on the wire and set agoing, and invariably reached its destination without accident. The noise I heard was the rapid transit of a bundle of fagots.

At Sorum we found the steamer that took us to Heen, where the Christiania Railroad has a terminus, and we said good-bye to our ponies and post-boys. I gave my gloves, whip, and brigandish hat, that had served me so well, to the old lady at the station, my cariole was put on board, and down to Heen we flew, through the Spirillen, then swollen by rain, and before nightfall Christiania was at hand.

After all, there was a comfort in sitting down in the good Victoria hotel, and letting memory go back over the month's experiences. The sights and happy hours, and the tribulations too, all got compounded into one long reverie of pleasure that seemed like the pages of a story-book.

It is a night's sail from Christiania to Gothenburg, but the boat is constructed on a half American plan, and is comfortable and clean, and when the sea is decently polite the journey is a pleasant one. Gothenburg is one of the solid cities of Sweden, exceedingly English in appearance, and next to Stockholm the largest in the kingdom. Its massive stone docks were lined with countless masts and funnels, and the people I met were impelled by a commer-

cial ambition quite commendable. Standing on the broad quays were veritable Hansom cabs, whose drivers, secure in their perches, importuned the new arrivals with true Cockney pantomime. This exotic was very fragrant after so much cariole travelling, and I forthwith plucked one from the blooming mass and was driven to my hotel, the Göta Källare.

The Gothenburgers owe a great deal to the enterprise of the English and the Dutch, the influence of these people being shown in the arrangement of streets and canals, the construction of the docks, and to a considerable extent in the architecture of the houses. My introduction was on Sunday, and a Scotch mist of repression enveloped the town, and did not dissolve till late in the afternoon. But when the clouds lifted there was a big struggle to make up for lost time, and what I thought was a staid and musty old Covenanter camp suddenly burst into the effulgence of a minor Paris. I then saw the difference between the Swedes and the Norwegians. Their religion is the same, but their Sundays are not. The beer-gardens were enlivened with opera airs, and the whirlgig horses went round in their endless flight: everybody laughed and was merry, for the day of rest had given way to festivities and careless pastimes. The city is full of parks, shady streets, and substantial residences, and in one part I noticed long rows of small brick houses, evidently intended for artisans and workingmen, and constructed on that unmistakable English plan so common about Lancashire. Let the signs be removed from the shops, and an Englishman plumping himself and his umbrella into a Hansom and riding through some streets of Gothenburg would think he was at home.

As I could spare the necessary time, I went up the Göta canal by steamer; but much of the journey was monotonous and tiresome, and for the most part uninteresting, until the

very last. This great canal connects the Baltic with Lake Venern and the east coast of Sweden, and justly ranks as one of the engineering triumphs of the age. From the sea level to the height of land is one hundred and fifty feet, and yet vessels of large size have no trouble in getting up and down the hillside. In this undertaking the rules of nature are—to use a parliamentary expression—laid on the table. You cannot go down any faster than you go up. It is a curious sight to see steamships half way up a hill, as helpless as turtles turned on their backs. To stand on the deck and serenely contemplate the watery steps before you, or shudderingly look at the slippery staircase behind, is very novel, and well worth a trial. All this happens at Åkersvass, where there are eleven locks now in use, and several others half ruined—the remnants of philosopher Swedenborg's plans. One may stay on the boat, or walk up the hill and see the famous waterfalls of Trollhätta. The falls have a descent of about one hundred feet, but not a sheer one: they are rather more like magnificent rapids, with islands set in their midst. They shoot from shelf to ledge, plunging and rolling, and dashing showers of spray over the rocks, seething with thick foam as they disappear in the caverns, or burst from their confines and lose themselves in the dark abyss below. The volume of water is immense, and if it only could be gathered into one grand cataract, the spectacle would indeed be imposing. The fickle but impetuous waters have left boulders high beyond their influence, and walks have been constructed to them from the shore. There in the deserted bowls and recesses monarchs have cut their names. They show the rude letters of Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII, Bernadotte and his descendants, and also the neatly cut Napoleon IV, who, within a year after, yielded up his young life to the savages.

The distance from Gothenburg to Stockholm is 250 miles or more. The cars are constructed on a generous plan, by which the compartments are transformed into bed-rooms, each containing four passengers ; but by virtue of a small fee I secured abundant space during the night journey.

Stockholm is incomparably the fairest gem in the Scandinavian crown, and in the circle of European capitals few are as beautiful. Enthusiasts love to call it the Venice of the North, but the narrow canals, the funereal gondolas, and the crumbling palaces of the Adriatic queen are wanting here ; and yet the red sunset view across the water, taking in picturesque Mosebacke and its venerable church, is worthy the Grand Canal. But Stockholm needs no borrowed charms : hers are natural, and I do not wonder that her citizens are proud of them. I made quite a prolonged stay,—five weeks,—and my confession is, that the Swedish capital is one of the most alluring and fascinating spots on earth.

The town is pleasantly situated on a series of large islands at the junction of Lake Malar and the Saltjö, an arm of the Baltic. The environs are picturesque, with heavy forests and lofty hills cropped with granite, communication between them and the city being made by a confusion of water-ways over which nimble steamers ply from dawn until midnight. There is no limit to the excursions around Stockholm. One could remain indefinitely, and yet some new place would furnish novelty in the way of a drive, a walk, or, more likely, a steamer ride on the lake. Easy of access are Ulriksdal, Drottningholm, Carlberg, Gripsholm, Vaxholm on the Baltic, serene and intellectual Upsala (Sweden's Oxford), and many other charming resorts. Travelling is cheap, communication frequent, and the enjoyment unbounded.

The Stockholmers make the most of their beautiful sum-

mer, and live out-doors as much as possible ; and for that reason the city is plentifully gemmed with parks and music gardens, where crowds assemble nightly to enjoy life in all its fulness.

The Royal Palace with its imposing façades occupies a slightly position on one of the islands, and is really very handsome. It is massive enough to please an emperor, and its Italian Renaissance style gives it a beauty which any monarch might envy. Everything is free and easy in Stockholm, and the palace is no exception ; for its rectangular shape gives a spacious court-yard, through which people pass at all hours, using it as a public thoroughfare from one part of the city to another. Nothing could be more democratic than the precincts of King Oscar's great palace. I was very much surprised at the absence of rules and regulations ; but it was rather refreshing after all, and I accepted the official laxity without a murmur. A sentinel paced up and down before the guard-house, but he acted drowsy and indifferent, and when I crossed his beat he took no notice of it, but kept on his way. I pulled a dangling cord, and a venerable servitor presented himself. He was one of the custodians of the royal dwelling, and conducted me through its apartments. The suite occupied by the crown prince was plainly furnished, the absence of ornament almost going to the extent of cheerlessness. The furniture was homely and well worn, the floors were carpetless—to be sure, it was in summer—the draperies faded, and the book-cases small and scantily stocked with literature. The prince, whom everybody regards about as I regarded his library, was then doing the grand journey, and enlarging his mind and grasping new ideas. Gustavus, so they say, does not come up to the high intellectual standard set for rulers ; and afterward, when I saw him, I thought public opinion correct. He is tall, awkward, and homely ;

his legs are like sticks, and his gait far from graceful. His prominent feature is his mouth, which is large and badly shaped, and always open, even in repose. He inherits very little of his father's ability, or his mother's pleasing ways; but I believe he is clever and docile, and comparatively harmless. Among the books were the productions of Jules Verne and the "History of Delaware"—rather queer companions, I confess; but the incident interested me.

The queen's apartments were more luxurious, and showed evidence of good taste. Her library was well supplied with every class of reading and study, but no attention had been bestowed on the bindings, and a shabby set of paper covered Tauchnitz held a prominent place.

The king is a man of many accomplishments, being a fine linguist, a musician, and a writer of no mean order; but in spite of all this he does not fill the vacancy left by his vivacious brother, Charles XV. He was a gay monarch, but his people loved him, and overlooked his shortcomings, and at his death the nation was grief-stricken. He was fond of joking and of doing original things just for effect, and although he has been dead some time his reputation goes on undiminished. They tell all manner of stories about his escapades and performances, and relate with especial glee how the Prince of Wales once tried to drink him under the table. It seems that Charles had practised a good deal at that sort of pleasure, and Albert Edward had to give in.

The palace is interesting because it is in Sweden, although it vies in sumptuousness with some of the most celebrated, the grand gallery and the beautiful banquet-hall being notably so. This large saloon goes by the name of the White Sea, and the appellation is appropriate, for the walls are dazzlingly white, and the floor is as brilliant as a mirror. The frescos were done by Italians, and are of varying excellence, while much of the sculpture came from Swedish

chisels. Like all royal houses, this is plentifully adorned with gifts from friendly monarchs, and vases, busts, and paintings attest the good-will shown gentle Sweden.

During my stay in Stockholm, the present czar, then the heir apparent, visited King Oscar, and the palace was illuminated from basement to roof, besides being gorgeously decorated with bunting and flags. To us at the Grand Hotel the spectacle was gay and highly picturesque as the royal barge came moving majestically up the river from the Russian squadron, the long oars touching the water with the precision of machinery, while reclining under the purple awning was Alexander III, surrounded by his resplendent staff. It was actually a touch of the Nile two thousand years ago. The magnificent barge landed at the palace steps, the bands voiced their welcome, and the long line of troops presented arms, as the prince walked up the flowery terrace to meet the king. It was a gala day for Stockholm, and the exuberant hilarity was kept up during the entire period of Alexander's stay. The city showed at its best, and London, with all her wealth and patriotism, could not have been prettier or merrier.

The Riddarsholm church, the Westminster Abbey of Sweden, contains within its harsh outlines the sacred ashes of kings and queens and warriors. Great Gustavus lies there in a magnificent sarcophagus, and above him droop the flags of vanquished hosts. Hot-headed Charles, the like of whom the world never saw, is given a small chapel beyond, and is covered with a characteristic lion-skin. Gustavus III and the Bernadotte line are interred in this church, and in the crypt are queens and princes. Intrinsically the church merits only slight notice, but its historic dead give it an imperishable fame.

I found steady pleasure in the great ethnological museum, which, although young in its career, contains complete pict-

ures of Scandinavian life from the earliest times. Everything that contributed to ancient customs may be found. The rudest implements of the household and the farm, armor, weapons, and utensils of all descriptions, are exhibited in the order of their age, and beside them were wax figures of the people that used those strange things. This collection was more instructive than the hundred fold more costly objects of the national museum, for in it one reads the history of these northern lands, and sees each era exemplified by itself.

But the stately museum with its exquisitely arched windows is a source of endless pride to the Swedes; and well it may be, for within its imposing form are paintings, sculptures, and antiquities of great value and interest. The Runic inscriptions are numerous, but to the ordinary traveller these etymological remains are serious puzzles and not sights. In this museum is a room lower than the others, made to represent a crypt, in which is deposited an imposing collection of ancient tombs, monuments, altars, and other relics of the middle ages. I thought this arrangement very original and appropriate. The pictures are not remarkable, although the French school is admirable, being rich and almost complete. This taste may have been influenced by the French blood in the ruling family; but from whatever cause, the Swedes are to be congratulated on their acquisition of this famous school. The dazzling court costumes are worth studying, as they show the varying degrees of vanity that possessed the monarchs from Gustavus Vasa down to Oscar II. In one case are the garments worn by Charles at the time he was shot. The familiar blue coat and buff-colored waist-coat, the rusty, age-worn top boots with savage spurs still clinging to them, the three-cornered hat with the fatal bullet hole in the brim, and the long, blood-stained gloves, are all that human eye may see of the intrepid

soldier who taught Peter the art of war. The faded uniform of Gustavus Adolphus is prominent, and so is the fancy dress that marked another Gustavus for death. These personal articles carry with them an intense interest for all classes, and this room was always full of eager visitors.

Stockholm may be negative in its attractions, for it is true there is little grandeur or beauty in its edifices or its streets; but no city shows better taste in the distribution of its charms. Everything seems to catch the eye and please the fancy. For instance: The king's garden, set in the midst of life and traffic, is one of the sweetest spots imaginable. Avenues, flowers, fountains, statues, and theatres are placed there, and in the evening the scene is lively enough for a Parisian. The town is lavish in parks and little gardens. Berzelii park is the favorite haunt of gleeful children and their theatrically attired nurses; but when the sun is down a different class come upon the scene, and glittering cafés and bright music make midnight merry.

Under the Norrbro—and a handsome bridge it is—is a small island reached by broad and aristocratic steps, where an indulgent acquiescence in national taste has placed a café and laid out a fairy-like garden, full of bowers and grottos, and there crowds assemble to dance and to frolic. Then there remains the deer garden, easily reached by one of the little steamers that skip there a score of times every day, and carry on each trip more than their complement of passengers. This island, being devoted to pleasure, is full of drives and walks through grand oaks and fir-trees, of artificial cascades which make Norwegians grin all over, and last but not least, of booths and open-air theatres, where one sniffs the real aroma of the boulevards, and listens to all kinds of wit. On Sunday this resort overflows with merriment, and a battalion of soldiers is always at hand to assist the police in case of need. I think the Swedes are more

disposed to strong drink than some other peoples ; but my object was not to pry open weaknesses, but to see good things, therefore I took no statistics.

Ulricksdal is a country chateau with beautiful environs, and a favorite lounging-place for afternoon parties : so is Drottningholm on the island of Lofö. This is the Windsor castle or the Saint Cloud of Sweden, and has always been inhabited by some of the royal family. The gardens are prettily laid out, and present a highly ornamental appearance when viewed from the terrace near the palace. They contain the usual number of statues and arbors and playing fountains, and would do credit to any country. All these places are within the easy reach of a few hours, and no matter how long one may stay in Stockholm during the summer, there is always something new to do and to see.

One day I went to the venerable university town of Upsala, then in the midst of the summer vacation, and consequently asleep. It is a lovely town, and the ideal place of learning. The streets are broad and shady ; the homes dignified, and enclosed with gardens and hedges. The cathedral attracts the stranger, but like other churches in that country it does not fascinate. Brick is useful for many purposes, but cathedral building is not one of them. So there in Upsala the edifice appeared overgrown and clumsy, and its severe Gothic style seemed lugubriously out of place in a latitude so high. Stern simplicity predominates within and without. Along the side aisles chapels are arranged, and illustrious dead repose in them ; but only a few monuments impress the visitor. Great Linnæus lies beneath a plain slab ; but posterity has been more indulgent to Eric the patron saint, and given his bones a chest of silver. This argentiferous repository is securely fenced in, and is beyond the reach of profane hands. In one chapel Gustavus Vasa sleeps, and this is the shrine of Swedish wor-

ship. The walls are covered with paintings representing different epochs in the hero's life, beginning with his Dalecarlian refuge, and ending with his dying scene in the presence of the Estates. The idea is good, and it has been carried out in commendable taste. An observance of equal rights has placed his three wives in the same chapel, and no impropriety has ever been hinted at.

The archbishop lives here, and his influence, no doubt, contributes to the purity of its atmosphere. Still, with 1,500 undergraduates this purity must now and then be tainted. I met several of the young men, and was struck with their courteous bearing and civility to strangers. Above all, I noticed that, unlike the German students, a scarred face is not regarded as a mark of distinction. The university buildings are plain and home-like; the botanical gardens, laid out and watched over by Linnæus, are beautiful beyond words to describe; and the ancient ill-shaped and mammoth castle on the adjoining eminence is frightful to contemplate. Nowhere in my travels did I see a building more illogical in construction or more unsatisfactory in result.

For a gentle vacation I unhesitatingly recommend Upsala. It is the essence of peace and respectability, and as its place in the world of letters is assured, one ought to feel a certain pride in making its acquaintance.

CHAPTER XI.

STOCKHOLM TO SAINT PETERSBURG.

MY stay in Stockholm had been prolonged into the declining days of summer. The once glittering cafés winked drowsily ; the merry patrons no longer sat under the stars, for the musicians had packed their instruments, and, along with the ballet and chorus, had turned their backs on the scenes of former triumphs, and sought more propitious latitudes. The season had gone, and with it its attractions. A longer sojourn would have been inexcusable, so I cast my eyes towards the empire of the czar.

For the first time in my wanderings a passport became as indispensable as a letter of credit ; for although the rest of Europe is quite willing to take strangers on trust, Russia strenuously insists on the formality of an international introduction. Consequently I called on the czar's consul-general, a kindly man, who received me with smiles and a cordial shake of the hand, and who forthwith proceeded to affix his official hieroglyphics, including the imperial eagle, in this case not a bird of freedom, for the very democratic sum of thirty-seven cents, and bade me good-by with seeming sincerity.

Unless there is more wealth poured into the consul's lap than that received from visèing passports, I cannot commend his position to the average office-seeker. In my subsequent journeyings through Russia, my passport became so thickly covered with police permits and official stamps as to necessitate adding a small supplement to the sheet in order

to get everything on, and even then they found the document not always adequate to official requirement. For the time being I became a living part of Russian history, but I paid liberally for my briefly assumed citizenship.

Thus equipped, according to the requirements of the law, I secured passage on the "Constantin," a most comfortable steamer plying direct between Stockholm and St. Petersburg, and, half sorrowfully, watched the lights disappear as we followed the winding course of the river leading to the open sea. In a few minutes after leaving the dock, Stockholm with its delightful memories faded into the night, but not into forgetfulness, for my five weeks sojourn there was too well impressed on my mind to be wholly effaced.

The Finnish students, with their green, half-military caps, enlivened the early stages of the journey with songs and music and most fraternal beer-drinking, always touching their glasses, as if that formality were duly prescribed by statute. But I noticed that this is so all over Scandinavia, and, although quite unnecessary so far as the enjoyment of the drink is concerned, is perfectly harmless, and tends to promote good relations among fellow-citizens.

The billowy Baltic was not wanting in tricks and gymnastic performances during the night, but I slept soundly, and the next morning, on looking out the port, found that we were skirting the low-wooded shores of Finland, and about mid-day we made the acquaintance of Åbo, once the capital of the province. It is still well worth visiting, notwithstanding it seems to be under the malign influence of some strong narcotic; for, capitollless as it now is, Åbo is still the first outpost of the mighty Russian empire.

As the steamer moved slowly up the river, I tried to count the lumber vessels lying in the stream or alongside the shore, taking on their cargoes through great square holes in the ships' bows close to the water's edge; but the fleet

was too numerous, and, moreover, the shipping statistics of Åbo, obtained at the expense of other sights, would never repay me. I soon gave it up, and turned my attention to objects less nautical. The fire-wood, stretching in long lines up and down the banks, gave the scene a martial aspect of the very old-fashioned palisade description; but the cosy dwellings, counterparts of those I had seen in Norway, with their lovely window-gardens, dispelled the impression of war, and brought to my mind the historical fact that the people of Finland, although bearing allegiance to the czar, still retain their Swedish customs, and, I believe, continue to enjoy their former system of laws. Surely, in walking about the streets, I saw very little that reminded me of the Slav: everything was impressed with Scandinavian characteristics—the shop signs, the public prints, the conversation, and even the appearance of the inhabitants. I do not remember to have come across a Greek church during my saunterings, and so concluded that the spirit of Lutheranism still shaped the religious policy of Åbo.

However, I met with one institution so undeniably Russian that I felt compelled forthwith to investigate it—the drosky. It is the national cab of the country, and is to be found in almost as great abundance as fleas. Although popularly designed for the conveyance of passengers, it partakes somewhat of an instrument of torture—at least such a reputation may be safely ascribed to the vehicle without falsifying. And then the driver—he surely occupies a station midway between the typical Russian priest and the ideal Greek private.

These droskymen may answer all the requirements of civility and well meaning, and yet it is rare indeed that so much that is good calls forth so much distrust and apprehension as do these unwashed, unkempt, uncouth, but nec-

essary, disciples of imperialism. Dark-skinned, with long, matted beards falling over their breasts, and gnarled shocks of hair trailing down their backs, wearing tall, minute-glass shaped hats, while round their waists, wound in generous folds, is a sash which serves the double purpose of keeping their long Ulster coats in place, and of affording a holding-on strap for the inexperienced passenger.

The driver never sits down and takes life easily, but stands braced against the seat, and, lashing his horse into a run, yells and snaps his whip, his long hair streaming out behind, well-nigh rivalling the horse's tail, and at the same time the recently inducted tourist clings frantically to the seat, or reaches out in wild despair and grasps the afore-said sash. The ethnological specimens are the same whether in St. Petersburg, Moscow, or Åbo, but I shall never forget my first experience of being propelled over the rough places of the ancient town. Droskies are blessed with springs, but they only aggravate the misery, for you bounce all the more; and yet, after all, these little carriages, both of the rich and the poor, give picturesqueness and vivacity to Russian street scenes.

Our steamer chafed contentedly at the dock for seven hours, thus affording time enough to inspect everything in the town; but there is not much to see, so the long wait finally became irksome. The delay was not occasioned by the amount of cargo, for it was all landed or taken on board in less than an hour—a proceeding greatly relished by the custom officers, who improved the remaining time in peaceful slumbers. Toward evening signs of life showed themselves, the steam wheezed more vigorously, and the crew went about their duties with a quicker step; then the whistle sounded, and additional passengers came leisurely down the landing.

Åbo cannot boast of a large population, and yet it seemed

as if the entire town, babes and all, turned out to see our departure. We again had our quota of students, accompanied by their comrades who stood on the pier and sang sweet farewells to the fellows on the boat. This custom is a Scandinavian trait, and a pretty one it is, for nothing is sweeter than these musical courtesies, which every one may enjoy. Far into the night these grand songs resounded over the moonlit sea, while the passengers, forgetful of the small hours, stood silently about enraptured by the exquisite melodies.

After sailing all the next day amid the archipelago that extends from Åbo to Helsingfors, we made fast to our landing at the latter place, and again I took a peep at Russia through the open door of Finland.

So far as nature is concerned, Helsingfors presents about the same appearance as Åbo, although the approach is not by river. But this town is the capital of the province and its largest city, and, judging from the fortifications, must be held in some esteem by the government. We steamed up the harbor amid the Baltic fleet, Russia's most formidable naval defence, which then consisted of a score or more of huge iron-clads, lying at anchor, pounding up and down on the waves, and wasting the people's money at a great rate. One of the largest was crawling along slowly, keeping up a furious bombardment at an innocent sand-bank, the heavy booming of her cannon commingling strangely with the merry peal from the hill-capped church. But the church was Greek, and its minarets and bulbous domes glistened in the sunlight as if smiling at the devastation of the fleet. To be sure it was Sunday, and yet the guns no less than the bells were proving their loyalty to the White Czar.

The town was full of soldiers and sailors, and a riotous day they made of it,—fights, carousals, and maudlin songs,—a real old-fashioned abandonment of discipline and respon-

sibility; and yet the happy fellows meant no harm nor treason. These troops were my first Russians, and they disappointed me sadly. In appearance they reminded me of the pictures of our Revolutionary soldiers during the dismal months at Valley Forge—ill clad, grizzly, and, I might say, dirty in their make-up. There was no romance about them. The common soldier did not impress me as having a love for his profession; he moved about awkwardly, moping and staring, and manifesting little or no evidence of the drill-sergeant's vigorous teachings; and yet braver fellows never charged a battery than these same stolid and uninteresting soldiers whom I saw that day going through the streets of Helsingfors munching loaves of tough bread or quaffing Swedish ale. The peculiar cast of their faces told me that they were not natives of Finland. They failed to resemble the Fin or the Swede, and on inquiry I was told that this particular corps was recruited in the distant parts of the empire and quartered here for precautionary reasons, inasmuch as they have nothing in common with the inhabitants of the Baltic provinces, not even language, thus lessening the chances of plots and insurrections. This is an artful contrivance, and is practised in all parts of Europe. In Spain I saw the Basque soldiers parading the narrow streets of Cadiz, all speaking a language as strange to Andalusian ears as Hindostanee.

Leaving for the moment these martial scenes, I climbed the hill and entered the garnished church, where I listened to the services, which were singularly beautiful. It was the first time I had seen the interior of a Greek church, and the somewhat dazzling ornaments, combined with the ritual, gave me a gentle exhilaration; but a few days later, when standing in St. Isaacs, the recollection of the Helsingfors ceremonial faded on the instant, and my former mild exhilaration gave way to an overpowering intoxication. How-

ever, I credited myself with a sincere pleasure as I watched the sparkling scene on that first Sunday.

We sailed again just as the sun fell behind the hills, leaving us to the guidance of the moonbeams that came like golden serpents over the rolling waves. The next morning a forest of masts directly ahead showed the location of Cronstadt, the Russian Gibraltar, lying quietly at the mouth of the Neva, ready for commerce or ready for war. The color of the water had changed, and was now tinged with mud. The sea had contracted until the only pathway from the world to the capital of the Russias was a narrow channel, and on each side were shoals and lowlands. Peter built more wisely than his contemporaries gave him credit for, and the city christened with his name lies just as he intended it should lie, behind the iron and granite of Cronstadt harbor.

Cronstadt is St. Petersburg moved twenty miles out to sea, and is a town of considerable enterprise and importance, especially in a naval point of view, as it is the station for the Baltic fleet and also a ship-building port. However, no traveller would care to spend much time prowling about its narrow and tar-perfumed streets—at least I did not, and so contented myself during the delay by viewing its surroundings. All around were fortifications, huge coliseums rising from the wave, thickly punctured with sullen casements containing loud-mouthed orators of war, while in more unpretentious attitudes were floating batteries and sand redoubts, each eagerly waiting for something to do. Behind the granite and the iron nestled all the latest devices for killing mankind, ready at a moment's warning to pour forth their endless sheet of flame and death, or to block the very sea itself with tons of shot and shell; and yet all this unwonted terror looked as dumb and as peaceful as the lofty warehouses fringing the docks.

Scarcely a sentinel patrolled the deserted parapets, and yet 10,000 soldiers sing their mess songs behind the massive walls.

Passing the forts without challenge or hinderance, we dropped anchor opposite the custom-house, and there patiently waited the coming of the officers. The captain saw that our passports were all right, and that the ship's papers were properly arranged, and then began nervously pacing the deck, until, weary of wasting so much time, he blew the hoarse whistle, and kept blowing it until I had some apprehensions lest the supply of steam should give out; but this economic idea did not seem to trouble him, although the harbor reverberated with our bellowings. But the Russians love noise, and what is more noiseeful than a screeching steam whistle? Pending these disturbances I observed a little arrangement on the part of the steward that rather interested me. Just before the officers' launch came along side, that dignitary ambled into the saloon bearing a tray plentifully supplied with teacups and glasses, and further adorned by a large holder chocked with cigarettes; later he came again, bearing a steaming samovar, without which Russia would indeed be a sterile waste. I afterwards found out that tea was as much the basis of all transactions in Russia as it is the basis of certain punches in the United States. The czar's men came trooping down the cabin stairs, and, sinking like weary mortals into easy-chairs, waited the attentions of the steward, who was not long in coming to the rescue by pouring out hot tea, which the officers in turn poured into their throats until I expected to see their waistcoats smoke and finally burst out into flame. Having taken the lining off their mouths and gullets, to say no more, and inhaled cigarette smoke until tears came to their eyes, they condescended to examine our credentials, and then, bidding all hands *adieu*, took their

departure and went bounding over the waves, evidently charmed at our captain's thoughtfulness.

Slowly the panorama of the capital unfolded as the "Constantin" steamed ahead, and under the bright influence of a September sun the spectacle was marvellously beautiful. Suspended over the city like a balloon of fire loomed the golden dome of St. Isaac's, with its burnished plating flashing in the sunlight and jealously demanding homage from earth and heaven. For a time my eyes saw nothing else, and I bethought myself of Turner's masterpieces in the National Gallery, half believing he must have received his inspiration here on this very spot. In a moment a rival comes upon the vision, and yet not a rival, for this is a shapely needle of gold, ambitious in its aspirations, shooting hundreds of feet above the house-tops as if spurning them, and calling down upon its slender form a stream of quivering sunshine. It is the celebrated spire on the Admiralty buildings. Across the Neva another spire leaps skyward, carrying with it a golden flame no less brilliant than the others; but it ought to be even richer, for this arrow of gold marks the last resting-place of the imperial family. It rises from that simple church and mausoleum, at once so grand and so impressive. Spire after spire, and then, as the city becomes nearer, minaret after minaret, offer their charms to the stranger; then rises, in stern contrast to all this splendid array, that towering monolith dedicated to the memory of the first Alexander; then the river banks show they solid quays and unending phalanx of granite and brick façades, broken by broad streets extending back into the heart of the great city. Industry sends forth its greeting to the world's commerce tossing on the Neva. Now the symmetrical iron bridge bars the way, and just beyond the marble outlines of the royal palaces greet the eye. The steamer stops, and St. Petersburg with all its wonders is at hand.

However good-natured the month of September may be in other parts of the world, it showed me but slight courtesy during the two weeks I spent in Peter's window, for rain—good, hard, pelting rain—or savage blasts from the north, came in military order and cleared the streets. I got a bitter taste from each of the four seasons, which took turns in promenading the city. The gale blowing from the Gulf of Finland drove the Neva back upon the quays with astonishing rapidity, until the water splashed the boulevard in front of the Winter Palace, and the religious inhabitants of the town took to praying in order to avert the impending flood. Through weakly sunshine and strong shadows I saw the great capital whose foundations were laid only yesterday, and I could but wonder at the sight.

So far as palace decorations and church ornamentations interest one, the city on the Neva is a veritable mine, stored with riches gathered from every land—the booty of war and the gifts of peace. Lavish adornments, almost gaudy and out of place, art treasures whose loss would impoverish the world, hang in the galleries of the famous Hermitage; and in the public buildings are presented all the studied glories of architectural designing. The modern brain has wrought out these fancies, or imitated the masters of centuries ago; for scarcely a hundred and fifty years have passed away since resolute Peter stood in the desolate marsh and saw in his imagination the wonders of his future capital rise out of the very sea to startle the world.

To those who dislike fresh paint St. Petersburg is not wholly attractive, and yet there is no city in Europe where so many styles of architecture show themselves. Some styles are remarkable for originality, and will probably pass down to coming ages unimitated, while others bear the impress of beauty and lightness. As for the public edifices in general, I thought them more noticeable for size than for ele-

gance. The Grand Duke's palace, the War office, the Admiralty, and even the Winter Palace, did not come up to my expectations: they were colossal, but not handsome. The less noted houses, such as those of the members of the court, are more tasteful, and evince a larger degree of correct appreciation.

Religious architecture, frequently the index of national taste, presents the same want of outside beauty, although once inside and the effect is appalling. Russian churches, quite to my surprise, are not imposing in grandeur as are those in Italy and Spain, where the intention seemed to have been to build so as to startle future generations, but are modest in comparison. There is no Seville cathedral in Russia. The interiors, so far as form is concerned, do not call forth any especial admiration, as they are wanting in those magnificent naves and choirs which are the glories of southern Europe. There is a something in Russian churches that makes their interiors unpleasant, if not uninteresting; and this I found everywhere, unless it was in St. Isaac's, which is roundly condemned by self-appointed critics, and in that grand edifice at Moscow known as the Church of the Saviour. In both these churches I saw the marvels of art and ceremony in all their completeness. To be sure, my mission was not to study sacred architecture; but in the way of common observation I must say there was a singular want of symmetry without, and an equal want of arrangement within. The display of jewels and treasures was enormous, but after all there is no real pleasure to be derived from gazing at these indiscriminate displays of gems and jewels: the sight is too spectacular to be dignified. If the custodians of so much wealth would only arrange their collections in a systematic manner, by putting them in glass cases, properly labelled, and not fling them helter-skelter into dark corners, the effect would be vastly

increased. However vulgar or out of place it may seem, it is well to bear in mind that the Russians have a perfect right to display their diamonds and rubies just as they please; and if they see fit to clothe their mummied saints in gay raiments, or to bedeck them with the wealth of the Indies, why it is their business and not ours.

If it were not for these peculiarities, St. Petersburg would be shorn of much originality, for the city has been, and is, an inveterate borrower from every capital in Christendom and heathendom, appropriating designs, or removing originals, without begging pardon, and often without giving credit. Many sights bring back visions of places seen in other lands; as, for instance, I remember my first evening's stroll. While wandering about merely for the exercise, I came into the square containing the great monolith, and for a moment I thought myself back in Paris. The twilight scene was exceedingly Parisian, and at the first glance I fancied I saw the Place Vendome, for this square is very suggestive both in shape and surroundings. Then, again, I stayed my steps, and gazed on the curving porticos and shapely columns in front of the Church of the Lady of Kasan, and thought of St. Peter's; but the impression was only for a moment, as this church is ridiculously wanting in generous environments. And so it was in all my sight-seeing: importations of every description—droskies excepted—were constantly presenting themselves, thus proving that the Petersburgers delight in the choice things of this world, and, failing to secure the original, forthwith proceed to have a duplicate.

The Nevski Prospekt is the great artery leading from the capital to the remotest parts of the empire: and what an artery! It is the Strand, the Rue de Rivoli, the Rambla, Unter den Linden, and the Corso all in one—an endless surging crowd on the sidewalk, and a wild dashing crowd in the street.

Palaces and shops, princes and peasants, soldiers and priests, bazars and blazing shrines, and the nondescript in nature and artifice, claim joint ownership in this famous street, where half a million people are constantly passing. Commerce and pleasure eye one another jealously, for heavy drays impede the galloping troikas of the rich, and the Prospekt, so long and straight, furnishes a grand racing ground. Up and down the broad thoroughfare they dash, the drivers yelling at the top of their lungs, and urging the steeds to a pace quite inconsistent with the ordinary police regulation. But nobody cares for such mild restrictions, and I am not certain that any exist: so the racing goes on uninterrupted, and St. Petersburg looks on and applauds. In no other crowded street in the world would this headlong and reckless sport be tolerated; and it is unaccountable on any ground, unless it be that of encouraging a Russian to an occasional hurry. In this view the practice is to be commended. To emerge from some dimly lighted street on to the Prospekt, and behold the gay and noisy spectacle of horse-racing, is a lasting memory to any stranger.

Mingle with the people, follow in their footsteps and observe them closely, and you will surely be well paid for your study. All nations contribute their children to this rabble: first the native, then the Armenian, the typical Jew with gaberdine and high boot, the Georgian, the Greek, the Fin, and the German, all are there, each intent on his own affairs, and all thinking in different languages. The homogeneity of the empire must be an unknown quantity. Peasants were clad in 'dirty sheep-skins: I thought such primitive garments had long since disappeared from modern backs, but here they were just as their ancestors wore them, and possibly they may have been the identical skins.

In the crowd, some more devout than others dropped on their knees before the glittering sidewalk shrines and offered

prayer, then passed on conscious of duty performed, while I lingered behind to take a closer view of these flaring altars. Placed conveniently, generally near a church, and open toward the street, these miniature churches, with a conflagration of candles and lights, attract the attention of the faithful, and call them to prayer. Long-haired priests with grotesque hats move about the altar and keep the lights in order, trimming the tapers or replacing them, and at the same time giving some thought to the all-important subject of finance. The average Greek priest is but a slight improvement on the drosky driver: he too prides himself on his profusion of whiskers and tresses, but he does not wear a sash about his waist, and therein he differs from the man of the whip. As matrimony is enjoined on the clergy, it would seem that all this scragginess might be avoided, for an hour occasionally spent on these ecclesiastics by the spouse would work wonders.

The Gostini Bazar, a huge collection of booths, where everything known to human ingenuity can be found, was ablaze with its illumination, reminding me of so many post-office boxes as I walked leisurely past.

Sixty thousand troops are quartered within the city boundaries, one to every ten inhabitants, yet on the streets the proportion appears much greater, as sabres keep up a constant clanking over the pavements, and uniforms are everywhere. Like a camp is St. Petersburg, and yet I saw it in a time of profound peace, when no scientific frontier vexed the body politic. Cossacks on ponies, carrying long lances, dashed by, and squadrons of cavalry moved in long lines up the boulevards, giving animation to a scene that needed none. Then came the sound of many hoofs clattering over the stones, and the pedestrians rush to the edges of the walks: it means some official and his escort, and in a moment he whirls past, while the crowd lift their hats and the

idle officers stop to salute him. So I found the Nevski the most continuously populated thoroughfare in Europe, the most animated, strange and sometimes wierd, but always, so it seemed to me, a European stage, where Asia produces a wonderful panorama of men and things, and furnishes a veritable glimpse of the Orient.

The white walls and green roofs at the end of the Nevski Prospekt, looking like the country seat of some potentate, resolve themselves, on nearer approach, into the celebrated monastery consecrated to the blessed memory of St. Alexander Nevski, whose fugitive bones are gathered up and preserved in the magnificent shrine of the church. It is one of the sights of St. Petersburg, and ought not to be omitted; so I trusted myself to the cosmopolitan conveyance known as the horse car, and went on my way. By some error of calculation, the car deposited me at quite a distance from the gates, and I was obliged to walk through the mud and rain for more than a mile.

I mention this to show how often one makes mistakes of this kind in Russia. It is impossible to read the signs on the cars, or the time-cards, and if you ask for information, the chances are that the answer will come back in the vernacular. The only course is, to take the risks and go ahead. A drosky would have solved the difficulty, and at the same time the low vehicle, as it dashed through the soft mud, would have given me a closer introduction to the city than I desired.

I passed through the wide gate, and stood within the enclosure of the great monastery, in a kind of quadrangle, plentifully clothed with grass in the middle, while on the sides were the churches, dormitories, halls, and other buildings belonging to the institution. Neatness, order, and desertion were the most noticeable features, unless it was the priests, who wore a gloomy countenance, as if some-

thing had gone wrong. In Russia the holy fathers are married men. Workmen hammering marble for some mortuary uses made the solitude more apparent, but on I went, regardless of the printed rules that constantly stared me in the face. I could not read or even decipher the notice, therefore I took no heed of its injunctions, but continued my investigations. The object of my dismal pilgrimage was the wondrous chest, wherein reposed the remains of the saint, his sacred bones and fibres, or any other portion rescued from death and dust. Not to behold that would be humiliating and disappointing, and I grew resolute. My footsteps led me into a small church or chapel—in Spain it would come under the latter head—elaborately ornamented with gold and silver offerings, and containing many marble sarcophagi, white as the Arctic snow and touchingly simple. It was a rare sight, considering there was such an opportunity for display.

At last I saw a priest flitting noiselessly about the altar, so I approached him and opened my attack. He bowed, and appeared companionable and communicative, and my hopes rose accordingly. He seemed disposed to enlarge his mundane acquaintance, and I asked him to show me the tomb of the saint. This I said in French, and he shook his locks mournfully. I tried him in scant German, Spanish, English, Swedish, and I even wrote in Latin, but his sorrowful expression only grew deeper. It was all lost on this holy gentleman. In despair I tried pantomime, and pointed to tombs, but the exact relation I bore to tombs evidently did not enter into his comprehension. The worst thing about my polyglottous attempt was that I could not pronounce Alexander Nevski so as to be understood, nor could I write or print it with any better result. I might just as well have said George Washington. The fun of the interview was rapidly vanishing, when a brother priest came

upon the scene, and brother No. 1 grinningly explained the situation. I shall never know the precise turn that that explanation took, but I am sure a rich monastic joke passed between them. Number 2 spoke French, and my present difficulties were over.

The church where I stood was filled with distinguished dead—statesmen, councillors, and soldiers—who, while living, expressed a hope that their bodies might be put away in the confines of the old monastery, as it is considered a high honor to be interred there. But the church I had come to see lay a short distance beyond, and thither I went, accompanied by my guide. Outside, in the quadrangle, the dreariness had increased, and the scene was more dismal than before. Pools of water had suddenly sprung into existence, and gusts of wind scurried across the courts. The cheerlessness had gone up tenfold.

The Nevski church taken alone would be voted most elegant; and even in St. Petersburg, with her score of embellished sanctuaries, this well formed and somewhat modest edifice cannot fail to please one. The vault is supported by shapely columns, and the walls adorned with the regulation trophies and spoils, in addition to which must be mentioned the portraits of Peter and his wife. The sarcophagus containing the blessed bones of the savage saint, who in his day spilled more gore than a Chicago butcher, is a very remarkable piece of designing. It is unfortunately so placed in the corner that a good view is impossible, but enough may be seen to challenge admiration. The massive sarcophagus rests under a flaring canopy upheld by four silver pillars, and these in turn are guarded by a quartette of angels addicted to martial music, for in their outstretched hands are trumpets. These supernal guardians keep constant vigil over the treasure committed to their charge, and in case of anything wrong are expected to sound an alarm.

Both the canopy and the sarcophagus, in fact everything about the shrine, are of solid silver. More than 3,000 pounds were needed to create the memorial. A ton and a half of bullion transformed into a shining temple to commemorate the glorious deeds of St. Alexander! But this is Russia.

Nevski gave the Swedes a terrific beating on the banks of the Neva, thus saving his country from the ruthless invaders; and this made him most dear to Peter, who ordered this monastery and its shrine to be built so that the bones of his hero might forever have an appropriate resting-place. No expense was spared, and the result is that Alexander beats the whole Romanoff line in the gorgeousness of his entombment. When the silver casket was ready, Peter steered the barge that brought the remains to their splendid home, and then, satisfied with his devotion, proceeded to carouse. It seems that the early inhabitants of the capital contained some enterprising gentry among them, for history recalls that there was considerable trouble in keeping the saint's bones from stealing away—"miracles," so the priests said; but Peter knew better than that, and, having recovered the precious anatomy, bluntly informed the holy fathers that in case another miracle occurred they should answer for it with their heads. Since then there have been no further miracles within the monastery.

My religious friend pointed out the historic features of the little church, dwelling occasionally upon some object of particular interest as if I, too, partook of his feelings; and when he thought I had got enough of Saint Nevski's neighborhood he very kindly took me about the dormitories and halls connected with the institution. In cleanliness and arrangement they reminded me of that monastic gem San Lazzaro on the Venetian island, quiet and peaceful, seemingly a thousand leagues from the heart of a seething and discontented empire.

The black clergy have an easier time of life than the white clergy, and there exists between them the warmest kind of jealousy, which nothing short of a radical change can ever lessen. It is not only in the manner of living, but in its emoluments, that the difference is seen ; for while the white clergy bear the burdens, their more fortunate brothers bear the purse,—and with the clergy, as well as with other beings, money breeds strife. The Russian priest does not inspire that deep respect evoked by the Romish father, for the people look upon him as a human machine of flesh and blood, the same as the rest of mankind. In rural communities his authority is greater, but even there the peasants do not tremble at his coming, for his family relations brings him in closer contact with his flock, many of whom, no doubt, have suffered from the playful depredations of his offspring. A few breaches of discipline of this nature tend to simplify the understanding between the chilliest priest and his parishioners, so that there need be no feelings such as “distance” or fear on the part of either. I cannot say a word in favor of the priests’ personal appearance : it would be asking too much, considering how savage and unkempt they looked, both in the church and out of it. If they only used the razor their good looks might be a subject for debate ; as it now is, their long beards and trailing hair preclude them from the benefits of a doubt. Even the intelligent and polite father who had me in charge would have appreciated tenfold in good looks by spending an hour with some skilful barber ; but he evidently thought otherwise, and allowed his religious aspect to increase every moon.

I must confess that the Nevski monastery did not give me much pleasure, for, excepting the rich shrine, the other buildings have very little to offer. I have visited the religious houses in other lands, and been thoroughly pleased at what I saw, but here I did not have that feeling. I bade

my guide good-bye, and after contributing a gratuity for the alms-box, took my departure and made my way cityward. The rain had ceased, and in its dismal stead came a cool breeze from the gulf which dried the sidewalks and summoned forth on the instant that conglomerate collection of people whose business it seems to be always to patrol the Nevski Prospekt.

The men one meets in strolling about these populous boulevards do not come up to the standard of Paris, London, or Berlin. It may be that the faces are those of many nationalities without being strong enough in any to set out the best features of the race, or it may be due to some more obscure reason. It was not the well dressed and graceful assemblage such as courses down the Italiens or Regent street on bright afternoons, swinging its canes and making merry with every footstep. I observed this as soon as I made my first acquaintance with St. Petersburg, and I do not think my impression underwent any material change during my stay. With the exception of Naples, the capital of the czar pours forth the worst dressed population in civilized Europe.

CHAPTER XII.

ST. PETERSBURG.

OUR Washington may be the city of magnificent distances, but St. Petersburg is the city of magnificent spaces. There is none like it, nor is there likely to be for many generations. In the matter of sizes and surprises the marble and stucco city of the Neva is without a rival. It is full of palaces, or edifices that vie with palaces in magnificence and embellishment, for every public building is constructed on the same grand scale, and receives its share of expenditure with a proportional pride. Uncounted roubles have conjured architectural skill into the façades of the Winter Palace and the regimental barracks, for it is a practice not to slight any official structure, no matter how humble its uses may be; consequently the city has earned its palatial reputation.

The dock-yard, or Admiralty, was designed to be the principal point in the town, and so it is, for the Nevski Prospekt and two equally splendid thoroughfares start from its gates, and, extending in three directions, divide the city into four large districts. But the stranger gets the fullest conception of the true grandeur of St. Petersburg by entering the square in front of the Winter Palace and looking about him. Without fear of contradiction, I say this is the consummation of gigantic buildings—the straggling War department, the dignified Winter Palace, and its lovely consort the remodelled Hermitage, and in front of all the shaft towering skyward. At first I do not think the vastness of the square impressed me; I was inclined to take it as a matter

of course, and to go away satisfied. But I saw it often; scarcely a day passed that I did not recross its pavements, and it grew upon me until I was overwhelmed with its largeness. Once it seemed like a cheap attempt to reproduce Place Vendome, but only once, and that was in the gathering twilight, for the next time it unfolded upon the view its French model dwindled into the insignificant area of a flower-plot hemmed in by graceful chalets. Thousands of troops could easily march and countermarch and perform all their evolutions within the square, although a little beyond is a spacious park especially adapted for these military displays. Russians insist on plenty of room, both in matters personal and imperial, and St. Petersburg emphasizes the craving.

Set plump in the centre of the square is the Alexander monument, a solid monolith, the loftiest in the world; yet in spite of this its environments considerably lessen its real massiveness. If this huge shaft adorned any other public square in the Eastern Hemisphere the adjacent landholders would be very nervous lest it might topple over; but here where unlimited space is the order of the day no such danger threatens, and the inhabitants slumber in safety. This gigantic monolith, when cut from its Finland quarry, rejoiced in the unusual length of 102 feet, and was gazed at with astonishment; but the architect who had the work in charge theorized to such a stupid degree that he deprived this monarch of some twenty feet, and in this crippled condition it was hauled to the banks of the Neva and set in its present position. Its base is embellished in bas reliefs made of Turkish cannon, and illustrates the unwonted valor of the Cossacks and the Muscovites, while its capital high in the air is surmounted by a figure of an angel carrying a cross. As an American it became necessary to ascertain the cost of this grand memorial, and I found that from

the pavement to the angel, 150 feet, the amount in our money was not far from \$2,000,000. Miserable peasants clad in sheepskin pulled off their caps and crossed themselves religiously as they stood near the base of this costly monument, dedicated, so the inscription reads, to Alexander I, by a grateful people, and felt proud, maybe, for just a moment, that some part of their hard-earned money showed forth in the obelisk.

With graceful amphitheatrical curve the War Department encloses the south side of the square, while directly opposite is the famous palace. The edifice of war is tremendous in extent, and still pleasing to look upon, not vulgar but symmetrical, an imposing pile worthy to be the temple of Mars. Its façade, stretching along a quarter of a mile, is broken in the centre by a splendid archway sixty feet wide and as many high, which comes near dividing the edifice into equal parts, as the capital of the arch almost touches the balustrade.

The fine situation of the war buildings, together with their curve, always attracts much attention, but to my mind the "Admiralty," as it is called, presents a more beautiful outline. There is a certain monotony expressed in the long façade of the War Department which one does not find here, and, besides, the "Admiralty" is emphasized by one of those inexpressibly shapely spires shooting its gold-encased figure into the free air, and serving as an exclamation point for the beauties beneath. Bells, minarets, domes, and steeples are essentially Russian, no town being complete without them; but the idea of spires so shapely and rich seems to have been created in the city on the Neva, for it is certain they there attain the greatest perfection, and are more often seen than in Moscow and the cities to the east and south.

If old Peter should reappear on the scene of his great undertaking, the palace he built would not be recognized,

nor would any of its surroundings save the river which glides past its foundations on its way to the sea. Time has done wonders and performed miracles, and a genuine Slavonic transmogrification has taken place. Peter's rough palace disappeared years ago, and another rose in its place; and in due time that went heavenward in smoke and cinders, leaving the site clear for another display of imperial extravagance and ill-taste, which was at once seized upon and carried out with undeviating consistency. With a situation unexcelled, with wealth and workmen such as an Indian prince might envy, this palace ought to rear its head among the most beautiful creations of the modern world, and challenge admiration from every quarter; but, alas! the pile of brick and stucco known as the Winter Palace is deformed and ugly. Such a grand opportunity and such a lamentable failure rarely come into conjunction. What barbarian Ingomar's first caresses were to Parthenia, so this palace is to the observer. Surely this celebrated place where emperors dwell cannot be classed among the ornaments of St. Petersburg. It is a sight precisely as the straggling Gostini Dvor is a sight, and that is all. Stagings were crawling up its sides, and an army of artisans were employed within repairing the ceilings and walls, and adding to the gorgeous frescos. Admission I could not obtain, and, disappointed, I turned away from that treasure-house of jewels, vases, and exquisite adornments,—for the deserved criticism evoked by the outside is at once dispelled, so they say, on entering the grand apartments where undisputed taste has given to everything a charming arrangement. This most longed-for excursion to the czar's fairyland was denied me, but I afterwards beheld treasures and wonders until my brain fairly reeled at the display.

For more than 700 feet the palace extends along the Neva, and, viewed from the opposite side of the river, its

brown front furnishes a striking contrast to the array of white marble palaces of delicate architecture that fringe its banks; but the Winter Palace is always prominent from its size and sturdiness. The front view, looking from the square, makes the building very low, but this unpleasant feature is scarcely noticeable from the river-side owing to the difference of elevation. Many regiments are quartered within its generous walls, and batteries, cavalry, and firemen mingle in extraordinary confusion. A small city could be comfortably entertained without encroaching on the sacred precincts of the royal family. A little less of camp and more of palace would greatly improve the neighborhood.

The honest description of things Russian may readily pass for exaggerations. The unwonted magnificence and massiveness of the every-day sights require large expressions in order to set them out; but, after all, too much freedom of description is better absorbed in St. Petersburg than elsewhere. It asks something of the imagination to picture the growth of a desolate plain, the resort of sea fowl and wild animals, into a city of marble and brick, the home of an emperor and the treasury of art. Younger far than many of our American cities, the magic wand has conjured a metropolis from the waves, and made it the capital of an empire whose greatness is known to the utmost corners of the earth. St. Petersburg is a richly bound volume in gold, whose pages recount the victories achieved by men over hostile nature.

The history of the Winter Palace tells the story of that headstrong energy that overcame all obstacles in order to accomplish its ends, taking human life if necessary, and suppressing the very terrors of the Arctic climate in its selfish ambitions. Stern Nicholas was czar at the time the palace was destroyed by fire, and no sooner had its embers cooled than he gave orders to have the edifice rebuilt, and rebuilt

without delay. This was a command which even the piercing cold of winter had to obey, as the end showed. It was a terrific contest between man and the elements, but man won. The emperor had palaces innumerable, so that there was no haste so far as real necessity was concerned, but the question was, not where he should lay his tyrannical head, but how soon he might point to his Winter Palace. On a larger plan than his predecessor used did Nicholas order his palace, and the most celebrated architects of the day were gathered at his council board. Nothing was allowed to stand in the way of this imperial undertaking; everything, so far as possible, was subordinated to its wants. As soon as the walls were up and covered in, heat was applied, and the artisans were compelled to work in the deadly temperature of the halls, and at a sacrifice of hundreds of lives. The transition from the torrid heat within to the fearful cold without was too good an opportunity for death to resist, and sad havoc did Fate play with the children of the czar. All this misery could not call a truce, and on went the unheard-of work until the royal mind calmly and selfishly contemplated the last touches. In less than a year this present Winter Palace rose from its ashes to startle the Old World with its marvellous outlines.

To some extent the story of this building may be accepted as the history of the city, for it was by means other than the natural droning, native way that so many acres of splendid edifices rose out of the night to adorn the morning. In Russia the will of the master is the way of the servant: his word is law, and a failure to obey brings down the direst consequences.

In plain view from the long windows of the Winter Palace, and from all the windows that illumine the rich row of palaces extending along the river bank, is a pontoon

bridge, utterly devoid of beauty or pretention of any kind, a homely arrangement of timber and plank, scarcely painted, and sadly abused by every storm that vexes the Neva, and yet it is the entrance to another world. Like the arched walk of Venice, this has a palace and a prison on either hand. In no place does the heavy hand of despotism show itself as in the vision drawn from this old bridge. On one side lie splendor and art; on the other, misery and despair: the tokens of peace, and the sable emblems of war and suffering, peer at each other across the foaming current. The pure white marble, with its ornate façades, seems to take on a blush as it answers for the presence of the dismal pile of stone and iron at the end of the pontoon. Maybe one exists because of the other. If the safety of the empire rests on the foundations of the citadel of Peter and Paul, then the busy world circling around is strangely deceptive. The gay boulevards, the glittering ball-rooms, the storehouses of jewels and paintings, the schools, the enchanting gardens, and lastly the commerce on the river, all contradict the thought; but the iron hand is gloved so that the stranger cannot see it. The hissing ferry-boats go laden with jovial crowds, mirth and pleasure go skipping past, and everything denotes freedom from care and fear.

But what a history has this weather-beaten bridge. The innocent Neva, which good priests bless, sometimes loses its identity, and for the moment becomes the inky Styx. In the still night squads of state prisoners, with harshly clanking chains, are hurried across by Cossack guards: not a word drops on the midnight ear as the doomed men shamble across the fateful stream. The flickering lanterns tied to the saddle-bows make recognition impossible, and even the dim lamps swaying on the arms of the bridge mock their misery; all else is dark save the beacon ahead,

which leads to the grave. But behind they hear the long swell of music as it floats from the ball-rooms of the palace, and many a poor soul thinks he hears the wild sobbings of a wife or mother; but on they tramp, and the white czar leads his cotillon just the same. The next morning the sentences are read: some remain in the dungeons of the citadel, others set out on their lonely exile.

Russia lives an unnatural life; her existence is forced, and great as she is and will be, this barbaric system of government must quit the face of the civilized earth. She is improving, and let us hope that her redemption is not far distant. She cannot march with civilization so long as she carries a knout behind her back, nor can she cultivate art and torture at the same time. I crossed over the bridge, and gay it was with yelling crowds and galloping droskies: a regular Muscovite carnival seemed inaugurated.

The citadel, of infamous history, is heavily fortified, and protected by moats deep enough to drown the city, but I had no desire to pass through its threatening portals. Many a cell is below the surface of the Neva, damp and deadly pens where the worst political offenders expiate their misdeeds. In some gloomy nook of this huge fortress Peter had that awful interview with his son, and the world shudders to think of it even at this late day. What Peter did with his own blood, later czars may certainly do with those they fear or suspect. My way was not challenged by sentinel or watchman, and I followed the well worn path leading to the Fortress church.

This is the oldest church in the city, though it has gone through many beneficent changes since Peter worshipped at its iconostas. The church is by no means shapely, the form being basilican, the color dazzling white, and on one end is a dome, surmounted by a smaller one, to give the edifice a slight Greek relationship, while on the other

end one of those exquisite needle spires rises upwards of 400 feet, darting the sun's rays from its ducat covered coat, and rescuing the church from the horrors of the commonplace. These St. Petersburg spires are so sharp that they could be used as needles to sew rent clouds together after a severe storm.

Whatever may be thought of the exterior of this church, criticism is disarmed on entering. Bear in mind that this is the mausoleum where Russia's royal family lie, where the race of Romanoff repose after life's work is done. It is sacred to the empire's noblest blood. I had naturally expected to see the usual gaudiness and cheap jewelry display outdone and overdone in this valhalla, and it took my breath away to see the splendid simplicity. Kings whose dominion was confined to petty kingdoms now rest beneath imposing monuments, and masterpieces of sculpture mark the graves of small dukes and little princes, but here lie the rulers of the great Russian empire without so much as an inscription to tell the story. Great Peter the founder and his successors—creators of nations, patrons of art, of science, of learning—all ambitious beyond the common measure of potentates, lie in this little church beneath pure white marble sarcophagi, upon whose tops rests a plain gold cross. Each like the other, death has levelled worldly distinctions and banished earthly decorations. Such are the tombs of the czars. Low railings mark the precincts of the dead, and all about flowers and ferns revel in profusion. On one slab I saw a ring; on another the great keys of some captured fortress; but these specks on the veinless marble were not common. All were left in their original simplicity, Peter as well as his less distinguished neighbors. The final equality is touchingly illustrated in these beautiful marble coffins, where each, regardless of life's accomplishments, sleeps unmarked by hatchment or trophy.

Hanging from the wall near Peter's grave was an image purporting to be that of a baby ; but it seemed ridiculously out of place, and my curiosity was excited to find out what it meant. As might be expected, nobody could give me any intelligible information, inasmuch as it all came in the pure Russian tongue. Even gestures failed to help me out. If I pointed at the dangling image, the guard immediately responded by calling attention to Peter's corner, and reciting a long story. But I failed to see the exact connection between the founder of the city and the wooden doll. I dared not laugh, so I meekly bowed at each period, and looked greatly interested in his gargonic lecture,—at the conclusion of which I crossed his palm with a few copecks, and he thenceforth lost all interest in me and the effigy. I afterwards learned that the image, so striking in its vestments and gems, was intended to give the correct size of the czar at the time of his birth. If that is the case, then Peter must have been one of the most gigantic infants ever born, for, so to speak, the bambino is a bouncer.

The interior of the church, aside from the portion occupied by the dead, is not so fascinating, though an endeavor has been made to make it so. It partakes somewhat of the flavor of war, as faded battle-flags droop from the burnished pillars, and guns and swords adorn the sides, and all day handsome officers of the guard and solemn sentinels keep their watch. Sight-seers abound, and the curious soldier in his long coat idly moves from grave to grave, staring at everything like a schoolboy, but without the schoolboy's comprehension. The devout gather about the altar-rails, carrying in their hands lighted tapers, and from behind the iconostas is heard the low moan as of a chant. Louder it sounds and nearer, and the audience creep closer to the shrine ; then the fretted portals are thrown apart, disclosing a dazzling scene of priest and deacon, surrounded by

flaring candles whose smoke curls and floats grotesquely about the celebrants.

Prone upon the pavement, with hair falling over their foreheads, the worshippers keep bowing and reciting the ritual as the glittering procession emerges from the incense and smoke and takes its place on the space in front of the pictured altar; and then the service begins. I did not understand it; but theatrical it certainly was as priest after priest, carrying sacred symbols, chanted and disappeared only to come back again changed in vestments. All the time the superb chanting went on, filling the edifice with marvellous music, now subdued, now swelling in volume until the aisles could hold no more, then dropping into soft whispers only to be caught up and drowned in the raging sea of music that followed. These magnificent orations of song burst forth from the cloudy recesses behind the golden screen, and finally died away leaving naught but imaginary harmonies faintly echoing among the tombs and the shrubbery.

When storm-clouds gather over the empire, and the coming of the dawn seems uncertain, the statue of Peter the Great becomes impressive and almost instinct with life. Only a few steps from the Winter Palace and the magnificent edifices dedicated to war, this famous statue is outlined against the northern horizon, massive in design and eloquent in conception. In the midst of the dangers that threaten his country the old ruler dashes upon the turbulent scene as if to awe his people into submission and order. Never was there a statue that portrayed more faithfully the characteristics of its subject than this. It is the embodiment of strength, power, and courage. Every line tends to bring this idea before the mind. There is no falling away from the study; it maintains its consistency throughout. Peter is not represented as a circus-rider nor as a peasant, nor is he

put forth as a gentlemanly warrior on a prancing, double-curved steed, content to lift his three-cornered hat to the admiring throng. As I understand Peter, this represents him to the very life. The work was boldly designed; but the study was a bold one, and called for more than the conventional in sculpture. The pedestal of rough rock bearing the horse and rider commands wonder from its great size. It must have been the colossus of the fields, or the corner-stone of a mighty mountain, before it was dragged from its hiding-place and transported to the capital to serve as a part of the huge work then in the studio. The engineers in charge of the removal encountered many obstacles in their work; but they overcame them, and at last the monster reached its final resting-place. It is 43 feet long, 21 wide, and at its front end 23 feet high. From this point the rock gradually slopes downward, adding greatly to the effect. All this weighs more than a thousand tons, and apparently not a pound has been lost through the agency of hammers. The stout iron railing enclosing the statue alone protects it from the incursions of the vandals, who chip off specimens wherever they can, whether it be the marbles of the Sistine Chapel or the rugged face of old Gibraltar. One good season of free pillage would do more irreparable damage than a century of flood and tempest. It is impossible to conceive how a nicely chiselled base, square or round, or in any shape, could have accomplished the result as perfectly as this uncarved and unpolished rock has done. Anything else would have made the statue as commonplace as equestrian statues generally are, besides giving a grotesque energy to the pose of both horse and man. The intention was to show Peter just as he lived; and nothing could be more to the purpose than to represent him dashing to the very brink of a precipice in his ambition to excel his rivals. A small horse on a big pedestal

might charm some people, but not the Petersburgers ;—they never do up their heroes by halves ; and so they ordered Peter to be cast in a most generous mould—such a one as would make the world marvel and gape with astonishment. Like the city itself, the figure of its founder is made on a large scale, and the endeavor did not become a failure. In reproducing the old warrior, some liberties had to be taken with the original measurements by adding a few feet to the six he possessed, and to carry out the proportion the ukraine steed became magnified into a London brewery-horse, and stands seventeen feet in his shoes.

But in spite of these studies in magnification, the space in which the statue stands is so vast, no building being near it, that one fails to get a true idea of the great size it presents. The steed dashes up the sloping rock, pausing almost in mid air as on the verge of some unseen precipice, and, trembling violently, as the swollen veins and rolling eyes denote, impatiently awaits the rein of his master. Under his hind feet a wounded snake squirms and twists in its struggle to escape the death-dealing hoofs ; but precisely what this all means is not clear, though it may have some reference to domestic concerns—ancient Nihilists, perhaps, who were wont to disturb old Peter with their schemes and plots just as now they make Alexander nervous. Peter is clad in the loose and flowing costume of a Muscovite prince ;—one hand grasps the reins ; the other is stretched out as if in the act of calling down a benediction upon his people. His strong and leonine face is clearly defined, for his head is uncovered. He disdains stirrups, and with a tiger-skin for his saddle the resolute czar calmly contemplates the magnificent city spread out before him. The inscription tells us that the statue was placed there in 1782 by Catherine II, but it does not relate how diligently Falconet worked and studied to perfect his masterpiece ; how

he coaxed a Russian general, famous for horsemanship, to dash up an artificial hill so that he might catch the movement of every muscle; nor do the golden letters hint how pretty Marie Collet modelled the horse's head, and did it so faultlessly that her master made her his wife. These trivial affairs of life are not told, but they belong to the history of the masterpiece, and add, maybe, to its charms.

Not far from this statue is another, and the contrast is striking, for Paul is set on the orthodox pedestal, while he and his horse are adorned with the latest style of trappings, as if both were about to set out on a journey. Paul's little head is wrapped in laurel leaves, and in his hand he brandishes the conventional sceptre. The horse looks frightened, and his eyes betray an apprehension lest a bullet pierce his hide—a very natural feeling when we bear in mind that crazy Paul was a frequent target for the assassins of his day.

Old General Suwaroff comes in for a statue, and a fairly good one it is; but he deserves the best work of artists, for he was a second Peter in many ways, and in his day no man was worshipped more sincerely by the people and the army. He had the fortune to live in turbulent times, and fought battles with both Frederick the Great and Napoleon. Few generals could say as much, and yet his fighting did not end there: he met the Swedes, the Turks, and the Poles, and vanquished them one after another. I gazed at his monument with considerable interest, for Suwaroff was the last of the old Muscovite warriors,—soldiers who despised strategy in its highest uses, and who, counting on the valor and prowess of their soldiers, rushed into battle without fear. This field-marshal was the connecting link between the warfare of Attila and the science of Moltke. Such a historical character merits enduring bronze.

CHAPTER XIII.

ST. PETERSBURG.

THE broad, blue waters of the Neva determined the foundation of St. Petersburg. Nothing else could have influenced that wilful mind to cast his lot so far towards the Arctic circle ; but he needed an outlet to the ocean, and the Neva furnished one. But aside from their commercial value, the waters of Russia are held sacred in the eyes of the faithful, and each year the cross is plunged into the frozen streams and the blessing invoked. In St. Petersburg this ceremony partakes of pageantry, and calls forth the court, the high clergy, and no end of spectators, who blacken the silent river as they stand by and witness the solemn consecration. The Neva is held as sacred as Alph of mythology, and on its banks, near the Grand Duke's palace, a lofty arch is erected to the honor of the river, and surmounting it are fiery bronze horses hitched to a chariot.

Spanning the Neva a short distance below the palaces is a handsome iron bridge, where crowds are passing every hour of the day from early dawn till nightfall ; and erected in its very middle, so that traffic is divided into two lines, is the gaudiest shrine in the city. It is small, of course, but its architecture if enlarged might serve for a first-class church, where hundreds might enter and receive consolation ; but this is merely a Lilliputian affair. Its front is glass, so that all the outside world may look in and

behold the life-sized figure of the Virgin, in trailing robes and jewelled crown, serenely posing amid a conflagration of candles. In and out of this pyrotechnic shrine a grim-visaged priest flitted, kept busy every moment lest some sudden draught of wind blow out the candles, and thus leave the blessed lady shivering and alone. The exigencies of the case require this incongruous combination of lady and holy father, but that does not lessen its seeming extravagance. Before this brilliant scene all traffic pauses, and goes through crossings and genuflections. Drosky-men are a little more devout than teamsters, especially when employed by the hour, and there seems to be no end to their devotions; but all this has nothing to do with their subsequent overcharges. Porters, servants, and lowly beggars stop here and set their souls aright before the glittering lamps: even the man of affairs and the clanking sabres do not pass by without a recognition.

The wayside shrines of Savoy and Italy are romantic, but nothing in comparison with these in the frozen North, where outward manifestation in things religious goes to its full extent; and, judging from what I saw, the end is still far off. Icons are found everywhere, in public places as well as in private houses, and the devout never go past without removing their hats and mumbling prayers. The icon is always placed in a corner where its observant eye sees all that is going on, and escape is impossible. Cafés as well as churches have icons, and many a toper prefaces his tippie with a thought of the little print hanging in the corner: not to do so would be sacrilege. In the midst of song and revel these sacred talismans are never made the butt of unbecoming comment, nor are they considered to be out of place because they are surrounded by the irreverent.

These Byzantine paintings are made in all sizes, from the

great clumsy church icon down to the tiny thing that reminded me of a queen of diamonds pinned against the wall ; but their efficacy does not depend upon their size ! Icons cannot be mistaken for anything else, but these life-like figures representing the Mother depend much on their situation and arrangement in order to be wholly effective. I once saw a most ludicrous scene in the Moscow railway station, which quite took my breath away.

An Englishman whom I had met during my stay in the city, whose peculiarities and complainings had encouraged me to quit his company, was among the passengers waiting for the platform doors to open ; and as they did not move immediately he grew exceedingly nervous, and beguiled the time in strutting up and down the spacious hall, as if bent on having revenge. I suspected he was preparing a letter to the "Times," that vent for British grumblers, but he was doing nothing of the kind ; no, he marched up to the woman in the corner and asked for a bottle of Bass ! His luminous female in the corner was none other than the Sacred Virgin, but I must confess the surroundings were not altogether ecclesiastical. In front was a railing or balustrade, and on each side were swinging lamps and the customary paraphernalia of the lunch-counter. The mistake was comical enough, but it was natural after all, for who would look for a life-sized Mary in the place generally occupied by a Hebe ? It does startle one to come face to face with these celestial effigies without any warning.

The lower classes, of course, pay much attention to these icons, and rarely miss the chance of bowing reverently ; but this devotion loses some of its flavor as we go up in the social scale—at least the observance was less marked and the salutation more mental. It has been found by travellers that the continuous hum of prayer is no reason for throw-

ing away keys and safeguards, for, powerful as the icons are to succor the faithful, they are weak indeed to protect the goods and chattels of the stranger.

From the number of servants found in the hotels and private residences, I inferred that wages must be low, and that the supply exceeds the demand. They are as thick as convenience will admit of, and are generally dressed in the prevailing national style,—dark waistcoats, red shirts, and blooming trousers, which go out of sight after reaching the knee, and become high boots. Their hair is carefully combed, but they delight to see it float over their shoulders, just as the priests do, although these domestics take care that their locks shall not get ragged. As soon as there are any indications of that kind their ends are cut off square, very much as the Shakers manage their back hair, and then the Russian waiter is a sight to behold. Their linguistic attainments are generally restricted to the vernacular, but they are surprisingly quick to conjecture your wants, even though you accost them in English. I came to like the Russian man-servant and his peaceable ways: he always seemed willing to do his work, and did it with every indication of pleasure.

Outside the doors of the town—and St. Petersburg is modelled after the French flat system of dwellings—the house porters are met with, and they present a study in economy. I believe this specimen of servant is indigenous to Russia—to St. Petersburg alone—for he is half servitor, half policeman, and, though paid by the proprietor, is hand and glove with the city police, and keeps them in full communication with all that takes place within the limits of his stewardship. He is a sort of government spy armed with a broom, with which he sweeps away the gathering snowflakes in front of his employer's door. Out in the night they stay, even in the bitterest hours of winter,

squatted on the pavement or seated in low chairs, where, with open eyes and pricked-up ears, they keep their cheerless vigil.

If any stranger seeks admission, he must answer the interrogatories of the dvornick before he is admitted, and after dark not even the proprietor himself may pass without careful scrutiny and a subsequent notification to the police. In spite of their watchfulness and that of the gendarmerie, the Nihilists find no difficulty in posting their revolutionary edicts on house walls and public portals; but the exact way in which this is done does not appear, nor does that bolder operation of leaving a few in the czar's bed-chamber. These sidewalk servants are expensive, and people complain, but their cries avail naught, and the living sheep-skin remaineth.

In darker times these peaceable men used to form an alliance with the police, for the mutual purpose of increasing their worldly possessions by waylaying belated citizens and appropriating their portable wealth; but those interesting days have gone, and the dvornick must now give his entire attention to watching the premises he is assigned to. Wonderful, indeed, is his physical endurance, for the coldest nights find him at his post. He braves the inexorable rigors of that Arctic winter, and rarely gets frozen.

In making calls, these fellows open the outer door for you—a courtesy that demands a slight acknowledgment in the way of copecks: they are something to him and very little to you, and the sight of the coppers brings before his imagination clouds of steaming vodki. Vodki and tobacco are within his reach, and he means to regale himself with an hour or two of such luxuries, in spite of fortune's hard lot.

Luxuries are luxuries in St. Petersburg, as in any other city, only a little more so, but hotel expenses do not rise

much above the European average. Cab fares are exceedingly low; and as Dickens used to gauge his hotels by the cruet, so I found a city might safely be judged by the cab tariffs. In the Russian capital there is no tariff: it all comes down to negotiation. You must bargain with the droskyman—everybody does it; and Russia is preëminently the country of bargains. Oftentimes the transactions are very amusing; but this sensation wears off after a while, and degenerates into a question of shrewdness and arithmetic. Too great an admixture of this “Jewing” makes travelling very disagreeable, but where it has long since become part and parcel of a nation’s peculiarities, one does not mind it so much. I have often hailed a cab and asked the price to such a point. The pious expression that came over the face of this *vostchik* as he answered, “A rouble,” quite captured me, for how he had the courage to name such a figure was astonishing. Fancy asking a hackman in Boston the fare from the Art Gallery to the Parker House, and have him say five dollars! I indignantly turned my back and walked away. He followed along the curb, and began to lower his figures, but I was deaf to his coaxings until he said fifty copecks; then I got in and was whirled wildly to my destination. I found the drivers exceedingly good-natured, but we could not converse; and often, when completely at a loss how to direct them, I used to go into shops and ask one of the clerks—and clerks are likely to speak some civilized language—if he would have the kindness to tell my drosky king just what I wanted. The clerks were always pleased to do this favor, and with this circumlocution I managed to get about. I had learned the necessary numerals and the customary stock phrases, so I could touch the natives in some spot, but when it came to intelligible conversation, I was completely at sea.

Travelling in Russia is not so expensive as is commonly

supposed, and aside from the marvellous slowness of the trains, I found the railway accommodations superior to any country in Europe. I never had the pleasure of bobbing round on Turkish or Grecian iron, but from the Neva to the Mediterranean I am tolerably well acquainted with the methods of conveyance. The fares—first-class of course, and they give you a bed in Russian cars without extra charge—compare favorably with other countries. I paid \$14 from Petersburg to Moscow, 400 miles; \$10 from Berlin to Cologne, second-class, 300 miles; \$21 from Paris to Marseilles, 500 miles; and \$20 from Biarretz to Paris, which is about the same distance.

The Hermitage, adjoining the Winter Palace on the east, was intended by Empress Catherine to be a retreat, or out-of-the-way abode, where she might find rest and seclusion from perplexing cares; and during her life its purpose was faithfully carried out. Since her death the beautiful edifice has been made the fine repository of one of the grandest picture galleries in Europe. Its exterior is a vast improvement on the gaudiness of the czar's straggling palace, and is useful in calling one's attention to what is beautiful and what is not. The elegant staircase, a stately one, too, surpasses the magnificent *escalier* in the king's palace at Naples, although it may be a trifle more stiff in its design. Superb as is that on the shores of the Mediterranean, this on the banks of the cold Neva is a masterpiece of sculpture and elegance.

Arrangement has been most thoroughly studied, and everything has been done to make the interior of the gallery so perfect that the priceless collections beneath its ceilings may not be confused. Marvellously good taste is everywhere displayed, and where embellishment has been tried, its results do not call forth criticism. Experiments and liberties have had but little to do with this place, and

the national striving after effect is wanting; contrasts in decoration, if not altogether harmonious, are not glaring; and, best of all, the admission of light is excellently managed. The eye is never wearied by piles or cords of paintings "skyed" or "floored" so that they cannot be interpreted: each gallery conforms to its own admirable system. I visited this treasure-house many times, and it fascinated me more and more at each visit, for the opportunities to study the works are unexcelled. Good judges are in doubt how to place the Hermitage collection, but the current opinion is that there is very little to choose between it and Dresden or Madrid. I could not help thinking that all these gems are the work of foreigners, scarcely one of whom ever saw a Russian in his life; and here is this strange empire capturing the master canvases of all Europe. The gallery is growing rapidly, and when I saw it there were upwards of 6,000 paintings and sketches. Russian palettes have not produced any wonders as yet, but they will come in time, although how far national they will be is a question. I did see one picture by a well known Russian, representing twenty nymphs gracefully floating down from the sunset sky, hand in hand, as if to bathe in a dark and gloomy stream, choked with sedges and glistening lilies. The rare loveliness of the faces, and the exquisite shapeliness of the figures, made a study as pretty as Murillo's cupids, and I did not wonder that this canvas was surrounded by copyists.

It is not alone in paintings that the Hermitage is renowned, for thickly scattered throughout the elegant halls are vases and statuary and jewels, that add their lustre to the rich frescos and the heavy silken walls. Alexander will be under the necessity of conquering new and unheard-of principalities and khanates if he wishes to procure any more wonderful gems for his imperial gallery.

A half day in this wonderland takes one through avenues lined with urns of porphyry and vases of malachite, and overarched with candelabras of violet, jasper, and rhodizite. Lapis lazuli, syenite, and aventurine met one at every glance of the eye—but this is common in this land ; and yet, while there may be greater riches gathered beneath one roof, I am certain the Hermitage display will remain most vivid after having once been seen. Tables of ivory with ingenious mosaics for tops, clocks whose voices do not penetrate the elaborate casings, mantels and furniture of most ornate designing, and countless other rare and beautiful objects, lead the mind captive in this temple of art.

At the end of the gallery, shut off by elegant doors inlaid with pearl, is the gallery of Peter the Great, where I saw much to interest and amuse me, for here are collected all the tools and implements used by the great czar. It is a sort of exhibition inventory of all his personal property, even down to his snuff-boxes. Among this assortment of “personal effects” were the presents he received during his lifetime,—jewels, swords, saddles, knives, canes ; in fact, everything known to gift-takers may be seen in this room.

Peter must have been possessed of a sort of Yankee invention, which led him to dabble in mechanical experiment ;—he even manufactured boots and hats and cartridge-boxes, the latter rude contrivances for keeping powder dry, but still he carved them out, and is entitled to all the credit. His essay at the trade of St. Crispin resulted in a pair of big and heavy top boots, with a foot as large as a modern coal-hod and legs like sewer-pipes. There is also on exhibition a complete suit of clothes, buttons included, made by this imperial dabbler-in-chief ; and this, too, denotes a measurement gigantic enough to delight the proprietor of a dime museum. With his turning-lathe Peter created many useful articles, which are spread out in abundance on all sides.

But the most characteristic object in the exhibition was an iron walking-stick, formidable both in length and diameter, with a knob at one end. This he called his *dubina* (I believe that is the name), and in the course of his useful career he laid it over the backs of half his acquaintances. It must have been a powerful reminder to the owners of the backs, but Peter cared not; he would have his way, and the *dubina* helped him to get it. What a sight it would be at this day to see the czar sally forth armed with this crowbar companion, and begin laying it around him!

Peter possessed rings enough for the hands of the whole imperial household,—literally there were quarts of them, and some of them were cheap enough for a country fair,—and yet history does not tell us that he was addicted to foppishness in any undue degree. They were offerings from his royal brothers and sisters throughout the hemisphere. Snuff-boxes of delicate workmanship, and snuff-boxes encased with brilliants from the four quarters of the world, lay strewn about the mahogany cases, each appropriately labelled in Russian and French, so that their former history might be read. The war-horse—and a mammoth beast was he—that Peter rode in the battle of Pultowa is stuffed, and stands prominent among the curiosities of the place. He is saddled and equipped, and is presumably reproduced in strict accordance with truth. If there were many such chargers on “dread Pultoua’s day,” I do not wonder the illustrious Swede was vanquished.

The strangest object in the collection is the case of surgical instruments used by Peter when he courted Esculapius, and tapped a man suffering from dropsy. After this I was prepared to come across any conceivable article, nor was I doomed to disappointment, for in the course of my examination my eyes fell on many strange things. It is surprising how he ever found time to make all these

objects. Besides his ambition to excel as an artisan, he took to boat building with a vengeance, and turned out many a craft, to the great wonderment of his people. Strange, colossal, and incomprehensible was old Peter the Great.

Across the Neva, a mile perhaps from the imperial Hermitage, stands the mean and humble cottage or hut once occupied by Peter; but aside from the associations connected with him who used to sit on its porch and dream of empire and grandeur, it does not possess the keen interest of the gallery I have just mentioned. But the crumbling, tottering house is in the last stages of decay, and, as for that matter, has been for a century; but it is one of the sacred shrines of Russia, and is guarded and protected with religious care.

On the same side of the Neva is the Academy of Fine Arts, containing a superb collection of paintings, among which are such modern masters as Gerome, Meissonnier, Muncaczy, Fortuny, and their contemporaries. Gerome's "Morning after the Masquerade" was penned in by eager copyists: a score I should say were conveying to their easels the fearfully realistic touches of the work, while the older masters were utterly neglected. Perhaps these young men and women saw more to admire in the harlequin and the Indian, and in the crimson spots on the snow, than in the ecstatic features of the saints.

They say St. Petersburg does not boast of a distinctively Russian café or *traktir*—a statement I am unable to vouch for; but in my wanderings I did not find a real French café, with the true and gentle flavor so inseparable. I frequented several so-called cafés, but they were neither French nor purely Russian. Smoking was indulged in by everybody—cigarettes and cigars were burning at a furious rate; and that beverage of beverages, hot tea, disappeared as if

helped by magic. The capacity of the tea-drinker will always remain a mystery to me. I can understand how a man may, by long practice, gauge himself for six or seven glasses; but when this is only the earnest of his total indulgence, I am at a loss to account for so gastronomic a phenomenon. Two friends seat themselves at a table and go at it, and not a soul remarks anything unusual. Tea is served in glasses, and steaming at that; but its caloric or cauterizing properties do not delay its speedy consumption, for down it goes after a series of gulps, and not so much as a tear starts forth to tell the story. Whiskey or vodki was not neglected by the crowd, and that, too, went down without incurring any criticism. A goblet of hot vodki across the room has almost precisely the same color as tea—that pale straw color; so when I wanted to be sure what a customer was taking, I looked at his nose rather than at his smoking tippie. But the café presents a queer picture as the stranger gazes at it. All types of mankind are present—the high, the low, the middle. Intelligence and culture, brute force and ignorance, all sit round the tables, and have their evening's enjoyment—troopers, non-commissioned and privates, working-men, priests who sit in the corner and scowl, and well dressed tradesmen. Then in marches a handsome officer. He is king of the café for the time being, and men pay him homage accordingly. His spiked helmet, long, rich cape, and trailing sword bespeak his rank. The troopers rise, salute, and remain standing until he takes his seat: then the hum goes on as before, and the strangely assorted assemblage play dominoes, and chat, and smoke, and guzzle tea.

The shop windows, small museums in themselves, along the Nevski are as fine as the temptations on the rue de la Paix or in Regent street; and from the crowds of patrons going in and out, their success must be quite as remarkable

as their wares are beautiful. The jewellers' windows, where the delicate filagree work is displayed—and the Russians excel in that art—are very popular with the sight-seers and the tourists, who stand wistfully by absorbed in the fascination of Queen Mab's gold and silver offerings. St. Petersburg is the magicians' box of Europe, full of surprises and wonders, not one natural among them all; but this does not lessen the pleasure of looking at them. The transition is quick, and, like fading photographs, the prince changes into the beggar, with bent form and hideous mien, and he in turn becomes a princely creature superbly clothed: then the splendid façades along the quay take on rough, unhewn blocks of darksome granite, and mirth gives way to misery, the tall spires of gold melt into armed men, and, in a flash, these are lost sight of behind the generous shades of some grand church. Surely Pandora must have loaned her wondrous casket, for how else could a city like this snow-bound capital have sprung up in its splendor and strength, and still be many years away from its second centennial?

Over against my bed-room windows stood St. Isaac's, the grandest church in Russia. No sooner have the silver rays appeared in the eastern heavens than out rings the matin; and a purer peal never called the faithful to their devotions. How unlike the mad clanging of those Italian tongues whose chaos ruled the air and vexed the earth. A variety of sweet sounds fall upon the ear, from the deep and heavy stroke, followed by its vibrating echo, to the quick, sharp blow that dies on the instant. The souls of the departed, so it is said, are accompanied to the better world by the melody of the bells—a beautiful sentiment truly, and one deserving of success if the power of sweet music can do it; for this half merry and hilarious jubilee of bells, with now and then a warning thud, ought surely to open

the *via allegro* of the gods to the footsteps of the pilgrim. The belfry chimes are rung out by watchmen stationed there, whose duty it is to keep the people apprised of the sacred hours; and they do it by means of cords attached to the tongues, for Russian bells are never turned. These they pull with an ultra Russian energy, jumping about like the fabled monkey on the hot pavement, and half tearing themselves to shreds in their laudable endeavors to earn their stipend.

St. Isaac's is the masterpiece of the Emperor Nicholas. He began it, and spared nothing in the way of expense and labor. He put absolute power in the hands of his architect, and produced one of the grandest cathedrals in Europe. For forty years the work went on, little by little, until the whole was completed in 1858, and solemnly dedicated in the presence of an admiring multitude. This celebrated edifice is rectangular, the greatest length being 500 feet from east to west, the other measurement, from north to south, being about half the number of feet, and it rests on a forest of piles, the area of which is upwards of 68,000 square feet. This gives St. Isaac's the title of bigness, if nothing more. Four Corinthian porticos, very much like the Pantheon, upheld by massive monoliths of red granite sixty feet high and seven in diameter, give the church a dignity unsurpassed in this kind of architecture. At each corner of the roof is a square bell-tower with great monoliths to support it, while the vast dome is upheld by another set of these great pillars. The interior of the church receives its daylight through the windows in the dome, and everybody is at first surprised to see the flood that comes from so limited a source. It is like overflowing a broad intervalle from babbling brooks.

My guide told me to go back into the street and take a look at the windows. I did so; and after a careful obser-

vation I could have taken my oath that there was some mistake about it; but, small as I made them, they are each thirty feet in height. This well illustrates the immensity of the building, which seemed to me the best illustration of magnificent magnification I had ever seen. In some respects it is simple, in others too ornate; but after all it presents regular outlines and angles, and is entirely free from the hobgoblin, minaret combinations of the East. And yet, after so much labor, the end is not in sight, and very likely never will be, owing to the treacherous foundations, which are constantly weakening from the effects of the severe climate, and require the attention of the builders all the time. When I saw it, the eastern end was wholly hidden by stagings and mattings, made necessary by savage cracks seaming its sides and threatening destruction.

St. Isaac's is fortunate in having no rivals to challenge attention. It is solitary in its majesty, being the sole occupant of a large square, thus affording a grand opportunity to study its charms at a becoming distance. Perhaps this isolation tends to dwarf its true grandeur, and to give a wrong impression; but when one gets accustomed to it this fades away, leaving the porticos and the dome in their true relations. The unsurpassed brilliancy of the interior fairly dazzles the mind and sets the imagination on fire, for a more prodigious collection of ecclesiastical elaboration is hard to imagine. Priceless gems and precious metals, such as Cortez in his maddest dreams never saw, are bespattered and plastered about, and glittering mosaics representing the past hierarchy of the church are embedded in the marble walls. It is forbidden to worship graven images, so the devout ply all their ingenuity in producing paintings which answer the purpose just as well, and at the same time save them from excommunication; so every church is plentifully embellished with the strangest coun-

tenances ever gazed upon. It does not matter how poverty-stricken the parish may be, its one church is sure to be resplendent with icons and religious daubs. St. Petersburg, however, does not run to the Byzantine in its churches; it is of a newer fashion, and leaves the old style to Moscow and Kasan; but in the matter of wealth displayed, the capital goes ahead of them all. Take St. Isaac's, for example. It is full of malachite, lapis lazuli, crystal, and marble made in columns and pilasters. The expanse of walls is thickly covered with massive mosaics which seem like paintings from the old masters, while gorgeous beyond everything is the iconostas, of pure gold. Even in the daytime it is illuminated with flaring lamps, for its precious faces were never intended to be hidden in gloom, and around its great form priests pass and repass bearing emblems and vestments. For a small fee they will open the silver gate in front, and let you pass in. Money will do anything in Russia. The holy countenances imprisoned in the screen of gold did not change their vacant stare as I dropped a piece of silver into the priest's hand and entered the holy of holies. There I inspected the chains and crosses and relics to my satisfaction, and at the same moment the service, or some part of it, was going on outside.

But it is the evening service that brings out the glory of St. Isaac's. These splendid cathedral masses are like grand epics, and the impression is ineffaceable. The altar is blazing with its illuminations, so that the remotest angles receive its flickering light. The worshippers one after another emerge from the shadows, bearing in their hands long tapers which they place in the great candelabrum, for no one is too poor to do this act of love, and, falling upon their knees, they pray and bow their heads to the cold marbles; then arising, go to the picture of the virgin encased in

its emblazoned frame, and press their lips to it in ecstasy of devotion. I have often seen them burst into tears, and linger near the sacred picture until pushed aside by the surging crowd. The monotonous and plaintive chant (it always sounded to me as a literal repetition of words) rolls out upon the glimmering scene, and is echoed back from the lofty aisles; and so this twilight service goes on, accompanied by the unmusical but religious chink of the copecks as they drop from the hands of the faithful into the alms-boxes. The effects of light and shadow are very startling, as every object loses its identity and becomes transformed. The priests stand out like silhouettes on the golden screen. The massive candelabra are spread out into silver trees whose branches seem laden with flashing rubies, and the great columns and mosaics are dimly outlined or lost entirely in the deepening shades; and even the men and women as they prostrate themselves, or move slowly about the church, are weirdly commingled, becoming for the moment like the clouds of a gathering tempest.

Next to St. Isaac's, the Cathedral of the Lady of Kazan is the especial pride of the city, but rather as a museum than as a church. The vain attempt to reproduce the famous colonnade of St. Peter's in front of this edifice is very comical, but may be pardoned because of the grotesque failure. The interior is dedicated to national trophies, and the columns are decorated with fortress keys, draw-bridge chains, and drooping standards. The valor of the Russians is here attested by the ragged flags of former foes: among them France has reluctantly contributed several eagles to the Kazan collection. The propitiatory offerings are about equally divided between God and Mars, though the latter appears to receive the most attention. The iconostas is, as might be supposed, a masterpiece of art, and of great value; but the real sight of the church is the frame

enclosing the ancient painting of the Madonna. The wildest confusion in gems has taken possession of the golden frame or case, and a more dazzling display cannot be found in all the empire. The aged guide who had me in charge kissed its precious rim as often as he came to a breathing place in his narrative. His osculatory exercise afforded him an opportunity to get a new hold on his garrulousness, and he ran on like a clock.

The cathedral of "Our Lady" is but a few steps from that busy hive of trade and barter the "Strangers' Court" or bazar, thus affording the lying merchants a chance to purge their souls without going out of their way. The immense building, with its thousand cells or booths, is the ultra condensed life and morals of Russia—a seething, endless endeavor to overreach and cheat; and woe to the unsophisticated wight who purchases. Beyond is the Fontanka canal, whose granite quays contain the palaces of the aristocracy and the sumptuous mansions of the rich—tasteful edifices, I thought, and evidently constructed with a view to winter pleasures. Canals are necessities in St. Petersburg, and the city is pretty well divided by these boundaries; but owing to the negligence of the authorities, they are used in winter for the deposit of refuse, and so become good breeders of fevers in the springtime.

The drives out of town are attractive, and so are the summer gardens; but the nights came too quickly at the time I was there, and this pleasure was denied. The parks are destined to be ornamental and beautiful, but they now want the refining touches that age alone can give. They are like everything in St. Petersburg—too big; but bigness is the city's characteristic, and even to-day the government still feels the limitless ambition of its founder to keep on building for the future.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOSCOW.

THE train from St. Petersburg to Moscow was made up of cars divided into the different classes, the first-class being quite suggestive of our Pullman in many of its details, although the system of berths is entirely different. The cars were not separated into three compartments, but formed only one. The seats are placed up and down each side, having an aisle between—an arrangement decidedly American, and one having a good deal of merit besides. At night the seats are drawn out so as to make a comfortable bed, and the man must be a wretched traveller indeed who does not find them soothing. For an all-night journey these improvised beds come in very nicely.

Like all Russian gatherings, the passengers were polyglot, but the majority spoke Russian, being business men on their way south. Smoking was permitted everywhere, and it went hard with the man that detested tobacco, for before we had ridden a dozen versts he must have undergone an expiation for a lifetime of sins. Cigarettes were in every mouth, including my own, and we puffed far into the night. In the ladies' compartment the free use of the weed was not interdicted, and although I do not understand that Russian ladies are habitual smokers, I have seen some among them who rivalled the men. On this train we had a few, but no notice was taken of the mild indulgence, and they inhaled the smoke or curved it into graceful rings with great unconcern.

In going from Moscow to Warsaw a Polish lady and her

son occupied a seat across the aisle from mine, and she smoked incessantly. In conversing with her I found she had a terrible attack of Russophobia, and the more excited the subject made her, the swifter curled the smoke and the faster went the cigarettes. But she must have been an exception to the rule, for such feminine volcanoes are not seen every day.

The utter indifference to hurrying matters is soon made manifest to the tourist, but there is no help for it. The station bell gave its timely warning, and the locomotive answered back in a succession of business-like whistles, but nobody paid the slightest attention to this double call. Up and down the windy platform moved the passengers, serene and unconcerned. The train did not show signs of activity for ten or twenty minutes after the time announced for departure, so I concluded they were only trying the signals to find how they worked. On the whole, I thought well of the plan, as it always reassured me while taking lunch.

The car was constructed with a view to cold weather: the windows and doors were double, for no nation on the face of the earth loves calefaction for calefaction's sake better than the Russians; and yet in addition to these safeguards the passengers all came provided with blankets and wraps, and, last but not least, with small pillows. The pillow phase rather interested me, as it was decidedly novel in my travelling experience. Now, if this had been in Spain, my pillowless condition would have been noticed at once, and every Spaniard would have offered me his own, but here the natives are more English in their ways, and I had no chance to refuse the courtesy of any man's head cushion. Among the assortment bundled out were a few real plump pillows, tempting to behold, but most of them were soiled and blackened with long usage. In the lot were

a few that had a remote connection with the wash-tub, but they were not novices on their first journey; and, besides, there were pillows improvised for the occasion, such as coats rolled up to serve the same purpose. I saw one man take off his coat, and, rolling it into a small bundle, carefully draw a pillow-case over it, and then proceed to look about for congratulations; but he looked in vain, and the prevalent surmises were correct when shaking it out the next morning its creases reminded one of a map of the Ganges and its water-sheds. My elbow neighbor blew up a small rubber cushion, and in a moment was snoring to such an extent that it was almost impossible to tell whether the train was moving or not. I believe I never had so many room-mates in my life as on that journey.

The guard wore a uniform consisting of a jaunty cap, long caftan or gown and flowing red sash, and a shirt of elaborate ruffles, quite surpassing his European brethren in the splendor of his apparel. He kindly furnished me with one of the stock pillows, and I slumbered regardless of its previous uses. We glided on through the night over the most level road imaginable, scarcely broken by even a curve, so straight is the line from the capital to the Kremlin, for old Nicholas insisted that this should be purely a military highway without reference to anything else. As a result, towns only a few miles away have been left in the cold, and Novgorood itself, an old and important city, is found on what might be called a side-track, in order that the main line might not swerve to the right or to the left.

It is not easy to understand the economy that prefers to call new towns into existence, leaving the established ones to perish and decay, for up to this time this policy has failed utterly to create anything better than signal-boxes and lonesome station-houses. The anomaly presented by a railroad purposely avoiding large villages and flourishing towns is

certainly striking, and the explanation that it was done to facilitate military transportation does not lessen the emperor's want of common-sense, when one sees prosperous towns, miles away, which could have been reached by a slight change in the engineer's plan. But this is the policy of the railroad, and adds another peg to Russian peculiarities.

At Tvar the train stopped for some time, and the sleepy and smoked passengers turned out to get something warm. The Volga rushes into Tvar, and one may take a steamer there and go to the Caspian sea, for this stream is Russia's greatest highway, and floats upon its current thousands of craft, both steam and sail. Evidently the town does not depend on the railroad, with its sparing accommodations, for its livelihood, but rather upon the water communication, which is one of the largest and most valuable in Europe. This is the silver band that connects the Chang and Eng of Russia in Europe and Asia, and in case of an Eastern war would prove of inestimable importance to military operations. From Tvar to Moscow the intervening landscape is wholly uninteresting: treeless and level, with scarcely an evidence of fertility anywhere, though here and there were slight indications of cultivation and thrift.

The next morning the spires and minarets of Moscow peeped over the horizon leagues away, burnished and sparkling in the warm sun like those I had seen when out in the Gulf of Finland, only these Moscow steeples were many fold as numerous, and on nearer approach I found them many fold as strange. The surrounding country had become softened and beautified by neat farms with tilled acres, and a refreshing breath of human life and activity. The strange Cossack capital unfolded spires, towers, and cupolas so rapidly that the sky seemed bristling with bayonets and spears and clubs, while above every other object stood the Kremlin with its turrets and lofty vanes. St.

Basil was readily recognized by its motley collection of peaks and domes, and formed a proper setting to this serio-comic display.

I remember my surprise on landing from the train at Venice to see the canal crowded with gondolas, black and funereal as hearses, and my first thought was that a noted corpse must be expected; but this solemn reflection was at once dispelled when the jovial gondoliers solicited my patronage: so in Moscow these thoughts came back to me when I saw the station-yard overflowing with droskies. But it was no mortuary gathering. The instant the passengers appeared the tumult began, and bedlam and Babel in closest combination could only whisper in comparison, for this throng of long-haired cabmen sent up a mighty voice in their greed to capture custom; but fortunately their vocal efforts were practised in the open air, where the constant shrieking of locomotives softened the din. Finally I secured one, or rather he secured me, and, lashing his horse, dashed me like mad over the roughest pavement in Christendom, where the stones seem to have been laid on the plan of the rocky seashore, with frequent spaces between them. When this race had been kept up for several blocks, I thought it about an even chance whether I should go to pieces first or whether the carriage would, but we pulled through safely, and I reached the hotel with a thankful but aching soul. The rate of speed did not attract wayside comment: not even the easily persuaded day laborer looked at our flight, so I concluded there was no city ordinance against the sport. A few hours later a slow-moving funeral procession went past, and everybody paused to view it.

The Hotel Billo, though small, sets one of the best tables in Europe, and the guest who puts his trust in its Swiss landlord will leave reluctantly. Shortly after arriving, I went forth to see the sights, to get the lay of the land, and

to map out the city in such a way that I might the more easily explore it. My first impressions were in one sense disappointing, for, instead of the ancient houses, the extraordinary architecture, and semi-oriental zigzaggers pictured in my imagination, I found Moscow a strong mixture of old and new, bad and good. But I might have known that in a progressive country like this one generation is not content to build upon the models left by its predecessor; so when a new building had to go up, its dress was entirely cosmopolitan, and would pass in London or Paris without remark. Thus I saw at once all the vagaries of old times grinning in the face of iron fronts and plate glass windows, the pagoda set alongside a splendid façade of marble, the bulbous dome gazing angrily at the symmetrical outlines of some *Arch de Triomphe*, or the medieval bazar with its cells looking across the street at some vast magazine, some exotic *Bon Marché*.

The day may not be far distant when the stranger will have to pore over antique prints in order to see the town as it appeared during the latter years of the nineteenth century, for improvements are tearing down the old landmarks without showing the least conscience about it, and in some quarters the boulevards and the shops are faithful reproductions of the ever-to-be-imitated Paris. The sacred Kremlin hill, and its quaint edifices, will endure as long as Moscow graces the earth. These are the empire's wards, and her strong arm must guard them from ambitious spoilers; as for the rest of the city, time will tell her story as she pleases. Moscow is a constant contradiction to one's fancy, and often have I been surprised to find wide and fashionable streets suddenly intersected by crooked lanes or alleys such as criss-crossed Seville might indignantly spurn. The city would not suffer if it were likened to a great crazy-quilt, for it is patched with every conceivable color and design.

I had read that the Kremlin was enclosed by high walls, and as I strolled along in the direction of the ancient fortress I came face to face with a glistening whitewashed wall, which made me think the Kremlin was at hand. Directly ahead was a wide gateway, through which a busy crowd kept going and coming; but the people seemed bent on business, and business, I thought, had nothing to do with sacred precincts. In that swarming mass men carried baskets and packages, and were laden with all sorts of merchandise, as if they were going to market; and a few minutes later I learned that that was precisely what they were doing. The droskies rattled past and disappeared beyond the portals, and not a wayside icon raised its hand in reproach, nor did these modest faces show any pleasure when a brace of pale priests hurried past. My topography was wrong; this was not the entrance to the Kremlin. It ushered me into a great ant-hill of traffic, the greatest on the earth's broad surface. There were innumerable shops, most of which bade fair to tumble down on their owners' heads, and there was that great collection of merchants huddled together in the Gostinnoi-Dvor, for such it was, exposing for sale the shawls of India, and the rat-traps of the United States.

This mammoth bazar, or stationary fair, covers many acres, and is a dilapidated specimen of architecture, evidently in its last years of existence, but from morning till night Moscow pours through the narrow passages and does its shopping. The trade in icons is very brisk, and the dealers vie with each other in presenting the fine points of their sacred wares; but it is all done in a friendly spirit, without exciting angry passions. So far as efficacy is concerned, a little icon is as good as a large one, although there is a wide difference in their adornments. I bought a serviceable one, with lamp and chain complete, for twenty

roubles, and was cheated no doubt, but I have never regretted my bargain. This icon business attains large proportions in some parts of Russia, employing nearly all the inhabitants of the district, who turn them out by thousands. I presume the workmen laugh and chuckle like the Roman augurs, as they paint the faces and fit on the embossed coverings. There were so many people on the sidewalks and in the streets about the bazar that it seemed like a holiday. On inquiry I learned that this was about the daily average; but Moscow is a great city. The strange countenances reminded me of an ethnological museum, for it is safe to say that nearly every province in Russia and the East sent its choicest representatives to this theatre of commerce.

Moscow is the permanent base of the southern trading, while Nishni Novgorood is its temporary show-case, and in both summer and winter there is no cessation in commercial dickerings. War does not arrest the current of the bazar, nor does peace cause much of an overflow. The government compels all gold and silver articles to be plainly marked, whereby a spurious teaspoon or pitcher may be at once detected; and yet Russia, as many think, is thoroughly barbarous and uncivilized.

Some icons are covered with precious metals, and it is no unusual sight to see a purchaser turn the frame in every direction in his search for the stamp, and then to see the cunning shop-keeper put on his spectacles and assist in the hunt is positively refreshing. These tradesmen of the bazar are saturnine and sanctimonious, but behind it all lurks a shrewdness of dealing that few possess; and yet their cunning is not disproportionate to their needs, especially when they come in contact with the Jews and the Armenians.

They tell a story about the devil's cheating first a Greek

and then a Jew, but when he tried conclusions with a Russian he got completely floored. Very likely this laudatory legend has a grain of truth in its structure, for from a very slight intercourse with those people I was made to feel that it was not wholly moonshine.

Passing the gauntlet of the Gostinnoi Dvor, I came upon the place of skulls—the Golgotha of old Moscow. It is a large open square close by the Kremlin walls, where in former times prisoners used to be put to death; but this sanguinary entertainment was given up years ago, leaving the place to the drosky-men and the multitude of itinerant mortality who collect there to pounce upon the passers-by. Like public squares all over the world, it is the lounging-place of idlers, and the gossiping-mart, likewise the forum, where comminatory utterances on men and things find willing ears, and where the news of the day is talked threadbare. At one end of the place of skulls, St. Basil, the grotesquest church under the sun, keeps guard with its corkscrew minarets and fantastic peaks and domes, adding a real barbaric splendor to the scene, while at the other end a new brick and iron museum, dignified in its simplicity, seems like a wanderer in this Muscovite neighborhood. John the Terrible convulses the world with his outlandish church. Alexander charms it with his beautiful museum. It is not many hundred feet from the portals of John's crazy sanctuary to the doors of its modern neighbor, but measured by years it becomes many generations, so widely separated is their history. Verily, the household gods and penates are being moved into new quarters, and Moscow, like Rome, will soon be masquerading in the latest styles.

Following the pedestrians and the carriages, I entered the Kremlin by the St. Nicholas gate, and then looked about me. The great bell and the Ivan tower were at once recognized, but all else was strange. The Kremlin was associated in my

mind with Thebes and Carthage, or, perhaps, the Persepolis—a scene of crumbling walls, blackened turrets, and splendid destruction, a regal chaos sad to gaze upon ; but my imagination had carried me far away from shore, and an unexpected reality dealt my image a shattering blow. The Kremlin is a vast enclosure full of monastic palaces, churches, and government buildings, and is kept in the best possible condition. The ravages of time do not show themselves, and decay finds no lodgment there. Once a fortress, thrice overthrown and thrice rebuilt, the Kremlin no longer fears the cross-bow or the battle-axe ; the savage war-songs have long since melted into the melodious chant of the monks, and the fagot has given way to the sacred taper. It is really the corner-stone of the nation both in a political and a religious point of view, and is justly dear to every Russian, for it is both the rock of their church and the birthplace of their empire. Insurrections have surged within its confines and bloody hands have desecrated its shrines, cruel tortures have been practised and terrible vengeance meted out, but the Kremlin has never lost its sacred significance in the eyes of the people. Enemies from far-off lands have threatened its existence ; but neither the chief of the Tartars nor the emperor of the French could suck its life-blood. One by one its assailants have been beaten back and discomfited, leaving the heart of Russia unwounded. Implacable foes and relentless age cannot disturb the peace and security of the Kremlin.

Five massive tunnels or gates open the Kremlin to the outer world, and through them a constant stream of humanity, on foot and on wheels, takes its way. By mutual consent the gates called The St. Nicholas and The Redeemer are the most sacred, being the only gates to which any unusual attribute of sanctity has been attached. Napoleon entered by the former, as the overhanging inscription tells us, and

then ungratefully tried to blow it up with gunpowder ; but the saints above kept an eye on the ignited train, and no sooner had it reached the portal than it sputtered and sizzled, and at last went entirely out, leaving the gate unharmed. Not even the jejune and silly wooden saint enriched above suffered the slightest scorching. They tell this story with great gusto ; even the parrot, called the *valet de place*, brightens up under the exhilaration of this miracle, and rattles off his well learned narrative with evident pleasure.

The Redeemer gate is so exceedingly sensitive that no one may pass unless with uncovered head, and I followed the custom uncomplainingly. Only the very lowly stopped to pay any respects to the saint—the hurrying crowd merely threw a half military salute and passed on.

Church and state are so intimately connected in Russia that it is no easy matter to discern the line that divides them ; for even on days allotted to public rejoicings, the clergy as well as the soldiery appear to take a hand, and they carry out their part with a dash and show that would do justice to a brigade of the line. Chasubles and mitres are as thick on such occasions as waving plumes and dangling medals, and after two or three public parades, I concluded that they engrossed quite as much attention. While the common people on such occasions admire the soldiery, they adore the holy fathers. The trying colds of successive winters have not yet had the power to freeze out or deaden the sentiment and fervor that always overcomes the crowd whenever a battered Redeemer or some sacred relic is borne through the streets.

The men are as devout as the women, and attend divine service with unfailing regularity, turning out in good numbers, thus furnishing a psychological feature somewhat rare. In Roman Catholic countries this masculine humility was

not so marked, but in Russia it was not unusual to find the church floor generously filled with rough, ill-visaged peasants, who entered into the devotions with the zeal of neophytes. It may be that this is due to the practice among Greek churches of compelling their worshippers to remain on their feet during the entire service—a somewhat wearying process if well attended to. The women may have found this too much for their strength, and so compelled their lords and masters to represent them by proxy.

The church does not tolerate upholstery; not even inexpensive chairs are permitted to choke the aisle, and the most modest attempts towards comfort are ruthlessly interdicted. All must remain standing if they would be truly pious. No chance is afforded for displaying the latest bonnets, for the interior has no broad aisles through which fashion may trip its way. The whole architectural arrangement demands and receives the most rigid simplicity of demeanor. In Russia pious marplots cannot get mad with their clergymen and sell their pews. The church is a sort of ecclesiastical commune, where any man is as good as his neighbor—an institution where one may worship God without frills and furbelows and costly garments.

I was so fortunate as to behold one of the great politico-religious pageants of the calendar, the occasion being an anniversary of the czar's coronation. It took place the first Sunday after I reached Moscow, and a more exquisite day never dawned. The air was full of kisses from the Orient, soft and sweet, and the sky of delicate blue arched gracefully over the domes and bright green roofs.

Early in the morning the town was awakened by strains of music as the military bands paraded the streets; but the principal ceremony was the service of praise at the Church of the Assumption, whither all Moscow and the adjacent province seemed moving. The crowd was great, but the

Kremlin is a vast park capable of holding half the population of the town, so the jamming and trampling process was absent; but about the cathedral men and women were actually wedged in so closely that I thought suffocation could not be avoided. Showily uniformed horsemen patrolled the open space leading to the door, and it was kept clear only by their most strenuous activity. Distinguished personages with splendid equipages appeared upon the scene. Officers of high rank followed; then a loud hurrah announced the coming of the governor, who rolled along the *Via Sacra* in a lumbering state coach drawn by four white horses that impatiently pawed the pavement and champed their silver bits as the picturesque old general alighted. In an instant his glittering staff surrounded him, and all marched into the church. This incident created a furor of excitement, which lasted some minutes, and was only relieved by the rumble of the batteries which were to take part in the demonstration. The moment the crowd caught sight of this powerful attraction, it gradually withdrew from the shadows of the church and followed the cannon over the brow of the hill; for of all sounds the cannon furnishes the loudest, and it pleases the native tympanum the most. As for myself, I watched an opportunity to get into the church, and success attended me, for when the privileged mortals had passed the barrier, I pressed closely behind and quietly slipped a piece of silver in the hand of the man on guard, and there was no hindrance to my admission. My money was actually misplaced, for, once inside, surprise overcame me at seeing samples of the same crowd that surged about the doorway, the peasants and the middle classes standing beside the generals, and the high officials of the garrison pressing closely to the skirts of Dolgorouki and his resplendent retinue who stood directly in front of the altar.

The Cathedral of the Assumption is the most historic church in the empire, and conforms to the true Byzantine architecture—square in form, with a great dome in the centre, and four smaller domes, one at each corner. The interior is elaborately embellished on both walls and columns, and far up in the uncertain light of the dome the surface has the appearance of beaten gold, which, reflecting the sunshine, illumines the sombre nave with the sparkle of diamonds. The iconostas extends across the end, and, being lofty, is frequently mistaken for the walls. In this church lie generations of patriarchs and metropolitans, and here, before the screen of gold, the czars are crowned. The long and illustrious line from John the Terrible to the last czar have each received their crowns in this place, and here they have been anointed with the sacred oil. This venerable cathedral is not adapted to show off the possibilities of lavish decorations. It does not possess the grandeur of St. Isaac's; but these material shortcomings do not make the least difference: the same extraordinary bedazzlement is profusely displayed, and the interior is one of the curiosity shops of Russia. While the restricted space does not make the interior exactly insignificant, it is certainly overloaded with mosaics and metals that might better have been left out. Wealth has run mad in its endeavor to become a votary of this shrine; and when one seriously indulges in the contemplation of the sights spread around on pillar and post, on the great screen, and on the vaulted ceiling, it is readily seen how large a part glittering trivialities play in the Greek church. The dreams cherished by the early fathers have been preserved in letters of gold so that coming generations might know them. Four massive columns, dotted with pictures in mosaics, support the roof and its five domes, and each dome is like a great inverted cup lined with gold leaf. Pictures are worked in everywhere, and the entire cata-

logue of saints has a place within this cathedral. The faces all partook of the same artistic origin, conforming very noticeably to the sterile conceptions of the artist without much reference to the physiognomy of the saints themselves. An expression of disappointment or sadness overspread the countenances, and I do not recollect to have seen a single jolly face among the lot; none of those good-natured Romish mouths and eyes showed forth in all that rich array of holy champions. They looked so much alike that there was no difference between a big saint and a little one. Truly the genius who conceived these sacred features with their black configurations did not yield to the weakness of experiment, nor did he allow his fancy to coquette with his ideas of propriety. The liberties so dear to our modern artists were not taken advantage of by him. There is no posing; no benediction plays upon the bloodless lips. The eye does not kindle with imagination, nor do the vestments indicate the sacerdotal rank. Unless there is a directory of the thousand faces, I do not believe a living soul could tell the names of a dozen of these former potentates of Moscow, for drops of water are not more alike than are the religious pictures in the Assumption. The iconostas contains full-length paintings of two hundred worthies, and, like everything else, bedazzles the looker-on with its glowing riches; but this is the most famous one in Moscow, and seems to have been the rallying point for all the ambitious artists of Russia, for it certainly is a magnificent piece of ecclesiastical furniture. In the dancing lights the visages on the great screen underwent constant changes, as if suddenly brought back to life, and gave to the field of gold a startling vividness.

Without any heraldic announcement the services commenced by deep chants from the hidden choir, rich and full as an organ's voice; then the priest intoned their responses

in measured rhythm, and so the melodious strains came floating out upon the air. The service was of a thanksgiving nature, and more elaborate, perhaps, on that account; at all events, the presence of the governor gave it the seal of imperialism; but close beside me were lowly men clad in sheepskins, with long, uncombed hair and other palpable indications of humble origin, but there they stood, and did their part in honoring the coronation of the white czar. Ladies in rustling silks stood near, also their poor sisters, all entering into the devotions of the morning without a thought of caste or rank. Frequently the people tried to get down on their knees, but they were packed too closely for that, so the genuflection had to be given up; but in the limited space reserved for the distinguished mortals, Dolgorouki and his officers went through all the forms known to the rubric—kneeling, bowing, and crossing themselves with tiresome regularity; but it must have been a difficult exercise, bound up as they were in stripes of stiff lace, and encumbered with unyielding scabbards that clanked in and out of time regardless of the meter. Even the clergy were restricted in their movements, and at each inclination of the head their vestments creaked and rustled until I feared they would split open. In the course of the service the aged Metropolitan came in from a side entrance, where he was received by quite a delegation of priests who escorted him to a robing-room whence he soon after appeared clad in the full regalia of his office, and wearing the mitre of an archbishop. His appearance on the scene incited the singers to greater exertions, and the church was filled with a swelling torrent of praise. The congregation began making the sign of the cross, and bowing to the venerable patriarch, who lifted up his arms and blessed them in return. Priests approached the old man and were kissed on the cheek for their hom-

age, and for several minutes there was quite an interchange of these tender expressions. But Russian society is one big kiss all the time. Men kiss men with far more sincerity, and possibly with as much sweetness, as women kiss each other, and still this effeminate method of mutual greeting occasions neither surprise nor comment. At length the Metropolitan was assisted to his place near the vice-regal group, where he preached a short sermon, which had the effect of stirring up considerable enthusiasm among the faithful, moving many to tears, while all seemed touched by his eloquence. I did not understand a single word, but it had the merit of brevity, and at its conclusion the clergy, forming in a procession, marched up and down through the crowd, the loud chants died away, the chasubles and the crosses had disappeared, and the mass was over. In a few minutes the church was deserted by its children; their duty had been performed, and they gave the rest of the day to the outside world. I lingered behind in the incense, joining the band of sight-seers who pushed forward to get a nearer view of the splendid emblems and apparel used in the morning's ceremony.

The Church of the Assumption is to the Greek church what St. Peters is to the Romish, and within its square enclosure some of the most precious relics of Christianity are preserved. They showed us nails from the Cross, a veritable garment once worn by the Saviour, and also a small painting of the Virgin of Vladimir, said to be the work of St. Luke. I had not been a stranger to these identical sights in other cities of Europe—in Rome, in Naples, and in northern Italy—consequently my curiosity lacked its wonted edge; but notwithstanding all this, the sacristy truly interested me. Along the walls are the caskets containing the dust and bones of Moscow's metropolitans—great silver boxes bound round with gilt bands to

protect the relics from sacrilegious hands, as if such vandalism was likely to be practised within the holy precincts.

On going out of the cathedral I chanced to get a good look at the Metropolitan, attended by a score of priests and deacons, who kissed him very affectionately as they assisted him into his coach. Then the people pressed forward to receive his benediction, but the matter-of-fact driver, who evidently wanted his dinner, yelled to his four-in-hand, and the apostolic conveyance rolled towards the gates of the palace followed by the enthusiastic crowd.

Prince Dolgorouki appeared soon after, and he, too, came in for his share of attention and observation, though how much was due to his splendid uniform could only be guessed at. A gorgeously embroidered coat set off with imperial orders and military dress will work wonders among any populace.

As the prince and his suite clattered away and were lost to view, an interval of rest settled upon the Kremlin, a sort of breathing-spell, and certainly the air was warm enough to call for several breathing-spells; but it was of short duration, and was speedily knocked all to pieces by a rocket screaming through the sky, the signal for the cannonading. The gunners were stationed near the square towers that break the monotony of the crenellated wall on the river side of the fortress, and they kept up a furious bombardment, jarring the very foundation of the Kremlin, and threatening to turn the blue river Moscow upside down and lay bare all its hidden secrets. The reverberation of the heavy cannon set the simple peasantry wild with delight, and when the great bells added their roar to the concert, the enthusiasm was unbounded.

I climbed up the winding steps into the upper gallery of the tower of John the Terrible, where I had a full view of the little world below, as well as a magnificent sweep

of the distant horizon. High above the thousand churches of Moscow rises this semi-barbaric tower, a whitened monument to the memory of one of Russia's greatest rulers, which may be likened to the axis of the empire around which eighty millions of people constantly revolve. It has a sightly situation, standing alone, and exercising the watchfulness of a venerable patriarch over his children. Its yellow, turnip-shaped dome, surmounted by a golden cross and chains, looms above its rivals like a giant, and marks the location of the Kremlin to the traveller far out on the steppes. Around its base, in admirable confusion, are clustered churches, monasteries, cathedrals, palaces, and more modern edifices now dedicated to the uses of the government, while at its very portal rests the great bell of Moscow, tongueless and silent.

The Russians, in their dark ages, cultivated a love of tumultuous noise, and began casting bells commensurate with that love; but the bells were so much heavier than the strength of the existing belfries would bear, that they began constructing these great towers, placing them apart from the churches, and giving them a distinctive place in their architecture. In all probability the monster lying at the base of the Ivan tower was once swung in its galleries, but its history goes so far into the mists of mythology as to be untrustworthy; but it is certain that for ages it has never uttered a sound to rouse to ecstasy the good Christians of Moscow.

The tower is octagonal in form and three sections high, each smaller than the one beneath, the entire height being not far from 300 feet. Even the top section or stay is massive enough to be the base of any modern tower, and a walk around its projecting gallery proves its astonishing circumference. Viewed from the ground, the structure reminds one of a huge telescope with its lengths drawn out.

The first and second stories are plain, but the top story is adorned by broad bands of Arabesque figures, extending entirely around, and furnishing a pleasing ground to offset the golden plating on the dome. This sturdy tower received the iconoclastic touches of Napoleon, but willing hands immediately repaired the damages, so that it presents to-day its ancient form, and illustrates the resources of an ambitious czar. Ivan was a ferocious fellow, with ideas of barbaric splendor, to which he gave life by constructing all sorts of bizarre memorials; and yet, remove his fantastic architecture, and the picturesqueness of this old Muscovite town would half fade away. The tower is thickly pierced with openings, in each of which a big bell is hung, so that on state occasions the whole becomes a veritable Babel of tongues.

I advise everybody to climb the stone steps until the third gallery is reached, for from its platform the landscape, spread out for leagues, reveals one of the most charming pictures in Europe. It is not so much the setting of nature as the fanciful arrangement of things material: the city roofs are mostly painted green and the chimneys a staring white, so that upon looking down, the peaceful features of a great cemetery, clothed in thickest verdure and marked off by long avenues of little marble headstones, immediately suggest themselves. But many roofs and towers are painted a bright scarlet, and these, interspersed with the flaming ducat-covered spires, make a panorama as beautiful as a dream of fairyland, which plays with the memory long after the curtain of Moscow drops upon the eyes. At the base of the tower is the splendid esplanade, with its grass plots and its flower-fringed paths, and beyond, gliding in serpentine grace, is the Moscow, girdling the city of fantasy with a belt of amethyst, while far beyond the city's gates, like dark clouds, are the Sparrow hills, from whose brow the Corsican first saw the turrets and spires of the doomed city.

CHAPTER XV.

MOSCOW.

IT would tax the patience of a mathematician to count the bells of Moscow. They say there are a thousand churches in the city, and each church prides itself on its bells, some having a score or more, while others content their patrons with a smaller supply; but bells are everywhere. A very poor parish need suffer no pangs of conscience on account of its lack of metal music, for it can always borrow or appropriate the loud vibrations of its more fortunate neighbors, and so offer up its praise. The Kremlin is a good place to study this national characteristic. The experience I accumulated while there lasted a long time, and even now the memory of it all comes back to me with unabated force.

One day, while in the topmost gallery of the Ivan tower, I was dreamily contemplating the fascinations spread out below me,—the sunlight playing with the spires, the quaintness of the courts and their architecture, the black sea of humanity surging to and fro, and the red pyramid-shaped battle towers with bright green tiles, where the artillery men were pacing to and fro,—when, without any premonitory signal or word, I suddenly felt the masonry sway and tremble as if an earthquake were plaguing its mighty foundations. Then up rushed a cyclone of sound, a chaos of terrific thuds and reverberations, so closely following each other as to produce the effect of many great siege guns all speaking at once. What a tempest of bells! Up rose the ocean of clangor louder and more deaf-

ening, until I thought it would never lessen ; but high tide came at last, and the waves began to recede. The corps of bell ringers, after splitting open the ears of Moscow by their unmerciful onslaught, slackened their endeavors considerably and took life more easily. But while its fury lasted the sensation was indescribable : the rocking of the tower, the deafening din all around, and then the knowledge that escape was impossible save through the sounds below, gave me a sensation strong enough for a lifetime. So choice a place as the upper tier was not allowed to go unnoticed by the calculating native, so I was greatly reassured by having plenty of company, such as it was. But my Russian friends enjoyed it immensely, and shook their long hair in their transports of pleasure. They laughed, and pointed down at the crowds below, who in return pointed at us and envied our superb fortune.

For the true lover of chaos a place high in the tower on an occasion like this was to be desired beyond all other earthly things, for the uproar of so many huge bells makes the atmosphere thicker than smoke. If the monstrous bells had not been firmly set in their places, the historic Ivan tower might have sunk into the bowels of the earth ; but the tongues alone are moved, which lets the structure off with only a shaking. The bell-ringer is an important factor in Russian society, for he apparently holds church and state at his rope's end. His duties require an activity quite out of keeping with his natural inclinations, and a proneness to laziness would be fraught with peril. I believe an indolent bell-man would stand less chance of pardon than a sinning priest, inasmuch as the people regard bells as the sacred medium of communication between the finite and the infinite. Within this bell-ridden tower two silver bells are hung, but their sweet voices are ruthlessly stifled in the wild tumult, as the notes of a nightingale amidst the roar of lions.

Bells weighing thirty tons are common sights, attracting but passing notice ; but near by, in the upper story of the adjoining monastery, hang 150,000 pounds of metal, whose great tongue is only loosed by the united exertions of several men. I gathered courage after a time, and, descending into the maelstrom, watched the men at their work. To the end of the tongue a long rope is tied, and the ringers taking hold of it "walk away," as the seamen do when hoisting sail, lifting the tongue to one side ; then at a signal they let go, and clang goes the tongue against the opposite side of the bell. The concussion is stunning, and I observed that the muscular musicians protected their ears with wads of cotton. However, a lifetime spent in this Babel must accustom them to all mundane commotions and banish all the inconveniences of sensitiveness. No sooner had the tongue done its work than they again went through the operation, giving high heaven another most resounding whack, which must have sent its echoes beyond the stars.

The grand consummation of bell-making may be seen and studied in its resting-place at the base of the Ivan belfry, and one need have no fears of its sudden outbreak, for it is as silent as the Sphinx and almost as famous. This monster bell could call a world to prayer, but its sacred mission has long since been performed, and it is now a distinguished state pensioner. Nicholas, that devoted patron of massive art, found it in the last stages of oblivion, half buried in the earth near the spot where it now is, and his quick eye speedily saw what a fine chance lay before him for surprising his people and enlarging his reputation ; so he called to his aid the French architect of St. Isaac's, who devised a granite pedestal, upon which the great bell was firmly set. There for all coming time it will be, an everlasting memorial of His Imperial Majesty, with which to excite the curiosity and wonder of his people. The very simple and very

devout look upon it as something of divine origin, and worship it accordingly; but the less wise men from the West regard it with far different sentiments, and treat it to a cool calculation by measuring its proportions, or by taking a journey around its generous circumference. This is eighty feet, and its height twenty, thus making the Kolocal the largest casting in the world. A large piece has been broken from its side, as if by design, so that its great interior and its thickness might be given to the public, and through this aperture a man may easily walk without hitting his hat; but this experiment is seldom performed by true Russians, as their conceptions of the interior are too sacred to permit them to go in covered. Although the bell is so overgrown, and in one sense ridiculous, because of its uselessness, it has a graceful contour and a symmetry decidedly remarkable. On its top reposes a massive crown such as the king of the Gigantes might have worn, and above it the Greek cross, while around its curving sides, with the precision of a country photograph gallery, are bas-reliefs of saints gazing stupidly into space, as if inspiration were to be found there;—but this is the orthodox way of delineating the faces of the early fathers, and soon ceases to be comical. This bell is the Mecca where pilgrims have worshipped for many generations, and yet I did not learn when it ever possessed a voice: its history has literally faded out and left only surmises. Even its weight is not told with any certainty; so there is nothing to prevent any countryman of mine from exercising that prerogative common to us all, of guessing to his heart's content. I was impressed with its size by observing that it was not dwarfed or made unnoticeable because of its position at the very base of a tower so massive and lofty as that of John the Terrible; on the contrary, I do not recall that my mind indulged in any comparisons of the two sights. Each is so

entirely great in its way that there can be no opportunity for such mental exercises.

Within the Kremlin churches are so numerous that but little space is left for secular architecture. The churches are its features, and so distinctively Byzantine are they that they do not weary, but, rather, blind one with their glitter and sparkle.

One day I happened near the open door of the Cathedral of St. Michael, one of the saintliest of the school, and walked in, bent on adding another sanctuary to my list. The servants were sweeping and putting things to rights, and, enveloped in their clouds of unblest dust, took no notice of my advent, thus giving me a rare opportunity to explore the interior at my leisure. The officiousness of these poor janitors is terrible. They mean well, but their taste may be utterly at variance with your own; and as conversation with them is out of the question, their attendance becomes irksome. They lay hold of a bone or a piece of cloth and smother it with genuine kisses, rattling off their prayers, or trying to tell what it is, while you in the meantime prefer sights more tangible and less apocryphal.

So I left my good friends to enjoy their gossip and dust, and wandered about wrapt in wonder at the sights spread out on every side. Gems and gold, velvet tapestries sagging beneath their heavy embroidery, shields with strange motives, trophies wrested from the infidel, ornaments fit for generations of Romanoffs, icons imprisoned in gold, and other rich offerings, were crammed into corners or tucked into convenient spaces, so that the church might be a splendid memorial to the holy man whose name it bears. But my excursion among the tombs could not long continue unobserved, and I finally fell into the hands of a genuine believer, who approached with great respect and regaled me with a long but vivacious speech in the idiom of the empire. I

followed him in imagination, and pictured to myself the good Michael, his life and death and subsequent translation, and many other incidents connected with the saint; and, to my surprise, the man, who had evidently been a mind-reader, led me to a silver sarcophagus resting on the pavement, and repeated a long story in which there was an occasional phonetic suggestion of Michael. So then I stood at the tomb of a leading saint. At this late day very little remains of the famous archangel, but it frequently happens that the less there is of a man the better we like him. My guide set about proving this by resting his broom against a burnished column, and, letting his head and shoulders into the reliquary, actually went through a series of osculatory salutes. The gloom hanging over the scene, combined with the unexpectedness of the performance, appalled me, and I feared my man was lost, but he came out in good shape and motioned me to do likewise. I did peer in, but a grave in eldest chaos could not have been blacker or more forbidding.

This cathedral seems to have been a favorite burial-place so far as monarchs are concerned, and within its gloomy confines repose the bodies of many dynasties. As it is no longer used for sepulture, the church has become a mortuary museum, where the morbidly inclined may feast on the emblems of death without getting contaminated. Each dweller in this imperial necropolis has a silver-bound sarcophagus to himself with some appropriate inscription on the lid, but they are so like each other that only the student or the mortomaniac cares to linger over them.

Demetrius, the son of John the Terrible, suddenly disappeared, causing the empire to seethe with excitement. Search was made and inquiries set on foot, but the lost was not found. Then that direful consequence which generally follows a flaw in imperial genealogy burst upon Muscovy—a bitter and fear-

ful war, in which everybody took one side or the other : son was arrayed against father, and families knew neither ties of blood nor love. But in the midst of this terrible strife a kind deus evolved from his machine one of those rare miracles—the lost was found, and the revolution ceased. The errant Demetrius, the real heir, was brought back dead, and deposited in this cathedral. It may be that the inhabitants of Moscow, having the image and ferocity of Ivan, the father, vividly before their eyes, were exceedingly rejoiced to find his son in such a harmless state, and so took to worshipping his bones as those of some leading disciple. At any rate there is a hole in his casket through which the faithful press their lips and imprint kisses on the dry and blackened forehead—a diversion which was practically illustrated by my guide, who again rested his broom against a pictured column, and immersed himself in the encoffined darkness.

In the matter of festivals the Russian church is remarkably generous, sprinkling these holidays so plentifully over the year as to afford the meanest subject a chance to disport and contemplate, to mix vodki and veneration in unequal parts, to make love and utter prayers, to dance and kneel, or to follow the bent of his inclination wheresoever it leads. For a people seething in the torments of the politically damned, the efficacy of counteracting their discontent by shows and ceremonies may be questioned ; but those having the matter in hand do not yet see any reason for abating the practice, and superb pageantries continue to impress the popular mind.

On coming out of my hotel one morning I found the street swarming with pedestrians gayly dressed ; that is to say, the women had become radiant with colors, and noticeable with chains and head ornaments, while the men, still uncouth, had taken little more pains to arrange their stove-

pipe hats and to comb out their abundant tresses. The windows and doorways were clad in a uniform becoming the occasion, and the restless air of the throng indicated quite a show. At last the procession came in view at the end of the broad street—a rambling army of human beings, shapeless and unwieldy; but on they moved, with banners, and glistening crosses, and icons in massive frames. The grand notes of a chant rose above the rustling of feet and the excited conversation of eager spectators, and as the steady tread and solemn voices drew nearer, the crowds lining the sidewalks stood with heads uncovered and bowed upon their breasts, while lips moved in earnest supplication and the mystic signs were made, thus converting the great boulevard into an open-air sanctuary. If the saint himself had been among the ranks, deeper homage could not have been paid. The clergy and the choirs were but a small part of the spectacle, for the long line was swelled by the faithful of both sexes, whose irregular scuffling and wavering columns proved that they were never drilled for public parade, but had joined the procession as a part of their devotions. The collection of banners was brilliant, many being so heavy with trappings that they swayed from side to side with the suggestiveness of a St. Patrick's parade late in the afternoon; but the day was warm and the load burdensome. The golden crucifixes and ecclesiastical insignia waving over the heads of the people created unbounded enthusiasm, but the precious painting in its engemmed case capped the climax of devotion, setting the people to bowing and crossing, and all around I listened to the loud murmur of prayer. Even my courier joined in bending himself double and performing his little ceremonies, with a seeming honesty that came near taking away my breath. Truly the versatility of the *genus courier* is marvellous. The procession rested at frequent intervals, and a relay of fresh arms

seized the drooping banners ; then on it wound, accompanied by the emotional crowds. The most elaborate feature was a gorgeous and spacious canopy carried along by a score of men in uniform, while on guard around it were priests and deacons bearing in their hands the sacred vessels which they occasionally raised above their heads with true theatrical effect. Clouds of smoke hung about the canopy, and the lights sent up their trembling layers of heat to mingle with the hot sunshine. I did not learn the significance of this vacant throne, but its rich tapestries and singing attendants moved my curiosity to almost a Slavonic height.

Closely following came the venerable Metropolitan of Moscow, the great living dignitary of the church, weighed down alike by years and impedimenta of rank ; for the arch-prelate was heavily uniformed with canonicals, and crowned with a most oppressive mitre heavy enough for a strapping dragoon, while the thermometer was in the eighties. This load made the old gentleman stagger ; and everybody breathed a sigh of relief, when, at the suggestion of some thoughtful friend, the oppressive cloaks and head-gear were taken off. A purple skull-cap did not exactly correspond to the rest of his dress, but looks had to give way to the requirements of comfort. The change had the effect of brightening up the old man, and his sweet countenance beamed with joy as he trudged along scattering his blessings as he went. The crowd pressed forward in its eagerness to touch the hem of his garments, but there was no violence. Every movement was respectful and quiet. Amid clouds of dust and smoke the procession moved on up the street, and finally disappeared from view, leaving, however, upon my mind a deep appreciation of Muscovite religious devotion. Of course the remainder of the day was devoted to such amusements as the purse and the sense of propriety of the observants might suggest, but that they were within the

bounds of law and good order may be believed, and when night came the streets resumed their wonted appearance, and the weary crowds went to bed murmuring thanks for their holiday.

The Kremlin, with all its sanctity, is not unmindful of worldly things, for no sooner has the Nicholas gate been passed than one beholds a motley collection of cannon fringing the sidewalk. The cannon are relics of the past, and are arranged along the esplanade in front of the arsenal for much the same reason a wooden Indian and his tomahawk are placed before tobacco shops. They serve the useful purpose of bringing back to mind the old style of warfare, and of calling attention to their surroundings. The broad pavement is covered with cannon, large and small, plain and ornamental, some lying flat, others mounted on carriages, but all sadly antiquated and useless. These silent exclamation-points of civilization teach us history by the chapter, and the Russians feel very proud of their lessons. They are legacies left by the army of Napoleon, and the legatees accepted the trust in thorough earnestness, even kindly permitting the imperial N to remain just as the vain emperor liked to see it. Many of the guns bear appropriate inscriptions, such as *La Tempête*, or some highly suggestive title or motto, so that the gentle Muscovite may be impressed with their historical career. In the centre of this collection looms up the monster cannon cast some time in the 16th century, with its terrible mouth gaping to receive powder and ball. Its huge barrel, not unlike a locomotive boiler in size, is curiously decorated with figures of ancient warriors: maybe the siege of Troy is depicted: at all events its swelling sides seem alive with legions of Greeks and Trojans. It is possible that this monster never lifted its angry voice amid the din of battle, or did aught to turn the tide of victory; but in spite of all this, the aged gun is in

its way a shrine where the patriotic love to gather and indulge in reflections.

Across the broad pavement stands the Senate House—a stately structure, but one whose uses are not quite clear to the student of constitutional liberty. I endeavored to gain admission, but was refused that privilege, so I concluded the senate might be sitting in executive session for the confirmation of a batch of steppe post-masters.

Hard by the Assumption cathedral, and almost a part of it, rises the uneven mass of buildings known as The Palace, which together form the most interesting feature of the Kremlin. The ancient part, or, rather, the original palace, is a splendid illustration of that architectural embellishment so popular with Ivan the Terrible and his immediate successors. Its angles and irregular stories must have been a source of infinite pleasure to the bloodthirsty czar, for he made his home there, and there he ended his miserable career. The famous red staircase leading from the court-yard to the hall above is at the side of the palace, and, from its prominent position, is certain to attract attention. Like the surroundings, the staircase is wanting in symmetry and ease, but each stage is built on its own plan, and affords an interesting sight. In order to give the gout-stricken monarchs as little pain and weariness as possible, there are several landings large enough to contain quite a small retinue of courtiers, and over each landing rises a tower, a cupola, or minarets, as odd in design as the wildest imagination could devise. These landings have been the theatre where the deepest tragedies have been enacted, where rivals have butchered each other, and where dynasties have risen and fallen. Priests have exhorted the populace from these steps, and here Peter the Great, clad in his imperial robes, was proclaimed czar of all the Russias. To-day the historic staircase is disused, the empire has become greater,

and its ear is no longer turned toward the venerable balustrades.

The old palace is an uninteresting structure viewed from the outside, but within its walls are those quaint decorations and architectural flourishes so inseparable from the age of Ivan. The royal designer must have been inspired to produce on the banks of the Moscow a counterpart of those Indian abodes sacred to the memory of Scheherezade and Schahriar, for these imperial apartments are more like fantastic dreams than sober, wide-awake studies. But Ivan had an insatiable appetite for startling effects, and this grotto-like retreat must have been one of his most satisfactory studies. The interior should be used with a plural application, as it is subdivided into small rooms, reminding one of the caves of fable, whose walls were of richest tapestry and whose floors were of rarest mosaics. In many, the ceiling had the appearance of beaten gold, and under the charm of the bright sunshine it sparkled and scintillated as if alive. The passages leading through the palace were as winding as the paths of a maze; but dark corners were strategic points in those turbulent times, when the Rurik dynasty was approaching its eleventh hour, and these localities were often made the scene of that peculiar warfare which we are accustomed to associate with the red man. After all, these twists and turns give a character to the edifice. They are interesting because they tell the story of generations of tyrants, and they also mark the boundaries between old and new Russia. We live in an age of right angles and parallelograms, and tortuous architecture affords us a temporary relief. There is an Oriental fascination in these cup-like ceilings with their rich linings, which reminded me of the handiwork of southern Spain, where an earlier and more sensuous architecture delights the traveller.

Adjoining these vagaries of the past is the beautiful new

palace, whose dignified form rises above the surrounding minarets and domes as if spurning their acquaintance. This is the most modern building within the Kremlin, and it certainly is the most imposing. From its balconies toward the river one gets a splendid view of the town and the outlying suburbs, while nearer at hand the soft river, the colored steeples, and the uneven walls present a dazzling spectacle, especially at sunset.

Peter the Great and Nicholas were the disciples of magnification in everything they undertook;—they built so as to make their neighbors wonder; and when they died, the result of their labors was such as to deter their successors from trying to imitate them. Peter did not pay much attention to Moscow—he gave his life to building the capital on the Neva—but Nicholas lived in an era more favorable to schemes of architectural aggrandizement. He did not confine his ambition to St. Petersburg: he extended it to this Muscovite centre, where several of his great memorials are still to be seen. This palace stands on the site of the one burned during the conflagration in 1812, and partakes of a national character, as it is really a monument to commemorate the stirring events of the French invasion. The ambitious monarch was not selfish in his extravagance, for in the great halls of his palace are marble tablets enumerating the brave deeds of his generals. I visited this palace more than once, and each time the unwonted splendor grew upon me, for there I saw riches displayed with a taste and moderation that the churchmen of the empire might emulate. The stately apartments are not robbed of their dignity by being bespangled with that theatrical frippery which is everywhere so prevalent.

The hall of Saint George, with exquisite ceilings and satin-covered walls, contains a score of huge marble columns, upon the sides of which are inscribed in golden let-

ters the name of every knight belonging to the aristocratic order. This is a military honor highly prized by its possessor, and eagerly sought after, but it is only conferred after most meritorious services in time of war. No wonder that an officer will strive after the enamelled cross, which carries with it the right to have his name and a brief biography cut deep in the veinless pillars of the imperial palace, where it will be preserved to coming generations. It is a glittering prize to offer for military valor.

Sumptuous as this martial hall is, the adjoining one, clothed in delicate blue and dedicated to the Order of Saint Andrew, far surpasses it both in furniture and adornment. Peter was the founder of this order, and it is conferred only on imperial princes and the very highest dignitaries of the state, but, like the Order of the Garter, it is elastic enough to include the sovereigns of other countries. Here may be seen the imperial throne, which furnishes a study in the art of mingling riches with upholstery such as I had never seen. The throne is seldom occupied, and age alone is wearing its exquisite trappings. Perhaps the world, and certainly the modern world, never presented a more magnificent spectacle than this lofty hall with its splendid appointments during coronation week. No place could be better adapted to show off the pomp and splendor of imperial society than the grand halls of this palace. The architects drew on a liberal plan, so very liberal that a military review might be held there. The banqueting-hall is made as beautiful as human ingenuity could devise, and is imposing enough to deaden one's appetite, or take it away all together. To really enjoy a dinner amid surroundings so unique and dazzling seems impossible. The floor is polished like plate-glass, and serves nicely as a mirror—an advantage, surely, if guests desire to complete their toilets while at the table. This high perfection which polishing attains in

Russia is done by the moujics or lower servants, who encase their feet in chamois-skin shoes, and then dance for hours. They sing and dance in the happy anticipation of an extra allowance of hot vodki, and the nearer the reward the more madly they whirl round. There are rooms where this shining process is so admirably done as to give the floor the appearance of glass, and strangers are often deceived, especially when the walls are covered with those elegant mirrors which extend from the frieze to the floor, with wonderful reflection. I have often observed the exact image of some great vase, showing itself on the polished wood with as much distinctness as in the mocking mirrors.

In the days of the ancient czars court society was constituted on a somewhat different plan than at present: there must have been more or less Oriental influence pervading the atmosphere of the Kremlin, for adjoining this superb palace, and forming a part of it, are the quaint apartments known as the Tarem, and once occupied by the czarina and her daughters. The staircase leading up to the place is in keeping with the strange sight which is seen on entering. In closest companionship are the dining-halls, chapels, bedrooms, and other chambers connected with this female prison-house, all low and uninviting, but most elaborately decorated and embellished according to the taste then in vogue. This was the sacred spot where the gaze of the stranger never fell: not even the court physician was permitted to go his rounds till the shutters had been securely closed and the friendly light excluded. If he chanced to make a fatal diagnosis in the darkness, he probably was tried for treason and summarily beheaded. The Tarem is rather curiously constructed, in four stories, each smaller than the one beneath it, so as to give a wide space on the roofs for promenading and exercise.

Napoleon, it is said, took great delight in frequenting

these deserted halls, passing hours in walking around the lofty terraces surrounding them. It was here that he saw his star blazing in the zenith, and he began forming plans for establishing Europe on a secure foundation of peace and equity. With Russia humbled, and his other enemies down-hearted, the emperor congratulated himself on the glorious consummation of his marvellous career. There was to be a new order of things, and he was to be the mediator between the old and the new; he would establish everywhere a European code, an international court of appeals with full powers to redress all wrongs; in short, he would have a uniform system of money, of weights, of laws. But in an instant the calm lustre of the September heavens was banished, and there followed that tempest of flame which licked up the star overhead and sent the dreamer into exile. Even on that lonely island the mind of Napoleon would often go back to Moscow, for the rude Cossack capital, with its glowing architecture and its lavishment of wealth, exercised an unceasing fascination over him, and to his dying day the spell haunted his imagination.

History furnishes no more impressive picture than that of Napoleon standing alone on the palace terrace and watching the golden minarets melt into flame. So deeply were the sensations fixed in his mind, that years afterwards he said that with all the powers of poetry the burning of Troy did not equal the destruction of Moscow. It was literally an ocean of fire. With the exception of Paris, there is no city so closely connected with Napoleon as this glittering capital of the steppes. And even to-day the citizens take pride in showing the relics left behind by the imperial legions in their retreat.

In one of the wings of the palace is that famous depository of the pomp and circumstance of Russia's growth, known as the Treasury. The word Treasury is not used in

the signification we are accustomed to : it does not mean the mint, or the place where the financial transactions of the government are carried on. It is rather a national museum, like the Tower of London, where one may read the great volume of imperial history as related by the curiosities and gems of former generations. One may pass more profitable hours in this vast treasure-house than in all the rest of the Kremlin together, and repeated visits are incapable of exhausting its interest. Every epoch of the country's history is made exceedingly interesting by the display of weapons, dresses, and utensils common to it ; and in this way one obtains a most picturesque and correct idea of the rapid advancement of this remarkable people.

In a material point of view, Russia has most curiously, though perhaps unintentionally, imitated the enterprise of the United States, and, untrammelled by conservatism, she has hesitated at nothing which promised good returns. At the time of the Crimean war, Russia had only a few hundred miles of railroad ; to-day there is a network over the empire, even extending into Asia, of upwards of 20,000 miles, and the work is still going on. And so, in this museum, the great divisions between one age and another are plainly marked.

The reign of Ivan the Terrible is set forth by rude and barbarous implements of war, cross-bows and spears, while that of Peter, though quite as martial, is less savage in form, and constantly broken by articles of peaceful meaning. But the greatest study should be given to the cases containing the crowns of conquered tribes and kingdoms, for they furnish the most touching chapters of the empire's history. These gleaming emblems of sovereignty are like so many monuments to buried grandeur and power : their wearers are dead, and the subjects over which they ruled are either scattered far and wide, or humbled beneath the

strong arm of the victor; and the crowns, with their clusters and studs, alone remain to tell their stirring history.

The entrance to the Treasury is through the Armory—a vast hall whose walls are of steel, and whose passages lie through lanes of iron and brass. Here are stands of arms and armor, conical helmets once the property of the chief of the Tartars, suits of mail, daggers, scimetars, clumsy match-locks, shields, long swords whose hilts must have been held in giant hands, cannon and shot, fortress keys and draw-bridge chains, and an innumerable display of death-dealing curiosities.

Unless one has sufficient time to spend in this Russian tower, a guide-book and a *valet de place* make a good combination, for, between the pages of the one and the oratory of the other, each object seems illumined with a special history of its own. A number is attached to each article, so the book can generally be consulted with advantage. The most interesting exhibition in the building is that of the jewels and crowns, each in a glass case, admirably adapted for viewing, and watched over by highly important functionaries in green velvet coats, embroidered waistcoats, and becoming knee-breeches. While these finely arrayed gentlemen have no chronological connection with the jewels, they are useful for purposes of comparison. Encase them in mail, crown them with iron, put huge bows in their modern hands, and set them in the market-place in front of St. Basil's, and there would be commotion among the people. As they speak only the vernacular, they are valuable only to the native as he strolls about the premises, but they serve also to give a tone to the ancient richness. This is the best school for the lapidary in all Europe, for the art of stone-cutting is set forth in all its primitiveness. There are stones which appear to be smeared with dirt, thus screening their lustre, and there are others which have

been placed in their setting while in a rough state ; but these imperfections correspond nicely with the workmanship displayed on the crowns. A lusty blacksmith must have been the court jeweller in the times of Oleg and Jengis Khan. Leather as well as metal was used in crown-making, and among others is an ugly looking helmet, heavy enough to drive a royal head out of sight between the shoulders. But in the old reigns, size rather than quality was cultivated ; so this ponderous head-gear must be accepted as a faithful chapter.

The chamber allotted to the display of these gems is not large, but the arrangement is admirable, for each crown is placed on a stand, so that the curious may inspect it from all sides. The visitors are requested to go round in order, that is, beginning at the rusty old crown near the entrance : but this military idea is not entirely practicable if one cares to read history in sequence. The crowns of Kazan, of Georgia, of Tartary, of Turkey, of the Monguls, and of other peoples, are placed regardless of the requirements of time. But, after all, this matters little, for the labels tell one the story. The æsthetic tastes of the old Russians does not appear to have been highly cultivated, and falls far below that of the more Eastern tribes, for the artistic skill bestowed on the crowns taken from the invaders is very noticeable. The workmanship is often dainty and ingenious, although that insatiable love of over-ornamentation crops out constantly, and surpasses the boundary line of the wonderful. In one crown there are said to be a thousand diamonds, and as many rubies and other gems, and even this extraordinary display does not startle any one accustomed to the sights of the Treasury.

The royal robes are heavy with gems, and must have required a strong back to carry them ; in fact, the courtiers of Alexis were clothed in such stiff gowns that they could

not bend the knee to their imperial master. Articles worn or used by Peter the Great are most numerous, forming in themselves a large collection of rich and interesting curiosities. I had supposed the souvenirs in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg included all the personal effects of the great czar, but here I found another assortment quite as worthy of inspection. Peter rejoiced in a gorgeous wardrobe, and in countless swords and sceptres, which, like the crowns, are resplendent with precious stones. The double throne used at the coronation of Peter and his brother is regarded as a shrine by the faithful, and receives homage accordingly. Behind its draperies the ambitious Sophia concealed herself, and pulled the wires, as it were. The great monarch's favorite crown is precisely what one would expect of Peter—heavy, unwieldy, a warlike casque illumined with emeralds and pearls; but he possessed others, five or six, and all of them embellished in the same riotous way.

Catherine, the imperial spouse, was compelled to bear the weight of 700 crown jewels on her poor head, and in spite of this bedizenment she did not escape the saucy comments of her royal sister at the court of Berlin, who wrote that "The czarina is short and lusty and remarkably coarse, so that at the first sight you would take her for a German actress. Her clothes look as if bought at a doll shop, everything is so old-fashioned and so bedecked with silver tinsel. She was decorated with a dozen orders, and portraits of saints, and relics, which occasioned such a clatter when she walked you would suppose an ass with bells was approaching." If Wilhelmina told the truth, the czarina was as grotesque in her appearance as the Church of Saint Basil. If she set the fashion in dress to the ladies of her court, a royal levee furnished a spectacle frightful to the gods.

Thrones brought from beyond the steppes invite a sym-

pathy. There is one from poor Poland, another from the Crimea, one from Persia which shines with diamonds, still another in ivory; then battle flags droop lazily from the walls, and furnish a commentary on the fortunes of war. Another room contains the gifts that have passed from foreign sovereigns to the czars,—vases, paintings, jewels, services of gold, embroideries, medals, and orders. The Stuart family were thoughtful, and sent their glittering tokens to the rulers of Russia. The collection of state carriages is neither large nor elegant, not so good as Versailles, or Madrid; still, association lends a value to the massive chariots and golden coaches. Here, also, is one of the most striking objects in the entire Treasury—the simple iron camp-bed of Napoleon. Visiting Gauls may contemplate this, and also many other suggestive things dangling from the pillars, or reposing in the cases, or on the floor; so may the Swedes regale themselves with many a reminder of former humiliation; but alone, of all others, the Pole can find no pleasure in these burnished halls.

Pennants emblazoned with the golden crescent tell the story of that imperial ambition which has burned so fiercely for centuries, which burns now, and which some day will burst forth in inextinguishable fury and plant the white cross on the ramparts of the Golden Horn. The Orient has beautified and enriched this national museum beyond all other nations: it has furnished the inspiration to the Russian to go forth and conquer; it has taught the lessons of war at an awful price; but here in this splendid temple its results startle the world by their magnificence and completeness.

CHAPTER XVI.

MOSCOW AND WARSAW.

THE Ascension Convent is touchingly plain when one comes to it directly from the lustrous chambers of the Royal Palace, but its very plainness is refreshing and restful to eyes wearied by so much splendor. Founded long ago by Eudoxia, one of the saintliest of women, it has now become one of the famous convents of Russia. Apart from its religious interest, it commands respect as being the burial-place of so many illustrious women: czarinas and princesses lie entombed in becoming majesty, and are watched over by nuns whose presence dispels the air of the grave, and puts in its place some of the amenities of life. Like the Fortress church at St. Petersburg, this imperial mausoleum is made attractive; for within its walls are happiness and charity in living form, and, what is more distinctively national, actual trading. Yes, the nuns were as eager to turn their handiwork to profit as their less pious sisters in the Katai Gorod outside, and offered for sale many beautiful articles of their skill. The nuns were not wanting in that personal attraction, both in face and dress, which invites strangers to invest their roubles without regret; and it is safe to say that the holy sisters beneath the cupolas of Eudoxia, if unaware of their sweet fascinations, are conscious of some worldly accomplishments.

With this charming picture of Russian life bright in my memory, I walked down the rough esplanade, and beneath that shapely Redeemer's Gate out into the noisy world. That part of the population gathered in the square seemed

to be talking at once, and I learned it was market or auction day, when wares of various kinds are offered for sale. If the seller and buyer had been at swords' points, their menaces and gestures could not have been fiercer; but I observed that it was only a part of the transaction,—the spice of it, in all probability,—and I was at once made easy in my mind. These busy men of Moscow were clad in coarse garments,—even sheepskin played its part,—and their general appearance proclaimed them to be genuine natives; but with all their Russian blood and costumes they were not strange or outlandish enough to be associated with that remarkable church standing at the end of the square.

That hobgoblin edifice is stranger than any sort or condition of man, and is as solitary in its conceit as Lucifer. All the wide world does not know its prototype: not all the generations of Eastern builders have improved it with a suggestion. It is certainly the most original sight in Europe. Beauty it has none, and its fascinations are the fascinations of the serpent's folds; and yet the more you behold it the more abject slave you become to its weird and startling architecture. Built in the middle of the 16th century by the terrible Ivan, it remains to this day the most characteristic monument in the world, and will doubtless so remain till the end of time. The fact that succeeding ages have never attempted to copy its prominent features speaks well for its exceeding originality. It has been called a nightmare;—it is worse: it is the delirium tremens of human invention, for its spires and domes are bent and twisted as if in agony, and its face is distorted and frightful. Around one central spire are eight domes with bulb-like tops, and painted in every conceivable color from violet to red. These are set on a platform reached from the street by rows of steps. So unique is everything connected with St. Basil's, that uniformity in even the smallest designs is purposely avoided:

ribs, flutes, belts, sharp projections, spirals, glazed and irregular surfaces, each painted a different color, are crowded upon one another in wildest confusion,—and this is the kind of decoration that adorns the domes and walls of this barbarous temple. How it was possible to avoid duplication in all this arrangement is as surprising as the work itself, but the closest examination does not discover any nodding on the part of the German builders. As Ivan used to sit in a chair and watch the work go on, there was but small chance for oversight, inasmuch as the beheading-stone was always in plain view from the church; and no emperor ever loved to chop off heads better than the old tyrant whose caprices created this caricature. The interior of the church is in keeping with its outside extravagances, being full of passages, cells, little chapels, arcades, some low, others lofty, some plain, others gorgeous in mosaics and in ceilings of gold, and each independent of the others. Confused in its own plan, intentionally, of course, the interior makes a labyrinth whose windings and turnings might sadly bewilder brave Theseus of old. You go up and down stone steps; you come face to face with massive doors which threaten to put a stop to further investigation,—but the unkempt priest knows the secrets, and the doors swing on their hinges, and on you go through the never-ending maze. I attended service in one of the chapels, where, owing to the smallness of the apartment, the humble worshippers pressed close upon the priests and singing boys; but the fervor of the people invites almost anything in Russia, and no one seemed to mind the crowding.

One of the sights—and a more characteristic one could not be imagined—is the tomb of St. Basil. This interesting personage used to go about Moscow half clad, or not clad at all, and play the prophet, claiming to be possessed of supernal powers in the way of healing the sick and accom-

plishing wonders ; so, when he yielded up the ghost, a grateful constituency placed his body in this fantastic church, and hung over his coffin the iron chain and collar which he wore. He is known in history as the Idiot, but in spite of that his resting-place was for a long time the resort of those afflicted with incurable diseases, and many marvellous cures were reported. This church seems to have a peculiar fascination for idiots, as another distinguished member of that class lies appropriately entombed in one of the dark halls ; but after all it is refreshing to mix them in with the hierarchy of saints, as it seems to relieve the monotony. Look at them as you will, the quaint and indescribable features of St. Basil form a picture wonderful and rare, and strong enough to arrest the attention of the stranger, even though he be impatient to behold the wealth of the unvisited Kremlin. Napoleon ordered this "mosque," as he called it, to be blown up, but fortunate indeed is posterity that the incongruous dreams of Ivan's architects escaped the vengeance of the sullen Corsican.

At the other end of the Kremlin, beyond its walls, stands the sturdy memorial church erected to commemorate the retreat of the French from Moscow. Nicholas began its construction, and when I saw it the artisans were at work on the porphyry walls and on the bas-reliefs. The proportions of the church are grand, and every corner and angle conforms to the best of modern rules. A massive dome, gold-capped, seemed capable of illuminating the night with its brilliancy, and each of the four towers surrounding it would be a sufficient honor to any church in the empire. The walls are of snowy whiteness, and the numerous windows let in a flood of painted light which gives a beautiful glow to the frescos and the mosaics. High above the marble pavement of the cathedral extend galleries richly sculptured, and from their heavy balustrades

one gets a grand view of the glittering interior. The form of the church makes a perfect view possible; and when the great candelabras are ablaze, the scene must be indescribably splendid.

Down across the new stone bridge to the other side of the river the neighborhood has an air of business: the people you meet go about as if they had something to do, and the droskies rattle unceasingly over the cobbles. In the winter, when the provinces begin to bring in their products, this part of the town presents an animated picture full of the strange phases of Russian life; but in summer the streets are indistinct in skurrying clouds of Moscow dirt and dust, and Moscow dirt and dust strike like the sting of a wasp. The monstrous building with a thousand windows, the largest building in Moscow, is the foundling hospital established by the great Catherine, and is now on its second century of existence. As its rules for admitting infants are very easy, the institution has an ever increasing popularity among the maidens of the neighboring country. No compromising questions are asked, nor are the mothers subjected to any catechism. The big doors are always open, and scores of children pass and repass all the time. The method of receiving the babes is simple. There is an inquiry about baptism and the name, for the little outcasts are generally furnished with both these essential possessions; then the child is numbered, and the duplicate is given to the mother, who then takes her departure, leaving the tender offspring to the care of the state. The system works well, reflecting much credit on the government that fosters it. The wards of the hospital are a sight to behold—thousands of cribs and thousands of babies, as much alike as two drops of water, some in a state of refreshing quiescence, others in angry vociferation. They probably were thinking in Russian, but their screeching was of the most approved

cosmopolitan kind. It was easy to understand. Infantile distress has a universal language.

Moscow cannot be seen in a day: the points of interest are too widely separated and are too numerous for quick work. The besetting difficulty in seeing the sights of Moscow is the want of a good guide-book, for, owing to the language and the character type, a stranger must either put himself under the dictatorship of a *valet de place*, or take the risk of passing many important objects without notice. My stay was fortunately long enough to encourage a little independence in my movements, but after all the results were not wholly satisfactory. If one knew just enough of the vernacular to read, and to ask questions, and to half understand the answers, there could not be a more charming place than Moscow in the entire itinerary of travel. It is not alone the public buildings, but the people themselves, that would be interesting.

Some of their religious customs certainly deserve the name of originality, as, for instance, the peregrinations of the Iberian Mother. This is to Moscow what the Santissimo Bambino is to Rome, and no undertaking, either great or small, is ventured upon till the Iberian virgin has been consulted. She goes to house-warmings, weddings, feasts, funerals, coronations, and elsewhere, and is in as much demand as one of our state governors during cattle fair time. She is furnished with a splendid turnout—a coach and six horses—and a picturesque driver, who whirls her saintship through the thoroughfares of Moscow like lightning, and all heads are uncovered as the equipage passes by. I once met this sight, but did not understand its significance; I supposed it was the Metropolitan, or some imperial dignitary, whose coming was the signal for adoration. The Iberian Mother, which is nothing but a picture representing the Virgin and the child, is the most sacred

object in Russia; and although the Russians are preëminently a kneeling and bowing race, their religious gymnastics when in the presence of this icon exceed anything I ever guessed at. They seem to be transported with ecstasy, and actually totter on the boundary line of insanity.

The chapel where the icon receives all this homage is hardly adequate to the importance of its tenant, being small, and, as I thought, dark and uncleanly. But the faithful do not mind the absence of lapis lazuli or malachite; it is the engemmed painting that binds their reverence, and before its shining frame they kneel and pray and supplicate and kiss. The chapel is never closed, and probably never deserted; even the Emperor goes there, and, side by side with the ragged beggar, performs his devotions. I took a good look at this famous icon, and a homelier face was never put on canvas. Dark, swarthy, and ugly, more like a Sioux squaw than the blessed mother of the Saviour, is this sacred lady from Mount Athos. Years ago some ruthless savage thrust his spear into the cheek of the mother, and there instantly gushed forth real blood, which is still said to liquefy at stated periods. It is well to believe this story in order to understand the affectionate regard for the icon.

Besides its thousand churches, the great city of half a million souls contains institutions of a more secular nature, namely, huge cafés, twenty-fold larger than any of those along the boulevards in Paris, and a thousand-fold noisier. Except in southern Spain I never beheld eating- and drinking-places on such a grand scale. Everything is neat; even the waiters, who are dressed in the showy Muscovite costume of red shirt and high boots, go about with an air of cleanly importance, fetching you the samovar of tea and the dish of caviar, or offering you the latest journal. This brings to my mind the fact that the latest journal is generally very late, and even then, if it be a foreign publica-

tion, the chances are that its columns may be blackened or mutilated by the public censor. If the quarantine against contagious epidemics were as strict as the censorship over newspapers, Russia might be spared much misery. There is an invariable custom in these cafés of removing one's hat on entering, and of paying a slight tribute to the icon posted in the corner. Moscow, even in its cups, does not forget to be religious. In many of these tea-houses or caravan-series are great self-regulated organs which pour forth an endless stream of melody throughout the evening, mixing in the national airs with tripping little snatches from the operas on the Seine, and affording an entertainment to the motley assemblage around the tables.

Outside the city are some beautiful pleasure-grounds, where landscape gardening and art have been made to do their utmost in laying out terraces and flower-beds, and in constructing booths and grottos. Crowds gather here on the mild summer evenings, and mirth is let loose in every direction. Military bands furnish music, and a well directed orchestra invites the revellers to dance. Of course soldiers were as thick as the crows of the steppes, but they seemed to enter into the dissipations of the town without reluctance, and contributed their hard-earned pittance to the support of the pleasures. Officers reclined on the benches smoking cigarettes, or loitered about the walks in search of mischief. Everybody minded his own business and took good care that he got his money's worth. In one part of the gardens there is a small theatre where comedies are put on the stage, but from the little I saw it required a superhuman intuition on my part to understand a word. The audience laughed heartily, but I did not see the point even when translated by the *valet de place*. It was too indigenous to be plain. Of course the opera is another matter, and the free use of native idioms does not impair

the jingle of the music. But Moscow is far behind St. Petersburg in things musical, although it sustains a somewhat pretentious opera-house which enjoys the usual season. A few English plays have a strong hold on the people. Sheridan is very taking; but the French drama is more to their taste, and is represented with great frequency.

On one of the hills of the town—and some travellers assert that there are seven, as in Rome—stands the governor's palace, with a rather striking façade and a royal air about its porticos. It is the residence of the governor of the district, who seems to be the czar in all matters connected therewith. He maintains a most imperial suite, and his levees are of the ideal splendor.

In this section of Moscow art and literature have their home, and the idea of despotism is banished when one sees the buildings of the Imperial University. Here every branch of learning is taught, and its library contains more than one hundred thousand volumes. As books in Russian colleges are like so much gunpowder, there is an explosion at stated periods, and a batch of young men are either sent to the mines, or, more fortunate, like Bakunin and Stepniak, succeed in bringing up in Geneva, whence they fling their firebrands across the frontier. It is said that Ivan put out the eyes of his St. Basil architect in order that he might not reproduce that structure, and it is probably on the same principle that the government tries to put out the eyes of its students after accustoming them to light.

More interesting by far was the Ethnological Museum where all the provinces, khanates, districts, and dead kingdoms of the great Russian empire are represented in wax and clothing. This unsurpassed collection gives a most comprehensive lecture upon the conglomerate nature of the various peoples and tribes that go to make up what we call Russia. It is a revelation in history, as well as a

masterpiece of skill and knowledge. The peasants and the nomads of the steppes stand out in all their distinctive originality, in form, in feature, and in costume. Some of the figures wear a rather savage aspect, and might create an uneasiness were it not for their tags and numbers, while others looked simple enough to be pitied. Visitors manifest considerable interest in the strange specimens before them. They examine this one with their eyes and that one with their hands, and sometimes burst into uproarious guffaws at the effigy of the Inuit and the uncontaminated Tartar. There is a physiognomy about these citizens which makes laughter seem proper, but it occurred to me that the merriment might be reciprocal could the beady-eyed heathens contemplate a Russian peasant clothed in sheepskins or caftan, with hair falling over his shoulders, a beard hanging to his waist, and looking very much like some wild animal.

In the matter of an ethnological exhibition the streets of Moscow are worth something, for there one meets about as motley a collection as it is possible to conceive of. The Gipsies form a large percentage of the population, and to travellers in search of choice models in flesh and tatters I unhesitatingly commend the gipsy quarter. Even in my hotel the servants were fancifully dressed in the old-fashioned Muscovite way—blouses, belts, high boots, and caps ornamented with peacocks' feathers. This last vanity is quite pretty and appears to be the proper thing, as coachmen and valets are invariably bedecked with these delicate plumes, of which they are as proud as the bird itself.

Quaint and holy Moscow must be seen from afar when the closer sight-seeing is done, and the graceful Sparrow Hills were made for this very purpose. They are not far from the Kremlin gates, two or three miles perhaps, but the road leading to them is execrable in every particular.

It is too bad that this popular and heavily travelled highway could not undergo the benefits of Macadamization, and so make it fit for Christians to journey over; but in spite of the churches and monasteries and vagrant worshippers along the wayside, the ruts and dust and back-breaking paving-stones of this thoroughfare continue to excite peaceful souls to wrath. However, the driver is always a pious man, and the prayer of the righteous availeth much, so you manage to complete the journey without serious mishap. The objects of interest are not sufficiently alluring to call a halt. The churches are plain, and so are the monasteries, neither inviting more than a passing glance, while the occasional private houses held in the close embrace of lawns and gardens did not strike me as possessing those dainty charms which we associate with suburban retreats. As a choice quarter for beautiful residences, the road to Sparrow Hills might be infinitely improved upon, for the outskirts of Moscow, as I found them, were by no means beautiful, although to the city dwellers they offer an agreeable change, and on that account attain a popularity. The dusty road is often crowded with pleasure-seekers wending their way to the wooded heights beyond;—families, embarked in their patrimonial drosky, bent on seizing the fleeting joys of the hour, smaller parties with lunch baskets hanging on their arms, solitary pilgrims whose thoughts were resting at the bottom of the tea urn—all kinds of men are overtaken on that little journey.

Surely the fame of Sparrow Hills has not been exaggerated, for the view spread out is truly superb. Not magnificent in the sense of things vast and appalling, but of a milder type of landscape, where there are verdant meadows and a graceful river running through them, where white-walled churches are dropped in here and there like stray tents on battle-fields, while beyond rises the most original

horizon in the world,—a horizon ragged and scarred with bell towers and painted spires, with peaks and burnished domes, and with roofs and chimneys of countless houses, in green, in blue, and in red. The time to watch this changing picture is near the setting of the sun, when the strong lights play their fantastic game on the chessboard of Moscow, dancing from the Kremlin to the nearest peak, flinging shadows, then rubbing them out, and accomplishing at every move a veritable game of the juggler, pleasing and puzzling, and never wearying to the watcher from the Sparrow Hills. The sun seems to love Moscow, and the feeling is cordially returned, for the quaintness of the old town demands the warmest affection in order fully to portray its sensuous Eastern origin. Such architecture as is reflected in the Moscow would be out of place on the Neva. Here, notwithstanding the rigor of winter, the sun comes back in June, and more than atones for his long absence. And so from the brow of these hills one beholds the fullest love-play between the city and the light of the blue heavens—a circumstance that did not escape the observation of the advancing French, as they looked out upon the same scene. Moscow must have undergone a transformation since then. It is much larger, and yet the same strange cupolas and minarets, with the same rich coloring, stood out against the red horizon, and between the hills and the Kremlin were those wooden houses which fed the conflagration. The essential features of the Tartar capital captivated Napoleon and his generals then, as they captivate the wandering tourist now. Ranged around the plateau are cafés, where the easily delighted picnicker may drink his fill of tea or vodka and eat his cakes, or, if he prefer, dance merrily to the monotonous music of the native quadrille. Through the fumes of a temperate indulgence, the glories of his Holy Moscow must be intensified to that degree that causes him

to behold in imagination the eternal grandeur of the New Jerusalem.

Back from the brink, but not far enough removed to lose the view, are summer-houses of the rich ; and here also is a lovely palace, once the property of Prince Orloff, but now untenanted. But nobility very wisely lets the common people enjoy the peaceful beauty of the Sparrow Hills, and does not molest them with an elegance and form which are only capable of envy. They either spend the summers on their great estates, or seek repose at the watering-places of France and Germany ; and the rude revellers of the city may make as much hilarity as they please. These resorts are good schools in which to study the national character, for every kind of type comes sooner or later, and a careful observer will be edified to his finger tips ; and if one gets tired of the constant babel of unintelligible Russian, one may take refuge in the soft evening air just outside, and watch the stars laugh at St. Basil's outlandish dress. This is the spot where the traveller ought to take his last view of Moscow. Having done the city well, let him come here and think over his experiences ; let him recall the wonders he has seen,—the temples, the screens, and the gems,—and then take one long, parting look at the holy walls, and turn away.

Distances in Russia are truly magnificent—long, tedious, and uninteresting spaces of level plains, with scarcely a city or town to break the journey, no mountains nor dashing torrents to please the eye, nothing but the same unbroken landscape all the way from Moscow to Warsaw. It is a thousand miles from the Holy City to the capital of ill-fated Poland ; but the railroad accommodations are comfortable, and the two days journey need not be wearisome.

Leaving Moscow late in the afternoon, Warsaw is reached on the second day. We stopped several hours at Smolensk, and I roamed about the ragged streets of the apparently

busy town in quest of curiosities. Perhaps the most curious thing I came across was a series of factories actually humming with machinery. Operatives were at work, and there was an unmistakable symptom of life hanging over the scene. Smolensk is built on both sides of the Dnieper, after the manner of American manufacturing towns, and seems to be trying to earn its own living, but with what success I am unable to say. Seen from a New England point of view, the struggle is a hard one. Towns in Russia, in order to be highly thought of, must lay some claim to military importance; and, judging from the strength of the fortifications and the number of soldiers, Smolensk enjoys some distinction in this direction. The government regards this city as one of great strategical importance, the bulldog on the road to Great Russia, and so long as his teeth are kept sharp the danger of attack is considerably lessened. Napoleon whipped the Russians here, and then marched on to Moscow via bloody Borodino; and from that day Smolensk has been made into a sort of citadel.

The cathedral is interesting in its way, and rejoices in the usual big cylindrical pillars covered with saintly faces, and in a splendid iconostas, on which the last resources of wealth, regardless of taste, have been lavishly bestowed. The sacred relics, if any there were, did not meet my gaze, for my time was short, and to reach the frontier was of far greater moment than all the anatomy of the hierarchy.

I did not linger in the incense, but hurried on, and was glad to get back to the station, which had now become crowded with human volcanoes, puffing furiously, and yet not unnaturally. What a mania for smoking overcomes the Russian at all times and places! He seems absolutely smoke-proof, and neither his throat nor his eyes appear to suffer from his immoderate indulgence. The Spaniards complain that it ruins the vocal organs, but I

never heard any such plaint from the Russians. They either use a better cigarette, or else the Creator intended them to be fumiferous animals.

The train crawled on at the startling gait of fifteen miles an hour, sometimes faster and sometimes slower, but always moderate enough to reassure the timorous passenger. The hours dragged heavily, for the scenery gave no opportunities for exclamations. It was the same constant succession of flat country, covered with a not too luxurious growth of pine and hemlock.

We stopped often and rested long, so there was no feeling of physical restraint. The station-houses were made of brick, and had good walks in front of them, while the eating arrangements, although not sumptuous, were quite good enough for sensible travellers. The vigilant soldier paced up and down watching the strangers as they sauntered on the platform or gulped down those patriotic potations of red-hot tea ; but nothing called for his interference, and we were suffered to depart in freedom.

Many stations are placed miles away from the town or village, and in time of the spring mud must be about as inaccessible as anything recognized by our new civilization. After being car-bound for two or three days, this extra journey in the droskies must be highly pleasing ; but the railroads must conform to strategic rather than to popular purposes. I noticed at some small wood-locked places that the station-yard was alive with these vehicles, and that the number of them was out of all proportion to the requirements of the occasion. However, a passenger a week would, I presume, suffice for a comfortable living.

On the second day I reached the confines of Poland, and a veritable transformation scene overspread the country. The unvarying monotony of Russian landscape had given way to green fields, neat farms, and a better cultivation. The

signs posted along the line were printed in the Polish language, and once more it became possible to read the letters, even though the meaning remained hidden. The people whom I met were more becomingly dressed, and actually appeared happier and better contented, than the victorious Slavs across the border: why, I do not know, unless it is an inherent characteristic which the cruel hand of oppression cannot stifle. Moreover, the surrounding country was more thickly settled, the habitations were more compact, and certain evidences of thrift showed themselves, thus making a pleasing contrast to the desolate plains and cheerless hamlets of Russia.

A little paradoxical to be sure, but when you reach Warsaw you are not there: the train ends its long journey, the baggage is tumbled out, and the excitement attendant on such occasions is not missed. But Warsaw is more than a mile distant, on the opposite bank of the Vistula. A long and handsome iron bridge spans the river, and forms in itself one of the noticeable sights of the town. At the hour I crossed, traffic was at its daily height, and the noise and seeming confusion and sickening dust would have made the heart of a Neapolitan leap for joy. They do not drive so furiously in Poland as in Moscow and St. Petersburg, and the drivers have none of that piratical aspect common to the droshkymen. They maintain a very cosmopolitan reserve, and do not affect any oddities in their dress; and yet they are every whit as dishonest as nature can make them. But this is a prerogative of the trade all over the world, and one must call philosophy to one's aid.

The streets are cruel in their persecutions, and the arrangements for watering them are either very primitive or altogether neglected. It was hot when I visited Warsaw, and the air was packed with layers of dust. I put up at the *Hotel de l'Europe*, which a Polish lady had told me was

neither good in one way nor in another, and her judgment was correct in every particular. This house was once shut up by the government because a spy had been murdered in one of its rooms, and even to this day it is regrettable that the imperial vengeance had not continued. The assassins certainly murdered better than they knew. The dining-hall had the appearance of a mess-room, so numerous were the Russian officers, who smoked and guzzled and made sport of their neighbors in all sorts of ways, mimicking and ogling them without cessation, and laughing frantically at their efforts. The soldiery stationed in Warsaw feel the importance of their position as well as the superiority of their birth-right, and every grade, from general to private, lives up to that feeling. Wherever I went the true Cossack could be found, either patrolling, or lounging about with one sober eye on his neighbors. If there ever was a city completely under martial law in time of profound peace it is Warsaw, and notwithstanding order reigns, the imposing array of military go through their daily manœuvres. If the Russians do their best to Russianize Warsaw, the inhabitants strenuously resist it by keeping up their national characteristics. The decree went out to banish the beautiful Polish language, and yet the tongue of Sobieski is still spoken at the cradle and the grave. In religious affairs the Russian government has been singularly tolerant, and the Romish church flourishes as strongly in Poland as in Spain; for the policy is to allow any kind of worship, provided it does not interfere with the political welfare of the land. A good many nations might read a few chapters on Russian tolerance, and profit by them. Shrines like those one sees in Italy are met with at the corners of the streets, and one large figure of the Virgin Mary, surrounded by ever-burning lamps, emphasized the Russian freedom of worship. On churches are golden crosses,—not like those of Moscow, with chains depending

from the arms, but of the prescribed Roman pattern, while within on the walls the alms-boxes beg for Peter's pence. Even the Jews, who form nearly half of the city's population, have their synagogues, and perform their rites without molestation. Hated and persecuted as they are by the imperial heart, their religion is secure. They may turn Saturday into Sunday, and go through the streets with gloomy countenances and hands behind their backs; they may despise the Christian with all the venom of Shylock, and long for the pound of flesh, but still their holy synagogues flourish under the shades of the upas tree, and their rabbis are not stoned. But bear in mind, that with all this looseness in things religious the vigilance of the police is not relaxed, and government Jesuits are ubiquitous and watchful. Every lane, alley, and public place is infested with these lynx-eyed minions of autocracy. Nothing escapes them, and their reward doubtless is commensurate with the number of their victims.

Entering Warsaw fresh from the two wonder cities of Russia deprived me of that pleasure and enthusiasm which I might have enjoyed had I come there first; for take all Warsaw,—its cathedral and churches, its parks and monuments, and its mournful palaces, now only mausoleums of patriotic memories,—all together would not fill one remote corner of the bedazzling Kremlin. True, there is an antiquity connected with the city, and an intense historic interest mingles with its sad edifices; but the barbaric fancies of Great Russia are wanting utterly. There one apparently loses the bearings of chronology, as one views the handiwork of St. Basil or the Ivan tower; but here, every work is stamped with the year of its creation.

The Vistula is an independent river as it sweeps along through the town, giving a certain charm to whatever it touches, and contributes largely to the dignity of the palace built by Sigismund III, whose pleasing architecture is as

refreshing as a breeze in summer. Historically, this palace leads all the rest ; for within its halls and ante-rooms kings have sat enthroned, senates have debated the solemn questions of national policy, princes have first seen the light, and revelry has held its sway ; but all these are events long since gone, and the splendid domain has passed into new hands. The palace and grounds are not allowed to fall into the slightest disorder, the façades are as imposing as ever, and the pavements and walks are carefully looked after. Directly in front stands a bronze statue of Sigismund, whose sightless eyes cannot behold the imperial standard, with its double-headed eagle.

Adjoining the palace is the cathedral, dating back many centuries, but whose strength and Gothic grace have not been suffered to decline during the wars and revolutions. Its interior is not especially attractive, nor are its paintings—and certainly not those representing the archiepiscopal succession.

In another part of the town is the large Saxon square, something after the design of the Garden of the Tuileries, where nurses and their prattling charges are wont to drink in sunshine, and where, later on, the same nurses and their cavaliers are wont to drink in beer to the strains of out-door music. In this square is a towering monument, erected by a grateful emperor to the memory of those recreant Poles who fell fighting against their own people. This is as anomalous as the clumsy statue of William of Orange in the College Green at Dublin. Both must act as sedatives to the people. Even on the Hudson the fate of an accomplished British spy has been commemorated by a monument which the indignant descendants of his captors have righteously toppled over, amid the acclamations of the republic. Very likely the crowds circling around the Warsaw monument give it little thought, being willing to put up with it if the dead men can.

Cafés and open air concert halls delight nightly audiences, and the nimble feats of acrobats and sleight-of-hand performers create a real French enthusiasm. The streets and the pleasure places of a town quickly denote the temper of its people; and, judging from what I beheld in my two days at Warsaw, the Poles are neither dyspeptic nor over pious. They appear to drink the cup, and let to-morrow look out for itself—very passable traits, provided they are used with a strong moderation. I observed that the little tables in the gardens did not smoke with tea, but with something more potent and more cheering. Brandy and soda flew about in a lively way, and the sizzling siphons kept up an intermittent refrain during the evening.

There is one palace and park, that of Lazienki, which is singularly beautiful and unique. I do not remember to have seen anything like it in Europe. To get to it a carriage must be hired, and the driver traded with so as to be on the safe side; and then you may enter into its precincts with full appreciation. It was built by Stanislaus, and he superintended the laying out of the grounds. Whatever may have been his ability as a statesman, he certainly excelled in landscape gardening. The park is intersected with canals and adorned with miniature lakes, upon which float flower-beds and blooming plants, whose reflection in the water creates a veritable aquarelle, as exquisite as a painter's fancy. In the middle of one of the lakes is a theatre, with an open stage facing the lawn, where seats are placed, so that the spectators may not only enjoy the salubrious evening air, but participate in an amphibious drama. It must be a novel sensation to look across the sparkling water at the actors and listen to the swell of the orchestra; but in the good days these marine representations were common, though latterly the practice has fallen into disuse. While the villa and grounds are not exactly public, the

gates are open, and people may come and go as they please; and the afternoon I visited it the drives and walks were well filled with sight-seers.

Warsaw is plentifully supplied with villas and substantial mansions that give an air of refinement and luxury quite in contrast with the greater city of Moscow, where it seemed to me these two attractive features were sadly wanting. Apparently Warsaw contains many people of wealth and social importance.

Travellers from afar ought not to miss the drive to Villanov, for, although the road is uneven and dusty, the palace is well worth the trouble. It answered the purpose of a Polish Versailles so far as royalty was concerned, but it could never have been a popular resort, owing to its distance from the town. John Sobieski takes the place of Louis XIV, and every apartment and flower-bed has some reference to the unfortunate John. Villanov is charming and peaceful, and its attractions are not confined to the palace, for the extensive grounds round about are beautified and refined by all the arts known to the gardener. There are fountains, grottos, rustic bridges hanging over impetuous cascades, mounds, bowers, conservatories, and innumerable other attractions to divert the mind from the complications of statecraft. History has it that the brave John was anything but happy in the declining days of his life. Domestic troubles worried him into his grave, but he certainly had the satisfaction of breathing his last amid one of the gentlest touches of nature in all Poland. Villanov is a sort of earthly paradise so far as adornment and beauty go, and if a man is unable to live there in contentment, then by all means he may do the next best thing—die, and be considered fortunate in his place of departure.

The Polish Jew is a type by himself, and, whatever relationship he may bear to the rest of his race, he seems to

stand apart in certain outward characteristics. I strolled into the Jews' quarter on Saturday and saw them in all their seedy glory, silent, brooding, and apparently lost in speculation. Clad in long castans, high boots, and black caps, the children of Israel darkened the streets on their holy Sabbath. The houses were unpretentious and mean, and the shops were ugly with heavy shutters, making their quarter of the town the literal scene of mourning. A half hour's walk makes a vast difference, from gay and noisy Warsaw to the gloomy giotto of the Jews. When they met they conversed in low tones with solemn mien, like friendly undertakers discussing the possibilities of the cholera. There was no levity, nor even lightness of expression, but the same unchangeable, grim-visaged intercourse. They are not picturesque nor alluring,—quite the contrary; and if they suffer at the hands of their fellow-townsmen, their sullen demeanor may be in some measure accountable for the hostility. They say a Barbary Jew beats the world: be it so;—these Polish Jews beat the devil. The Jewish question is vexatious to more than one European government; but repress them as they will, the exceeding elasticity of the Jew allows him to immediately resume his former place as a thorn in the side of statesmanship. His history was ancient long before the beginnings of old Russia had been dreamed of. The Jews are not making history now, they are making bargains.

At midnight the train stopped at the German frontier, baggage was examined, passports closely scrutinized, and the ordeal was over. I strolled into the lunch-room and looked about me. Beer, not tea, removed all doubts as to my whereabouts; pipes, not cigarettes, were corroborating witnesses; the guttural language and the grab and bolt table manners needed no explanation. The empire of novelty, enterprise, and tyranny had been left behind, and the realm of ideas and conservatism was at hand.

CHAPTER XVII.

BERLIN TO MARSEILLES.

BERLIN was only a stopping-place on my way back to Paris, whence I was to take my departure for Spain ; so my stay in William's capital was brief—only a few days. In that time I saw enough and got enough to satisfy me. While the transition from Russia may have exercised its influence, there seemed to be some inherent reason why Berlin failed to impress me very deeply. I thought the city not only uninteresting, but homely—heavy, in fact—as compared with half a dozen cities in Europe. The famous street “Unter den Linden” is well enough, but the Elysée surpasses it in every way. Even the Rambla in Barcelona is more vivacious. The one particular charm of the great Thier garten is its exceeding nearness to the city, so near that it actually forms a part of it. It contains pretty drives and broad tree-lined avenues, little lakes and artificial cascades, and many other landscape touches to please the eye and to stimulate local pride.

Just within the Brandenburg Gate stands the marble monument to William I of Germany, with sides picturesque in bas-reliefs representing the great actors in German politics, the principal one being Bismarck, whose huge form is always just behind his imperial master. Poor Denmark, humbled Austria, and prostrate France are called to mind by these sculptured figures. The whole tops off in a gorgeous angel, holding aloof the crown of laurel ; but her pinions seem restless, as if she wanted to spread them and fly across the Rhine once more, whence,

according to the chances of war, she might return with them clipped.

In front of the imperial palace is a noble bronze statue of Frederick the Great, resting on a massive pedestal plentifully adorned with sculpture illustrative of his life and times. Its position in the middle of the shady avenue marks it for a long distance, and a close inspection does not lessen its artistic designs. In the near neighborhood is the Royal Library, a handsome structure behind whose pillars repose a million volumes and manuscripts, the literary wealth of Prussia. While in front of this library, I noticed a great commotion among the people. They took off their hats and rushed towards the curb, husbands pulled their wives, and mothers and nurses caught up their children and made frantically for the same spot, and all the time the German tongue ran like lager. In a moment the reason was manifest: it was the emperor and his military staff returning from a review. The popular enthusiasm was strong and sincere, and had his sham campaign been a real one the demonstration could not have been more spontaneous. William courteously acknowledged the salutations by that precise military salute always customary in the German army, and in a moment more was out of sight.

The German soldiers know the advantage of having a good tailor, and they keep their uniforms in scrupulous order. They do not go straggling along the streets like the French and Spaniards, nor do they manifest the shiftlessness and mental vacuity of the Russians; they walk as if on parade, and are, perhaps, over punctilious in their martial demeanor. Quartered at the Brandenburg Gate is a captain's guard, very likely the flower of the corps, for thither are constantly passing the high officials both of the state and of the army, and every time the sentry sights one of them

coming he cries out, and instantly there springs into existence a line of soldiers, as motionless and quite as statuesque as the sculptures on the handsome gateway. I frequently loitered near this spot just to see this performance, and the oftener I saw it the stronger grew the fascination. And so it is throughout the empire: the first note of alarm brings every corps to attention. Once give a little study to the army system of Germany, and the unexpected results of the war of 1870 will not seem so surprising.

I found Potsdam more interesting than Berlin. The reasons are obvious, for Frederick made the town famous. Potsdam maintains a garrison of several thousand men, which together with the fifty thousand inhabitants gives it an unlooked for activity. Immediately on getting out of the cars the mob of cabmen was at my heels, but the proprietor of my hotel told me to walk to the palace, as it took me through a lovely part of the town. The distance was not very great, and I walked. I was fortunate in getting acquainted with a young army officer who spoke English with marvellous purity, and he kindly took me under his charge and showed me all I cared to see. He knew the place so well that I am sure I did not miss anything.

First of all we visited the Garrison church, the military mausoleum of Prussia, where sleep Frederick and his father—a fit place for contemplation, as Napoleon said as he gazed at the coffins. Around the walls are French flags, wrested from the wars of 1814 and 1870, and they attract more notice than the royal dust. Even my guide pointed at them several times, as if afraid I might lose their significance. This church is not beautiful. Look at it as you may, there is neither simplicity nor embellishment, but an awkward and cheerless design, which nine persons out of ten would idly pass were it not the last resting-place of one of Europe's greatest soldiers.

But the really lovely spot in Potsdam is the park of Sans Souci. Nature has been ably seconded by art in developing the park, and while there is no elaborate edifice, the collection of little palaces and bowers is attractive, so that on finishing the circuit the feeling of having done too much is entirely absent. The palace which gives the name to the park is built on the summit of a gentle hill, and is reached by a succession of steps leading over several beautiful terraces and past the great fountain and its basins, and when the gravel walk at the doors of Sans Souci is reached, a slight sensation of surprise attends you. The palace is long and low, but easy to take care of, and altogether too small to admit the slightest semblance to a court, or to furnish entertainment to distinguished embassies; and therein consists the surprise. Frederick wanted a spot where he might write French verses and play on his flute without interruption, and here he had his wish. Voltaire and the king had things all their own way. They got mad, and then became reconciled; they flattered each other and lied to each other unmercifully, and Sans Souci heard it all. The wooden floors are kept highly polished, and visitors are made to put on woollen slippers and skate and slide from apartment to apartment—a truly comical proceeding, especially when the slippers are ten sizes too large, which is often the case. The German women have large feet when compared with those of their French or American sisters, and they manage to get over the Sans Souci skating-rink in good order; but the frantic struggles that some make is more diverting than all the relics of Frederick and his philosophic friend. I shall never forget the polished floors of Potsdam.

Close by the palace is the famous windmill, which after years of legal strife has fallen into the hands of a proud government. The clumsy old mill is one of the historic features

of Potsdam, but to visitors who do not know its singular history it looks like an intruder whose presence is unaccountable. If they had only read its eventful biography, its powerful arms would be more interesting to them. The new palace has an air of constraint not in keeping with the freedom intended by the grounds; but kings must be dignified, and Frederick built this latter residence in order to wear his crown in public. With the beauties of Potsdam in my memory, I left the German capital and went directly to Cologne.

The train runs swiftly from Berlin to Cologne, clearing the 400 miles in nine hours. The opportunity to get a full view of the landscape is not great, for towns, villages, and humanity danced wildly as we rushed past. What I saw of the country reminded me of Devonshire in its gentleness and cultivation. Everything appeared peaceful and prosperous;—the farms were neat, and the habitations denoted care, owing very likely to the attention given them by the women, for the women do a great amount of manual labor throughout Germany. On nearing the Rhine the scenery became decidedly picturesque, and the land more broken and wooded.

I reached Cologne on a moonlight evening, in just the influence needed to bring out the cathedral. It was a sight not easily forgotten. The vast edifice fairly sparkled in the light, and its minarets and spires were portrayed against the sky in chaotic fascination. It was, however, far from being either irregular or chaotic. The Gothic embellishments conformed to the best rules of the school; but in the quickening moon every projection and point seemed to dance, and to change in form as the light played upon them. The magnificent twin towers, enormous masses of masonry completely covered with all the delicate designs known to the pointed style of architecture, seem to confront the whole

world in their glorious ambition. Upward 500 feet they are to go, each ending in a massive cross whose true measurements, as viewed from the pavement, will actually stagger the imagination.

In the morning I entered the portals, and was appalled. The size, rather than the richness, overcame me. From the galleries the columns looked slender as they shot up into the feeble light hundreds of feet above, and as for the multitude of people on the floor, they were dwarfed into children. This gorgeous offering to Christ is not only the pride of Germany, but of all the human race; for all ought to rejoice that such edifices can be created on earth. Massive, wonderful, and mysterious is this temple of Cologne. And yet, the longer I studied the interior the more I thought its great size demanded something to dwarf it: a grand altar might accomplish the result, because it seemed to me that there was too much unoccupied space to bring out an agreeable symmetry. The exquisite glass is like the paintings of the masters in its perfection; and yet, with its numberless panes, the sun does not have a full control of the broad pavement. Dimly religious is the encroaching light as it streams through the layers of ascending dust and smoke so high above. It is to be regretted that the houses adjacent to the cathedral press so close to its sides as to cut off a good prospective view, thus preventing one from realizing the complete elegance and grandeur of either the western front or the sides. In this respect the Gothic pile in Milan possesses a great advantage.

Relics are so plentiful throughout Europe that it did not enter my mind to inspect those belonging to this cathedral; but I understand one of the chapels contains the bones of the magi, brought from the East by the Empress Helena. It is not every day that one may contemplate the remains of natural-born wiseacres. In this degenerate era a lifetime

does not always suffice to develop wisdom in the minds of men. Then there is another church in Cologne whose precincts are said to contain the bones of many thousand virgins—an enviable spectacle, no doubt; but by the necessity of time-tables, I was obliged to forego the pleasure of that interview.

Coblentz possesses many claims to being handsome, and I rested there a day to look at its charms. The river rushes ambitiously past, and the bridge of boats kept swaying in the current, until I feared it might break and be whirled down the stream. This bridge arrangement afforded me considerable pleasure, and I watched the method some time without finding out how the draw was made. The first thing one sees is three pontoons cutting loose from the others and floating into the river, leaving a big gap through which steamers pass; then, by some machinery, the accommodating boats are brought back into position, and the hurrying crowds rush over in forgetfulness of the whilom chasm. Across the Rhine, mounted on a lofty hill, rests the gigantic Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, guarding the river with a never weakening vigilance. The day I spent in Coblentz was so unpropitious that I could get no view from its parapets, but I saw how powerful were the works and the ordnance.

The dream of sailing up the Rhine received a severe shaking up; for a misty drizzle set in, and kept setting in, until after our boat passed Bingen, making the beautiful hills and their eyrie-like castles indistinct and uncertain in the gray clouds, and casting a pall of disappointment over the eager tourists who had so long looked forward to the pleasures of this day. Although the weather was inclement, still I saw many a lovely angle in the river, vineyards whose products go to the uttermost parts of the earth, picturesque towns huddling the green slopes, and grim ruins whose

crumbling walls have been the theme of song and story. Above all, the wooded hills gave a semi-wildness to the country, and helped on the romance of the Rhine.

Bingen, with its association of the soldier in Algiers, did not seem the ideal birthplace likely to be chosen by a poet: why not Oberwesel or St. Goar?—but these are not euphonious names, although their surroundings are exquisitely varied.

I left the boat at Biebrich. My day on the classic river had been almost a failure, and I had to put a black mark against it; but I quit repining, and quickly enrolled myself as a temporary resident of gay Wiesbaden. Nassau had a charming capital when she had Wiesbaden with its picture-like aspect—a painting wherein are hills, valleys, rivers, and a luxuriant foliage which seems especially endowed by nature to surpass all others. Situated on the southern slopes of the Tannus, it catches all the warm sun arrows, and turns its back to the malign blasts from the north. No wonder the Romans knew of it, and migrated there to drink in sunshine and boiling waters, and to forget war and violence amid the quiet of the hills. As a watering-place, its popularity is on the increase, and the number of its annual visitors is legion. Some come in earnest, others in hypo-serious pleasure; but to drink is the proper thing, and drink they do. The morning promenade is indulged in by the entire colony, and the broad, tree-lined Wilhelmstrasse is as vivacious as the army of invalids and professional imbibers can make it. Here is one of those earthly Meccas where pilgrims come to get rid of the cares of life, to disport in the invigorating forgetfulness of the outside world, and to take as much pleasure as the system can properly stand. Gaming has long since been given up, but the great cursal, with its elaborate halls and concert-room, invites the weary to rest, while behind are the bathing-houses where

the amphibiously disposed may plunge and splash according to the accepted canons of hygiene. In front of the cursal is a broad square adorned with very majestic but anhydrous fountains, and leading up to the cursal are colonnades filled with bazars whose windows testify to the surprising ingenuity of humanity. These do a large and profitable business during the season, and when autumn threatens to frost their panes, up go the shutters, and the wares seek the Riviera in search of new customers. It is no uncommon experience to be confronted with some particular article in Nice that you examined in Wiesbaden months before, and the reverse is equally true. I prefer Wiesbaden to Baden-Baden or to Ems; not that it is lovelier or more attractive, but because it seems livelier and more varied in its inducements. All these places are more theatrical than the theatre itself—perhaps not quite so dramatic; but the people one meets challenge the genius of Balzac. It is a microcosm in its fullest sense. As the faces pass, you read the history of the human family, its vanities and its ambitions, and all the other expressions that separate us from the animals. Sit on a bench in the park beyond the bath-houses, and watch the endless procession, every one different from the other, and all bending their minds to vastly different thoughts.

Rain broke my journey in several places. At Baden-Baden the ground was so wet that society kept within doors: only a few venturesome persons came into the cursal, and they had an air of disappointment hardly in keeping with their errand at Baden;—and so at Ems, the abundance of water in the streets discouraged much drinking at the wells.

But Heidelberg I saw in its most becoming dress, and under the soothing influence of the sun I forgot the past. The town is aged, and not particularly interesting, and surely not at all pretty; but the castle redeems it all, and

puts a distinguishing stamp on Heidelberg. Castles are not scarce in Germany, but this is alone in its massiveness. The walls are now in decrepitude, but one sees how impregnable they originally were; but more astonishing is the cellar, with a succession of vaulted passages, caverns, and wine caves sufficiently commodious to accommodate a legion of troops and a vineyard of wine. They show strangers a huge tun, which, if made of stone and placed on the Irish coast, might be taken for a martello tower: but this contained the delicious juice which warmed the hearts of the Palatine Electors and made them bold. From the terraces and battlements one gets a marvellously beautiful panorama of nature. The exceeding fertility of the country is there unfolded, vineyards dotting hills whose graceful decline ends in the gently moving Neckar visible for miles, winding in and out between the little headlands, till finally it goes out of sight on its way to join the Rhine. The expanse of view is wide, combining all kinds of scenery save that of mountains, which in this section are not to be found. A look down into the town with its intricate collection of tiles and rusty houses, with here a steeple and there a small patch of green and rows of trees, and farther away the quaint old bridge with its series of awkward arches, is quite as attractive as the greater view reaching to the Black Forest, and extending up and down the lovely valley of the Rhine.

Of course I saw the students, big fellows with an air of superior independence and indifference to public opinion, carrying sticks with which they occasionally beat the unresisting leaves from overhanging boughs, imagining, no doubt, they were striking off the heads of Frenchmen. I met several whose faces, never too handsome, were seared and seamed as if they had been struck with a red-hot grid-iron, the results of their fiendish duelling. They glory in

these criss-cross marks of intellectual savagedom, and the more numerous the scars the greater the hero.

Frankfort will not detain an American many hours, for aside from its history, financial and military, there is little of interest. Ariadne, by Dannecker, is one of the world's great pieces of statuary, and is well worth stopping at Frankfort to see. The arrangement is good, and the light is so intelligently admitted that every feature and vein of both maiden and panther is brought out in living vividness. The red drapery hanging about the walls heightened the realistic effect, and gave to it a touch of the rarest beauty.

Making a zigzag journey through small towns and sleepy German villages, I finally reached Strasbourg, one of the most picturesque cities in the Fatherland, though the German element has not yet had any influence on the town's-people either in one way or in another. The landlord at my hotel became communicative, and found no end of fault with the Prussians. He denounced their political methods, and claimed that taxes had been largely increased and liberty largely abridged: in this strain he entertained me for an hour or more. The essence of his complaint was, "We are French, and want to continue so." His wish, I fear, is many years off, if the powerful fortifications environing the city can thwart it. The shrewd Bismarck got the handle side of the jug when he laid hold of this ancient Alsacian capital, and if the French ever recover it they must develop more generalship than they possess at present.

But no matter what changes politics may bring, the cathedral is the glory of Strasbourg, and one of the cathedral glories of the world. It does not conform strictly to any one kind of architecture, many schools showing their individual peculiarities; but they are so commingled as to give beauty and richness to the church, and to charm the observer.

The façade is dazzlingly ornate, and may be properly studied and admired at some distance down the street leading towards it. It is imposing in form, and appeals strongly to the senses.

From the platform of the church, which is about half way to the top of the mighty spire, the view is superb, for within the broad horizon one sees the exceeding beauty of the adjacent country, and the guide points out the positions of the besieging army in the stirring days of the war. In the watch-house are relics of the siege; and firmly embedded in the sullen masonry is a murderous Prussian shell, vivid reminder of the bombardment. My guide was a Frenchman, and being alone he unfolded his woes just as mine host at the Hotel de Paris had done, but being so far beyond the reach of human ears he evinced a most revengeful spirit, and he emphasized his remarks with stronger French. However, the man was interesting, and I was a willing listener.

In the corner of the night-shaded cathedral is the famous clock which takes the place of skulls and crossbones, and as the hour of its action draws near the curious gather round in crowds, maintaining a hush broken only by the comparing of watches. We are in one of the great sanctuaries of Europe, waiting to behold one of the mechanical wonders of the world, a holy place safe from the intrusion of the wicked; and yet only a moment before the appointed time a jolly priest mounts a platform, and, after explaining the meaning of the puppets, dryly ends by cautioning us against pickpockets. At this everybody chuckled, while cunning thieves noted the one instinctive movement towards the purses and time-pieces. It affords a rich harvest for the light-fingered gentlemen of Strasbourg and their professional friends from abroad, and if reports are true the cautionary father himself has lost his money-bag more than

once. The clock works unhaltingly, and its ingenious processions go round with the dignity and historic accuracy that the scenes call for. Even the cock gives forth his sharp clarion with a naturalness that reminds one of early morn. It always pleases the crowd, and if one gets away without getting robbed, the memory of the wonderful clock is well worth cherishing. In case of robbery one must adjust the sense of chagrin to the pleasure, and charge it all to the profit and loss of life.

Paris is the best starting-place for continental Europe, and thither I again journeyed late in September. Engaging lodgings on Rue Cambon, not many steps from the Rue de Rivoli, I began studying Spanish in order more fully to enjoy my winter in the Peninsula. The French seem never weary of giving new names to old streets, and my street was no exception. When in Paris six months before its name was Rue de Luxembourg, but one fine morning the denizens of that quarter stood aghast to behold the word Cambon on all the lamps and buildings where from time immemorial the other name had been. Cambon, to be sure, is a distinguished name, and deserves to be remembered, but its sudden substitution caused great commotion for many weeks. When the Bourbons get into power, if they ever do, then down comes the revolutionary Cambon and up goes D'Enghien, or some other name equally suggestive.

During the month I remained in Paris the climate was warm and delightful—exceptional, the oldest inhabitant said; but he would have said the same if the winds and rain had played constant dirges on the window-panes, for the French have a remarkable adaptability to the exigencies of encompassing circumstances. The Bois was brilliant with equipages every afternoon, and the summer-like air enticed crowds to the evening stroll on the boulevards. The city was to be

seen at its best, and life was easy to bear. They tell me that Paris is not now what it used to be : it is sad and dull. If this be so, then imperial Paris must have been more sensuous than Cleopatra's dream. If this decadence continues, the good American who dies years hence and goes to Paris deserves our utmost commiseration.

Only a few days before my departure came the second of November, bringing with it All Soul's Day, and all Paris turned cemeteryward. On that day what crowds one sees in the vast cities of the dead ! The largest of these cemeteries is Père-la-Chaise, containing one hundred acres or more, and yet so thickly populated that further interments seem out of the question. Were it not for the method employed the portals of this burying-ground would long ago have been closed, but French ingenuity surmounts the difficulty of overcrowding by providing the time a body may rest undisturbed. It seems repugnant to us, but they do not mind it, and so the dead remain in the graves one, ten, twenty years, or forever, according to the contract. The poor fare badly, and are tumbled some twenty or thirty of them into one well-like grave, very deep but artistically dug by machinery, so that the sides and ends are smooth to the very bottom, and then each pauper whom nobody owns, secure in his cheap box, is carefully lowered into the pit. A more prosperous class bargain for a ten-year grave, while the wealthy and distinguished are honored by sepulchre *à perpétuité*. At first I made a grievous mistake in translating the meaning of this word, and thought it signified some popular mortuary benediction ; but I finally made a more literal rendering, and discovered what it meant. Père-la-Chaise, with its beautiful slopes and graceful hill, might have become beautiful, but the opportunity has gone, until now after so many years of indiscriminate burying the place is ugly and forbidding. The walks are crooked and

narrow, and the lawns and flower-beds are not attractive. Adornment has been bartered for space, and those gentle touches that ought to give a charm to God's-acre are wanting.

But this cemetery has been used for other than its christened purposes. Its strategic position has often made it a battle-ground. The French and Russians had a terrific strife within its confines, and the atrocities of the Commune spattered blood over its tombs. When I visited it on All Souls' Day the troops were in full force, although their mission was to keep the mass of people in motion; otherwise the small avenues would have been choked to suffocation. Many, like myself, went from curiosity; while many more, bearing great wreaths and crowns of immortelles on their arms, were bent on the solemn errand of decorating the graves. Crowds gathered at the portals of the favored dead, such as Rossini, Raspail, Scribe, Baron Taylor, Rollin, the Generals Lecomte and Clement-Thomas, Thiers, and others, remaining long enough to deposit a wreath or to fling in a calling-card. This leaving one's card on the floor of the little mausoleums struck me as comical; so did the custom of writing one's name on the visitor's book, as if the dead kept a hotel;—but with these things left out my experience would have been less interesting.

In going through Père-la-Chaise the history of France for the last century comes up most vividly. Here are the graves of Marshal Ney, unmarked save by a rough scratching on the gate, Kellerman, MacDonald, Davoust, Masséna, Foy, all bringing up visions of the great Napoleon; then LaPlace, Beranger, Racine, David, Talma, the Duke de Morny, the leading gentleman of the third empire, the Rothschilds, Rachel, and lastly the sentimental shrine of Abelard and Heloise, with the recumbent figures of the unhappy lovers reposing beneath the Gothic canopy.

Choose any path, and its marble fringe will tell chapters in every branch of history,—war, peace, intrigue, love, murder, art, poetry: all are gathered within these few acres, making the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise one of the most famous spots on earth.

Just outside the large gate is the gloomy pile with two towers known as the prison de la Roquette, where the condemned await the executioner, and in front is a wide square where the guillotine is erected and the sentence of the law carried out. The neighborhood is high, but the morality is low, and one visit is enough.

At Montmartre, another great cemetery, I saw a touching illustration of brotherly love. The concourse seemed attracted by a captive balloon attached to a child's grave, and, on inquiry, we were told that a small lad of seven years had brought the trifling plaything to the cemetery and tied it to his young brother's grave-stone, so that his little playmate, as he said, might look down from heaven and see that he was still remembered. The boy then ran and found a policeman, and begged him to keep watch so that nobody should carry it away. This simple lesson of the heart brought tears to eyes not used to weeping, and even the sturdy guardian of the peace brushed away tears.

The Phocæan founders certainly chose well when they camped on the amphitheatrical slopes of Marseilles, for the location is well calculated to attract attention. The hills are fertile and highly cultivated; vineyards, and country houses startlingly white amid the green surroundings, are charming, and lend a truly tropical air to the scene. The docks, however, are the boast of the people; and they certainly deserve praise, considering the engineering difficulties incurred in their construction, for the sea was evidently jealous of its ancient prerogative, and wanted to dash into

the city whenever it pleased. The harbor was full of ships, and the docks crowded with the most outlandish assemblage of men I ever looked upon. Doré might have illustrated the *Inferno* with sketches made along the basin, where every conceivable type of Oriental, Malay, Greek, Turk, and European sailor lounges or sleeps. But these fellows give Marseilles its commercial power and importance; they bring with them the merchandise of the whole world, and yet, looked at separately, half of them would pass for pirates. Their dress is peculiar and their skin dark, so that their origin is at once detected, although for that matter the natives of Marseilles have about them certain evidences of Eastern ancestry mixed with more recent blood.

The humble people know of Paris only by hearsay; its real grandeur and glitter they have scarcely dreamed of, so it is but natural for them to compare their town hall, art museum, botanical gardens, and the really beautiful street, the *Cannebière*, with the more imposing edifices of the capital. They take an honest pride in pointing out these local wonders to everybody. I believe I saw everything worth seeing, owing to the kindness of a gentleman of the city, who, although he had travelled much, had a large bump of Marseilles esteem. "Is not our *Cannebière* more imposing than the *Italiens*?" "We have not so many shops as they have in Paris, but are they not beautiful?" I assented, as became a willing captive, and allowed him to take me whithersoever he would. We climbed the rocky sides of a slightly hill, upon whose summit stands the stately church of *Notre Dame de la Garde* with its burnished cross and angel, and beheld spread out at our feet a perfect panorama of land and sea. On the one hand were the musty houses and the uncertain alleys of the old city, and a little beyond, the new city, with gardens and architecture handsomely blended; on the other, the harbor with its rocky islands and the

blue Mediterranean sparkling in the warm sunshine. Steamers bound for India and the Levant cut their path through the unresisting sea, passing on their course that fortress famous alike in history and in romance as the prison of Mirabeau and of the Count of Monte Cristo, the Chateau d'If.

Marseilles is one of the great cities of the world, and possesses attractions enough to repay the American who finds himself in the charming belt of the Midi; but few indeed of my countrymen deem it worth while to pause in their flight and give a day to this busy and cosmopolitan seaport.

CHAPTER XVIII.

INTO SPAIN.

THE gouty proprietor of the Marseilles hotel told me that the ride to Barcelona was an easy one, only a matter of a few hours, and that there would be no trouble about sleep or food. That was all he knew about it. The train left early in the evening; but on that November day the hour was dark, and whatever beauty the scenery may have had in store was lost to me. We rolled into the night, making frequent stops, changing passengers, and touching towns of historic renown only recognizable by the name on the station walls. In this way Montpellier, Narbonne, Cette, and Perpignan were slighted. Soon after midnight we reached the frontier of Spain, getting a parting glimpse of France in the form of a *gen d'arme*, who thrust his official moustache and imperial into the car window and demanded either passports or visiting cards. Willing to humor the man I gave a calling card to him, which he vainly essayed to decipher in the waning light of his lantern, moving his thick lips as he spelled out each letter, and looking as savage as a cannibal all the while. In due time he finished his lesson in English chirography, and went away apparently satisfied. When this parting inspection was over the shrill whistle took up a frightful refrain, and the train moved slowly through a long tunnel into the land of sunshine and revolution.

“*Estamos en España!*” quoth an unkempt Catalan who had been my travelling companion all the way from Marseilles, as he gathered up his boxes and bags. “We

change here," he added, and, politely bidding me *adios*, descended into the gloom and was swallowed up. The custom examination at this small frontier town was exceedingly rigid, and the way in which the contents of trunks and boxes were overturned was indeed sorrowful. The baggage was placed on a long bench, and then the army of officials went at it. Being a lightly equipped traveller, and indifferent to the researches of the gold-laced nuisances, my goods and chattels were scarcely disturbed,—not nearly as much disturbed as the officer was when I forgot to give him a gratuity. Tobacco is the great article of suspicion, and soiled hands felt round everywhere in hope of laying hold of the interdicted weed. But in spite of all this vigilance Spain is the smuggler's paradise, and tobacco is the chief object of his endeavor. Smuggled tobacco can be purchased anywhere in Spain, the only concealment being the manner of sale. Fruit-venders wink at you and slyly offer cigars at a reduced price, or men selling handkerchiefs or ribbons beckon you up mysteriously and display the forbidden *reinas* from beneath a tangled mass of bright colors. The ingenuity of these rascals is exceedingly amusing, and merits the attention of the smoker. As the government owns the tobacco factories and makes them a monopoly, the conscience of the smuggler ought not to be very keen, a corollary recognized throughout the kingdom. After we had started, a genial Spaniard in my compartment leisurely took down his hat-box from the rack, and proceeded with great unconcern to draw out innumerable cigars from its false sides, treating the whole affair as so much personal gain. I smiled at this operation, and he offered me a fine cigar in return for my expression of admiration.

Louis XIV was vain enough to believe the Pyrenees were no more, and that as a barrier to French influence their black peaks were not to be taken into serious consideration.

The stupendous blunder he made becomes obvious as soon as the traveller gets beyond the shadow of the famous mountains. The gods evidently intended that these ranges should shut out Spain from the rest of Europe, and the supernal plan has met with success, for they actually shut out the positive influence of the 19th century, and give to Spain a majesty as solitary as it is grand. Even her people cling to the past with an amusing tenacity, and when changes become inevitable the public mind receives them reluctantly, or only half adopts them, according to the exigency of the case. The Spaniard is a study in ethnology, as I discovered before I recrossed the frontier six months later.

Spain is bright with pictures. No country is more brilliantly painted or more warmly colored. But when the northern provinces were mapped out Nature was evidently angry, and bestowed upon them as cruel a climate as she had in her work-box, giving them penetrating chills, frosts, snows, and an abundance of dismal rains, which during many months succeed each other with satanic frenzy. The winter climate of Madrid is as bad as that of tempestuous New England, and yet a vast population surges up and down its streets unmindful of the peril.

To come from Marseilles into Catalonia is to enter Spain by the back door; but once in, curious scenes and incidents begin to manifest themselves. Even in the little station at the frontier the difference is perceptible, and I was made to feel that I had come among a new people. France was only a few miles away, but yet the contrast would call for a hundred leagues, so marked was the change. The cleanliness of the French table had given way to coarseness both in service and food that did not augur well for the future; but in due time these indigenous customs became familiar, and peculiarities and want of elegance were accepted as a matter

of course. To this pass doth constant association bring one. But no amount of practice can blind one to the fact that Spain is the worst cooked country in Christendom, and in order to thoroughly enjoy life there one ought to possess patent digestive organs. The way they smoke while eating is most astonishing, and yet nobody pays the slightest attention to such practices. They take a spoonful of soup or a mouthful of meat, and follow it up with deep inhalations of tobacco; then they put the burning cigarette on the edge of the table, where it generally manages to scorch the cloth or burn a hole through it,—but such trivial consequences generally pass unnoticed. Even the waiters arrogate to themselves a liberty of smoking that almost takes away one's breath. They puff during the meal, and consider themselves the equal of the guests, nor do they hesitate about entering into conversation, or to flatly interpose remarks when uncalled for. A more free and easy set of mortals do not exist. When engaged in carrying dishes they put their cigarette behind the ear, just as clerks do their pens, and as a result the unappetizing smell of singed hair commingles with the odor of garlic and smoke. In due time these strange Spanish things lost their sharp edge, but their observance never failed to rouse me to the sense of the ridiculous. But Spain is preëminently a land of surprises, and these domestic pictures ought not to disturb one.

The first coming of the sun disclosed a beautiful landscape, a veritable garden, where winter touches the plants and vines with a lover's kiss, and never gets angry. We journeyed through a wide and fertile valley, full of cultivated acres and substantial farm-houses, fortress-like in form and dazzlingly white. About these houses were clustered quite a settlement of outbuildings, which gave a business air to the estate, and a flat contradiction to those pre-

formed opinions that are so often carried into the land of the Cid. There were evidences of husbandry which I certainly had not looked for, notwithstanding the soil is so kind that it needs but little teasing, and yet on the distant horizon snow-clad mountains glistened in the light, adding a beautiful but incongruous setting to the tropical foreground. I noticed this peculiarity many times during the winter. Even as late as May the snow remained on the summits, and defied the lustrous advances of the sun.

At the stations deputations of uncontaminated if not unsophisticated natives were in attendance to gaze at the train, and to supply novel sights to unaccustomed eyes. They dressed in the Catalonian garb, consisting of short velveteen jackets and waistcoats resplendent with shining brass buttons, flaring trousers held up by the generous folds of red sashes encircling their corpulent waists, and on their feet they wore shoes made of straw. Their dark heads were covered with large rimmed hats, and from their mouths issued incessant clouds of smoke. As an additional article of dress the men carried folded shawls over their shoulders, but I do not remember ever to have seen them put to use. The women were more lightly clad than the men, wearing nothing on their heads save the graceful mantilla. In and about Barcelona the men cover their heads with a baglike cap, whose superfluous folds droop over their shoulders and serve as a pillow for the noonday siesta.

The train never essayed a speed suggestive of danger, but kept on its way with a serenity of movement quite aggravating. My introduction to the travelling public was fruitful in amusement and instruction, all of which I turned to account in my subsequent wanderings. The Spaniard is not so niggardly as he is poor, therefore he does things which at first seem parsimonious and selfish; but this disappears on acquaintance, and in its place comes

a degree of fellowship quite commendable. I found the Spaniards polite and kindly disposed, and ever willing to assist me in my perplexities. They have a habit of dividing or offering to divide their lunch with you, but dictates of prudence and charity often compel you to decline the generosity. In the compartment on that first morning in Spain this was done several times, and each time the generous offerer had the satisfaction of seeing his food unconditionally accepted by the hungry passengers. Fat sandwiches, suspicious sausages, and flasks of red wine were passed round to the chorus of *muchas gratias*, and an era of good feeling overcame everybody.

If evidence were required to prove that the Catalans were not typically Spanish, the tottering bull-ring on the outskirts of Barcelona furnishes it. In no place in Spain did I see the national arena in so dilapidated and forlorn a condition as here in the big commercial city by the sea. Elsewhere, brick or granite or iron enters into the construction, but in the capital of Catalonia the temporary expedient of wood was employed, and a sorry-looking structure it was. This, then, might be accepted as proof positive that ethnology did not recognize the two races as one.

But aside from this slaughter-pen testimony, the activity and business aspect of Barcelona seemed out of place, for really the city is strongly suggestive of Manchester and Liverpool. Lofty factory chimneys, like mile-stones in an age of progress, were outlined against the sky, and in the harbor, lazily tossing on the tide, lay black hulls from beyond the seas.

At the railway station there was a hurrying and business-like chaos that brought back reminiscences of America, only to be sadly wounded by the ubiquitous custom officer, whose insatiable sense of duty was only appeased by a gratuity which he pocketed as if it revolted him. The

hotel porter stood by while I made this mercenary investment, and on inquiry informed me that he deemed it necessary, as it tended to hasten matters. I gained thereby a half hour in getting to the hotel.

The popular name for Spanish hotels is *Quatro naciones*,—four nations,—and one finds them in almost every goodly sized town in the kingdom. Inn nomenclature seems devoted to this appellation. I put up at the Barcelona hotel of that name, and considered it as good as any hotel in Spain, unless it was the hotel de la Paz in Madrid. The fare was wholesome, the cigarette smoking somewhat diminished, and the prices reasonable. My windows looked out on the Rambla, and from my balconies the harbor was in plain view.

The Spanish hotel system is a compromise between our own and the straight European—meals and bed conforming to the American mode, while soap, attendance, and lights follow the European plan. I soon found out that the landlords would make almost any arrangement with travellers by which everything was included at so much a day, and the bargain once made was not departed from. If Edmund Burke had travelled in Hispania, he never would have declared he could not “haggle with merit.” As the prices are not posted in the rooms, there is no recourse but to inquire and to haggle.

Hamilcar, the stern and inexorable hater of Rome, founded Barcelona. But few indeed are the traces of his era, or even of the later era of the conquering Romans: all has been swept away;—so, to the searcher after the beautiful or the rare in architecture, the city holds out scarcely an inducement. But the great metropolis is a beehive of vivacity and merriment, and all the endeavors of its citizens are bent to that end. The famous Rambla is the artery through which this life-current is constantly flowing, and a gay

scene it presents. It is really a generously wide thoroughfare, extending from the sea-mole to the delightful quarter called Gracia, about two miles distant, and dividing the town almost in the middle. On each side is the street, over which traffic clatters, while the broad space between is given up as a promenade to the people. And there, under the arching shade-trees, generations of Barcelonians have whiled away centuries of pleasure. It is never deserted by the promenaders; business may be suspended as night advances, and the tinkling bells on the cars may be silent, but the laughter and chatter of nocturnal pilgrims excite sleepy souls to wakefulness long after the morning hours have sounded. But late hours are essentially a national characteristic, encouraged perhaps by the midday siesta. In the daytime peasants come in bringing fruit and flowers, which they exhibit on the little benches, and, to lend glad music to the morning, a multitude of singing birds are offered for sale. Crowds move slowly up and down, and small parties meet each other and form a blockade which, for the moment, impedes the good-natured strollers. Here, too, as at a reception, congregate those pretty girls who give soul to Spanish poetry—black-eyed and graceful, but sadly demure at first sight. Cruel dames in solemn black are at their sides, companions and jailers in one, whose function it is to intercept love notes, and to thwart the nicely laid plans of Spanish Romeos. But, thanks to cunning Cupid, these middle-aged women are often victims of the craftiest kind of diplomacy, and then the sad-visaged senorita throws off her mask and becomes very worldly. Harsh-visaged men and lowly laborers are plentifully sprinkled in with the others; gallants and soldiers contest for favors; priests with open prayer-books edge through the surging crowd; all sorts and conditions of life jostle on the Rambla, and give to it a picturesqueness worthy the pencil of Hogarth.

Cafés attain a great size in Spain, and on the Rambla one beholds them in an unrivalled magnificence. How such monstrous institutions flourish is often asked; but visit them after evening sets in, and an answer is given. Men, women, and children are seated around the little tables, drinking chocolate, sipping ices, and munching cubes of sugar. Some are talking at the top of their voices, others are lost in abstraction over a game of dominoes. Café life makes up for the home fire-side, and whole families congregate to pass the evening, believing, no doubt, that the smoke-disordered room, with its cracked orchestra and mixed assemblage, is a blessing for which they ought to be thankful. During the day, however, these great halls are as bereft of life as country grave-yards, and the army of servants dwindles into a few lazy, siesta-addicted fellows whose lethargy seems phenomenal; but no sooner does the clock chime out its magical six, than the crowd begins to come, and two hours later the tables are taken, and strident conversation and music are comically intermingled. Then the waiters become lively, and rush about with glasses whose contents range from counterfeit coffee to revolutionary cognac. As if prescribed by law, each cup of coffee is accompanied by four cubes of sugar; and it is a common sight to see dignified gentlemen sweep the saccharine lumps left by careless neighbors into their pockets, then, flinging the folds of their capes over their aristocratic shoulders, march out with the majesty of grandees. Cafés answer to club-houses, and men frequent their favorites with a lover's regularity, seldom missing a night unless absence from town or sickness prevents. Once ascertain a man's café, and the chances of finding him there are very good. At midnight comparative silence reigns, although the night-owlish propensities of the youth compel some cafés to keep open every hour in the twenty-four.

Newspapers and lotteries are closely allied to the Spanish soul : everybody reads the one, and everybody invests in the other. The number of newspapers astonished me, for their name is legion. All shades of opinion are expressed : comic journals especially taking cruel liberties with private affairs. The chief qualifications of an editor in Spain would seem to be accuracy of aim and dexterity of thrust. Lotteries spring into existence on the slightest provocation. If a bull-ring, a school, a hospital, a church, or any other worthy undertaking needs funds, a lottery is started and the public are requested to help the scheme along. Highly colored posters announce the terms and chances of the *caridad de Jesu Cristo*, or that of *Madre de dios*, and quick sales follow. Verily, tobacco, sleep, and gambling are the Spaniard's trinity.

Barcelona is not a perfect health resort for those sorely afflicted, although, for invalids tolerably strong, the city and its surroundings offer many favorable inducements. The climate is more variable than in Andalusia, but the vexing winds are mixed with sunshine. There is always something to do in Barcelona, whereby one may forget one's ailments. Let the day take care of itself, and let the splendid opera take care of the night ; for in no city is music more cultivated : not even in the capital can one listen to the sublime compositions as they are rendered in the famous Liceo.

All Spanish cities are interesting to Americans, and as the first in the list old Barcelona gave me a good introduction. The new and the old parts of the town show the marvellous changes that are gradually overcoming these ancient cities : the former is scarcely Spanish, while the latter is precisely as you expected to find it. Broad streets, clean and straight, with high French apartment houses, balconies, windows, and concierges' lodges, greet the eye in strolling along the more elevated part of the city known as Gracia. Everything is modern : even the people seem dif-

ferent from those on the Rambla only a few minutes distant. This is the fashionable quarter, where the gentry ride horseback, or roll along in handsome carriages, on their way to the pretty park beyond.

In grim contrast is the other city where shops and drinking cellars abound, and where the lower classes swarm in slothful idleness. The crookedness of the narrow lanes is incredible; they wind and twist as if in agony, and the high houses, with their bulging fronts and innumerable balconies, interrupt the sunlight in its honest endeavors to succor mankind. Pestilence in hideous form makes his home in these squalid and neglected spots, and rejoices every decade in seeing his fearful work consummated. But these dark corners must be visited if one would know Barcelona as it is when unwashed and uncultivated. The populace swarm in the streets, and the houses seem to be deserted; children especially find enjoyment in blockading everything, and juvenile Barcelona is beyond the guesses of the census-taker. What vigorous vocal organs they are endowed with, and what liberties they take in exercising them! The city commerce is largely carried on with donkeys and mules that crawl slowly along, compelling everybody to seek refuge in friendly doorways or gaping cellars, for to remain in the alley would be productive of scratches, crushed toes, and lacerated garments. Occasionally two teams meet, and then the laggard atmosphere is enlivened with blasts of Catalonian profanity which call the neighborhood to the scene. Before the matter is settled a hundred voices speak at once. Angry are the expressions, and threatening are the attitudes; revolution seems imminent; but in course of time the late guardian of the peace appears, an armistice is called, a compromise is effected, and one team changes its course and is hauled out backwards. The mules, which by the by are shaved in criss-cross streaks, take kindly to such an

arrangement, and wink sarcastically at their drivers during the lulls in the storm.

The ground floors are used for carrying on small trades, such as joiner-work, chair-making, and other humble occupations; but almost every tenth door is a wine-shop, or *bodega*, as it is called, where every kind of thirst receives attention. The requirements of the dwellers thereabouts must be recognized: hence the number of wine-troughs. The *bodega* is as Spanish as the bull-ring, and is more tenacious of life than the throne itself. It is a cellar, varying in size, furnished with a generous assortment of casks and barrels arranged in tiers, and marked with enigmatic characters easily deciphered by the patrons. There is usually a bar on which the tippie is served, but there are no chairs to encourage loafing. This is a commendable feature. The drinks are drawn directly from the wood by an unkempt man or a very dirty boy, who never fails to keep his cigarette going during the serving process. Men and women meet in these cellars—some pretty women, too, meet there—and drink each others' health in weak wines.

There is one narrow, sun-impoverished street leading from the Rambla, whose history is written in silver characters, for it was once the resort of the ingenious silver-smiths whose designs were the pride of Spain. Much of this is changed now—trade has sought better haunts; still, a few old-fashioned workers remain to allure the passer-by with their glistening charms. The Palais Royal of Barcelona, counterpart of that in Paris, a structure of shapely façades and broad porticos, is the place to go if one wishes to see the filagree-work of Barcelona. The little shops are like so many mines, and each one shows off its treasures by the light of an Aladdin's lamp.

The Campo Santo is one of the sights, and thither I went one day. Its *multum-in-parvo* economy gave it a grim

interest, as it was so original. The enclosure is not large, but high walls shut out the world, and make intersections of the interior. It is a sepulchral labyrinth, whose winding walks are thickly fringed with dead men. The gravelled paths are carefully looked after, and little oases of flowers gladdened the desert of death. The bodies are not, as a usual practice, buried in the earth, but are thrust into oven-like apertures in the thick walls, there to remain for varying periods. A marble slab placed over the hole records the name and age of the deceased, together with highly conceived eulogistic verses, photographs, locks of hair, or tender mementos deposited in glass cases, where the curious may regale their curiosity by what might be termed documentary evidence. Burials are conducted in this way: When the body is received, it is placed in the waiting-room until all is ready,—for there are many burials every day; then the stout attendants bear it on a stretcher to the yawning hole. The priest on duty performs the last offices, and retires to prepare for the next comer. A few male friends of the deceased stand by to see that everything is properly carried out, for women never attend at the grave, and the men that do take matters very unconcernedly. At the interments I saw the bodies were placed in the upper tiers, which necessitated a step-ladder. This was brought, and a workman ascended and began loosening the mortar that held the slab in place. This was quickly done, and the sealed grave lay open. Within was a coffin of some years' occupancy, which had to be taken out to make room for the new tenant. Instead of doing this, the Catalonian undertaker knocked off the oval-shaped cover and flung it on the ground, where willing feet stamped it out flat and passed it back to be laid over the mouldering body. The new coffin and its contents were hoisted up and shoved in over the old one; then the man on the step, after

lighting a fresh cigarette, proceeded to replace the marble slab by liberal dashes of mortar. In a few minutes the work was finished, leaving no evidence of what had been done save the pieces of mortar whitening the ground. No flowers are strewn, no tears are shed: nothing save the invisible sorrow of loved ones lingers about such a grave.

The sounds of laboring industry are heard even at the portals of the cemetery. Cotton factories seem out of place, but there they are in true business-like array. In spite of their English and Scotch overseers, there exists that unmistakable Spanish drawl which no amount of British example can wholly overcome; for, say what one will, the blue skies of Hispania do not take kindly to the smoke of the lofty chimneys, and, moreover, nobody goes to Spain to see looms and spindles.

The broad sea mole, extending from the custom-house to the toy-like suburb of Barceloneta, or Little Barcelona, is very popular with all classes, especially towards evening, when they come out, and, promenading up and down, show their characteristics without reserve. The trouble about the mole is its want of side railings, and it is no infrequent thing for the early policeman to find some dead or badly bruised unfortunate who has either met with an accident, or been cruelly pushed off for revenge or plunder. I know my friends warned me not to go there alone after dark.

High above the harbor, perched on the pinnacles, is the fortress of Monjuich with its garrison of 10,000 men, and its big guns trained on the city below. The Spaniards regard this with intense pride, never for the moment believing it could be taken; but crazy Peterborough accomplished the great feat, and there is no telling what future skill and dash may do. After walking up its steep sides, I appreciated the Spaniards' feeling of security. The works

are Herculean, and command both land and sea ; but the garrison in times of revolutionary disturbances is always in danger of recreancy to the regal standard : so Monjuich may not be so impregnable after all.

One of the incomprehensible but inexorable Spanish things is the unearthly time-tables. One may speedily get used to rancid butter and garlic, but never to the matutinal *auto-de-fe* of the railways. . The snail-natured train anticipates the sun in its departure, and keeps the unpractised traveller in an uncomfortable state all day long. However, to people who never think of going to bed until early morn these hours are as agreeable as those immediately after breakfast, and so I suppose the reason lies therein.

While in Barcelona a correspondent of one of the great American dailies persuaded me to go to King Alphonso's wedding, and together we started for Madrid. The engine puffed its steam in the chill morning air, but neither trainman nor engine indicated the least impatience. All concerned took matters calmly : the only hurry at all was on the part of the passengers, and when they found how unavailing it was they desisted. Among other pieces of baggage, I carried a lunch-basket,—for Spanish car-rides are likely to assume the pleasures of a picnic party at any moment ; but the ugly official at the gate refused admittance until I showed him its contents,—for food is subject to local duties in Spain. He then actually demanded blackmail, and had it not been for my limited Spanish he would have succeeded in enriching himself a peseta's weight ; but he let me pass, and, to add insult to injury, begged my pardon. This was as comical as anything I met during six months' sojourn.

In most countries of Europe a fee well invested either works wonders, or restores one's equanimity ; but in Spain the chances are that it will do neither. A financial understanding between one's self and the guard often amounts to

nothing more than a gratuity without a gratification. The gold-strapped guard takes the silver and gives assurances that the compartment is entirely "at the disposition of the caballero," but he is no sooner out of sight than the door is flung open, and one's soul is harassed by the gruff *buenos dias* of intruding natives. Remonstrance is useless, and before a plan of resistance can be formed, the places once thought so sacred are filled with bundles, boxes, baskets, hair trunks, panniers of merchandise, and, strangely enough, Yankee handboxes might be enumerated among the personal property of the restless Catalan. The charge for baggage put into the van is so exorbitant that the frugal provincials keep theirs with them, regardless of the inconvenience it may occasion others. I never laid it up against them: it is their way, and they mean no disrespect. When the company had arranged their numerous packages, they glared at each other most suspiciously; then, wrapping their capes closely about their faces, closed their black eyes and were at rest. I did likewise, and slept until the warm sun woke me.

Our course lay southerly, every league bringing us nearer to that perfection of earth and sky which the Spaniards say the gods envy; and surely they ought to envy it, for there flowers bloom and birds sing even in mid-winter. The soil was of a red tinge, made so, perhaps, by the outpouring of infidel blood in ages gone, and appeared anxious to yield return for the sacrifices of the old warriors. Gnarled olive trees, like Calibans of the forest, could not affect the exceeding loveliness of the scene. Flourishing vineyards and yellow orange groves dotted the landscape, and green fields swept majestically along the valleys and over the gentle hills. Palm trees looked down on the passing train, and aloes of gigantic growth were on all sides. Instead of building a fence along the railway, these productive plants

are set out, and their sturdy forms answer just as well. Truly the horn of plenty has been thoroughly shaken over Valencia and Andalusia; nothing has been denied them; even the skies never seem to harden. A saint once said, so the story goes, that if these provinces only had good government, heaven itself would be deserted. This is certainly a great compliment, but I do not think the saint spoke falsely. The white castle-like houses set in the midst of this garden land give an air of dignified repose to the country, and called to mind how the wild knight of La Mancha mistook them for enchanted palaces.

Throughout the day these brilliant gems of nature kept passing and repassing, and then evening, not to be outdone, brought her splendid moon to replace the gold with silver. In the full flood of moonbeams straggling Valencia grew apace until it became a city, and a typical Spanish city it is. Even to the back-bone it is Spanish, for, just as we neared the station, the shadow of the new bull-ring fell across our way, and I quickly understood what that great heavy circle betokened. To reassure myself, I touched the driver of the tartana, and asked him if bull-fighting still flourished in Valencia. The pitying look he gave me almost brought tears to keep it company. He moved his cigarette to one side of his Iberian mouth, and hoarsely exclaimed, *Hombre!* This simple word has several meanings, according to the way it is pronounced, and he gave to it the extreme of surprise. I informed him that I had come from Barcelona; whereupon he said,—“They are Frenchman in Barcelona and are cowards, but we have just built a *plaza de toros* to hold 15,000 spectators, and so have other cities in Spain.” Thenceforth such questions on my part were unnecessary, for wherever I went the arena was one of the first sights I saw.

The station was as noisy as a broker's board, and some-

what perplexing, especially when a score of porters and drivers assailed our ears with their jargon of sounds. We escaped, and making our path to the yard hired a tartana and started for the hotel. Thanks be to the powers, the vehicle called the tartana is indigenous to Valencia. Its ubiquity would entail woes insufferable. It has two wheels, and is drawn by one horse. It is covered, the top being oval in form and made of tarred canvas stretched on bent frames, while the bottom of this contrivance has the same form though made of straw. Imagine an egg divided into two parts at its least diameter and given two wheels, and the tartana ought to assume a certain distinctness to the mind's eye. The upper part is for the passengers and the lower is for baggage. At the end is a small aperture supposed to be a door, while at the front is a hole which serves as a window, and from these extremes extend two long benches upon which passengers sit and receive excruciating supplements to the wearisome ride. The tartanero or driver, armed with a whip, perches himself on the left shaft, and in a loud voice, which he uses with indiscriminate vigor, urges on the torture. The horse plunges madly through the narrow, ill-lighted street, passers-by darting out of sight like figures in the pantomime, the imprisoned passengers meanwhile mumbling fervent prayers that disaster may be averted.

The route from the station to the hotel must have run through a majority of Valencia's back-yards and alleys, and the manner of driving intensified the topography, for our Jehu never thought of turning corners until it was almost too late; then, regaining his presence of mind, he twitched one of the clothes-line reins, taking the horse off his feet, and slewing the helpless victims into each other's faces. When these equestrian feats had roused us to a state of insubordination, we suddenly stopped with a shock that

set our teeth chattering, and the long day's journey came to an end.

The noise of the tartana brought the people of the house to welcome us, and a confused intermingling of commands and playful gibes rose upon the still air. The baggage was thrown into a common pile, and then came the appalling information that the house was full. But who ever knew a hotel so full that it could not take one more? So it was in this case. The house was at our disposition if we would only occupy a room in common. After a hasty council we concluded to accept the generous offer, and make the best of it. We carried up our own bags and shawls, the porter preceding us with a sickly lamp which died out several times during the trip, and each time to the accompaniment of choice epithets. The chamber into which we were ushered was not a model of sumptuousness, but heavy eyelids take slight notice of surroundings. The one little window looked into the narrow street through which the sereno, as the night watchman is called, perambulated and called the hours and the state of the weather—a barbarous custom when one wants to sleep; but it is of Spain, Spainy, and had to be endured.

Valencia is the legendary city of Spain, and a grand place it is for such things to flourish. Built on a plain with a generous river gliding through it, and bathed by the warm waves of the sea, I do not wonder that people of fashion think as highly of Valencia to-day as did the warriors of old. It boasts of those marine charms that go to make the popular watering-place, and during the season the alameda is as brilliant as the parquet of the opera. At first the crooked streets, not over clean, rather repel the stranger, but after all some of these labyrinthian by-ways are full of life and interest, even if they are twisted and soiled. In olden times they were the resorts of knights and ladies whose fame and beauty are preserved in verse, but now an

entirely different class inhabit them, and the poets no longer sing there. But aristocratic indeed must have been that neighborhood once. Often I stopped to admire the peculiar ornamentation of house fronts so common in the honored parts of the old town—lavish displays of the sculptor's chisel, and happy conceits of painters whose memory has faded even more than their colors. War was the theme of the artists, and it was gloriously depicted. These palaces belonged to high-titled soldiers, whose valor gained for them an immortal renown and the right to embellish their outer walls with annals wrought in veinless marble. Occasionally the modesty of the warrior restrained the sanguinary temperament of the sculptor, and angels and sweet visionary beings mingle with men of iron and blood; but these liberties, softening as was their influence, did not seem to agree with the temper of the age, and by far the larger number of the houses were adorned by bas-reliefs representing the good old Spanish onslaught, with heaps of infidel dead in the background. Mothers bring their children there to teach them their country's history, and the lazy, close cropped Valencian may feel his blood course faster as he contemplates the graven façades. It was worse than useless to try to find out the meaning of the allegorical display, for passers-by knew absolutely nothing; not even the owner's name was stamped in their dull pates.

When religious hands piled up those grand Spanish cathedrals they made a sad mistake in not keeping a large open space about them, so that their grandeur might impress the beholder; but they neglected their duty, and allowed the very walls to be encroached upon by a spider-like net-work of ugly houses and squalid lanes. It is so about every cathedral in Spain, and will so remain to the end of time.

Thus the difficulty of finding one's way to these cathe-

drals is considerable, for a Spaniard's idea of direction is absolutely compassless, and one needs a big bump of locality to successfully penetrate the interior of these confused cities.

The increase of beggars is the sure evidence of the proximity of a church, for they thrive wonderfully in those sacred localities, and multiply if occasion calls for it with real geometric ratio. No sooner had an abrupt angle disclosed the handsome towers than the moving contingent made for me, some on crutches, some led, others crawling on all fours, while a few healthy fellows actually began a sprint race for my charity. Wicked English speaking travellers, pestered by these attentions, might in three words consign them to regions of eternal heat, but the chances are they would not accept the invitation. There is a better remedy. Say to them, *Vayan ustades con dios*—God be with you—and they will separate, and let you pass. This simple expression has great power over them: it acts like the devil's eye, and respite is assured.

On the broad steps of this splendid church mendicants shake tin cups in your face—harsh jangle for such a spot; but they are the beggars' castanets, and are played all over the land. Eighteen generations have passed since rude hands laid the foundations of this justly celebrated cathedral, and it begins to show the marks of age in its blackened walls and irregular outlines. The darkness of the interior was deeper by reason of the cloudy sky, so that I picked my way about with caution for fear of colliding with some kneeling penitent,—for they drop in their tracks and go through their devotions unmindful of profane pilgrims like myself. In the obscure light the proportions, which are very beautiful, came out imperfectly, but I saw enough to admire even under such disadvantages. The monotonous chants rolling from the gloom-bound choir added a strong dramatic effect to the mysterious solitude

which held this temple for its own—a silence so profound that it seemed to presage some terrible event which the future had been holding in store for those present, an impending calamity such as one dreads when the heavens suddenly become black and shadows fall upon the earth. Over the rich portals of a chapel a chain is festooned, which took on the frightful convolutions of a great serpent as I saw it in the dim light; but the loquacious verger in his trailing gown touched the harmless links with his long staff, and then went on to recite its history. It literally formed many a link in Spanish annals.

In order to reach Madrid in time for the royal nuptials my stay had to be brief, and I regretfully came away, followed by a procession of hideous crones who begged for money. From the solemn precincts of the church to the noisy stalls of the market was quite a change, but I enjoyed it. The Valencia market is a quaint picture, highly colored and strangely embellished, unique in its peculiarities and strong in its individuality. There one sees Moorish blood if there is a drop left in the world. Those swarthy fellows, with half shaved heads bound with red turbans, are no more Spanish than Indian. They may be the descendants of those skilled invaders that built the Alhambra, if they are no more, but certainly they have some relationship with the hosts that fell before the Christian lances. Men and women clad in picturesque costumes mingle in dizzy confusion, and vie with each other in extolling the merits of their merchandise. It is a babel of coarse voices, and what they say none but the trained ear can understand. The stalls are too few in number to accommodate the crowd, so those that come last proceed to unload their melons and oranges on the pavement, and, practising squatter sovereignty, carry on their sales by loud cries and calls which at first cause the tired donkeys to prick up their ears in surprise. It quickly

passes away, and the lusty peasant subsides into a semi-quiescent state, only interrupted by an occasional salutation. But the uproar does not soften—it is kept up during the market; a ceaseless bandying of words agitates the crowd until the last minute.

This is the orange centre of the world, probably of the universe, where vast pyramids of large yellow oranges are piled up every morning during the season, only to be demolished long before noon. I saw them measure the fruit, which is done by putting hundreds into a bin with a hole in the bottom and then urging them through. Those that go through are small and of an inferior quality; those that remain are accepted as good.

In this market-place I saw men sitting at tables with pen and ink in front of them. I found that they were public writers, handy creatures, who make out bills, or dash off love notes for the unlettered swain of the town. What precious secrets those knights of the quill hold, and what irreparable damage they are capable of doing!

Outside the massive walls is the new Valencia with its modern houses, and its lovely park extending along the river bank, where a better phase of life is revealed, and where cosmopolitan manners are cultivated in good earnest.

The glistening river is crossed by several bridges, and beyond but a short distance is the busy harbor, with its granite moles spreading like two gigantic horns into the sea.

The inexorable time-table cut me off from many pleasures and sights in this ancient city, but I went away hoping that my return would be merely a matter of a few weeks. But alas for castles built in Spain!—they are held by no tenure that law recognizes; they are as unstable as water, and in a moment dissolve and are lost. I did not go back to Valencia: my plans underwent a change, and I never saw its frowns and smiles again.

CHAPTER XIX.

MADRID AND THE ROYAL NUPTIALS.

IF the gout of Charles V induced him to establish his capital at Madrid, then so much the worse for the gout. Madrid is of forced growth and nourishment. There is no natural kindliness about it: all is harsh and cruel. High above the sea level, set in the midst of a sterile plateau, the capital city of Spain bids defiance to the winds and frosts, and 300,000 loyal citizens help her to do it. Long before Charles's time Madrid possessed a geographical entity. The Moors knew it, and later one of the Henrys used to go there to hunt wild boars. But it first received a national importance under the great emperor and his son Philip. They bestowed their wealth most liberally to enlarging and beautifying its grim and unattractive features, and they kept at their good work until they presented to the world the Madrid as we see it to-day. But view it in any aspect, and one must wonder why such a place was ever selected for the royal court.

Coming from the serene and soothing influences of the south was a rough change, and when I felt the chilly blasts I did not have to ask why the landscape was so sad and stricken. The evidences of the Spain I left behind were wholly gone: no proof remained that the gardens bearing oranges and roses were within hundreds of leagues. The night had evidently changed the zones.

At the station the crowd was ambitious to move, and its very ambition impeded everything. It was an extraordinary occasion, and all Europe was flocking Madridward to

attend the king's wedding. At last I secured a 'bus, and in the twinkling of an eye the mad race to the hotel began. The two mules were urged to their utmost, and the break-neck gait they attained was the most startling experience I ever had. To be thrown out and killed was one thing, but to be thrown out and broken up was quite another; and it was this second fear that troubled me. We leaped through the Prado, rolling from side to side like a ship in a storm, past the Museum and the graceful fountain of Cybele, dashing against lesser vehicles, then careening like artillery getting into action, slewing into the Alcalà and fetching up on the aggressive curb-stone; then, regaining a momentary equilibrium, the racers took on another grand spurt that carried us triumphantly into the Puerta del Sol, and to the hotel. In stopping the mad flight, the panting mules were hauled up so short that they actually slid some distance on their haunches. After much parleying the authority in charge of the hotel de la Paz assigned me a room with a broad balcony, looking out into the famous square, and I breathed freer. I reached Madrid on Friday morning, and as the marriage was to take place the following day the city was full of strangers and official representatives sent by the crowned heads, many of whom, as I afterwards learned, complained bitterly of the inadequate accommodations. From a private and disinterested point of view, I should say the arrangements made for distinguished guests were about as bad as could be. It seemed to be a rush and a grab so far as some things were concerned, and such practices are not becoming at a king's wedding.

There was an eye for display both public and private, and decorations were everywhere to be seen. The modest Austrian princess had requested that such temporary and unnecessary finery might be dispensed with, and the sum appropriated be given to the wretched sufferers in inundated

Mucia, but the municipality could not dream of such a sacrifice, and the city fairly outdid itself. The window balconies furnished a grand chance for gay buntings and flags, and during the festivities they were resplendent with generous folds of orange and red. The effect of this was to give the streets the appearance of many long and irregular streamers, which, under the influence of the windy blasts, were kept in constant motion. The house fronts showed their patriotism by crowns, crosses, escutcheons, and armorial bearings, while at night gas-jets vainly essayed to faithfully reproduce these and many other ambitious greetings. The attempts were all but blown out by the inexorable gusts that swept over Madrid like myriads of invading Saracens.

The Alcalá, the Geronimo, the Arenal, and the other fashionable streets radiating from the Puerta del Sol, gathered to themselves the most elaborate endeavors of the decorators, for it was through them that the wedding procession had to pass; still, in out-of-the-way districts, where humbler people dwelt, little tokens of friendly interest in the national event were not wanting. The Madrileños evidently took kindly to the nuptials, and hung their banners on their outer walls. When the king led his sweet cousin Mercedes to the altar, Spain was glad; but this foreign alliance was by no means as popular. The jealous passions were touched, and, although Madrid was arrayed in gay colors, the rest of the country showed no enthusiasm. The young queen, not insensible to this feeling, brought along with her a trusted Austrian physician. The comic journals got hold of this, and rung merry changes on it during the week's hilarities.

The wedding-day opened most auspiciously. The chill air was kindly tempered by real Andalusian warmth, and a full flood of sunshine welcomed the royal lovers. People were astir early, and when the spirited strains of music made by

the patrolling bands caught the public ear, there was a great rush into the spacious square. The surging mass was exceedingly orderly, and cheerfully obeyed the frequent commands to fall back and make room. Indeed, one of the remarkable things that occasion brought to my notice was the complete control which half a dozen mounted policemen seemed to have over the thousands gathered in the square. Perhaps the people made an effort to keep respectful bounds, and thus lightened the labors of the handsome horsemen in scarlet and white. The spectacle as I saw it from my balcony was novel and striking. It was the much-heard-of sea of heads, but there was a coloring and a raciness all its own. The cosmopolitan dark suit prevailed, but the brilliantly lined cape was ambitiously second, and alongside the bell-crowned hat were the wearers of the mantilla and the brigandish red handkerchief, the latter, as bound around rough foreheads, being decidedly conspicuous. As companion-pieces were peasants from the confines of the province, whose home-made garments with long stockings and straw sandals savored of more mediæval times. They had come from their distant fields to see the sight of a lifetime; and they departed at night-fall, carrying with them an affluence of knowledge which would cause them to be envied among their neighbors.

Although the appointed hour was several hundred minutes off, the large streets leading into the Puerta were crowded to their centres with pedestrians going and coming. Every one was good-natured, malice was banished for the day at least, and Carlists and Republicans alike forgot their ambitions, and helped to swell the crowd. From the palace almost to the portals of the church of the Atocha the way was lined with troops drawn up in double lines, and a very distinguished appearance they made. The Spanish soldier is generally good-looking, and dresses with evident care,

and on this historic morning not a button was missing. Even the mules carrying the light artillery showed traces of the curry-comb, and the gay orange and red ribbons fluttering from their manes testified to their docile patriotism. Eleven was the hour fixed for the start; but the old clock on the government building across the square, heedless of things terrestrial, had moved close on to noon before the flourish of trumpets down the Calle del Arenal announced the coming of the gorgeous pageant. The people lost their lethargy, and surged against the soldiers, leaving only a passage-way for the procession. It would not have required much imagination to leap back three or four centuries to behold a similar spectacle. The order of exercises conformed to venerable customs, and care was taken that the time-honored procedure of the ancient court should be observed. This was the wedding-day of the king, and no higher fête is known.

The first figure in the pageant was picturesque enough, as he sat astride his horse with kettle-drums at his side. The drummer was aged;—he had long since passed the meridian of life, but his hands were constantly in motion, and the strange rattle of his drums sounded the royal tocsin. Had this old man been as indispensable as the archbishop, he could not have been more conscious of his identity. But why should he not have deemed it an imperishable renown to lead such a gay cavalcade? Following him was a quartette of trumpeters in mediæval costume, and then came cavaliers bearing maces and other imperial insignia; then officers of the household, attended by grooms and lackeys, pressed close behind. Twenty-two superb steeds with gold and silver trappings, led by their gaily dressed keepers, caused an audible hum of admiration, for the prancing animals added an honest dignity to the parade, and presumably created a favorable sentiment for their royal master. An-

other squadron of splendid uniforms and nodding plumes; then came the famous court carriages. Sumptuous and massive, these pompous coaches have played their part like creatures of life, and they still continue to act in those magnificent Spanish dramas which are the delight of the world. No potentate on earth owns a collection like this, and the Spaniards know it, and are proud accordingly. Half a score of these golden chariots, splendidly equipped, conveying high dignitaries, rolled heavily through the human sea, creating genuine enthusiasm by their magnificence. Surely, if the object of such lavishment be to impress the people with the resources and power of royalty, the exhibition served its purpose. Each coach was drawn by six or eight horses led by grooms in royal livery and wearing wigs worthy a lord chancellor, and on the throne-like seat a mortal in dazzling attire was observed, holding the red reins in his gloved hands, and looking for all the world as if he wanted to challenge Solomon to a contest of glory. Four footmen in scarlet coats and breeches, with long white cues dangling down their backs, stood on the rack like so many wax figures, and turned neither to the right nor to the left.

And yet, after this moving grandeur had disappeared down the Alcalà, and I was beginning to reflect upon what I had seen, a loud murmur rose to my balcony, and I wondered what it meant. Another procession, almost a counterpart of the first, was coming into the square. Drummers, trumpeters, heralds, and grandees, caparisoned steeds, and gouty old chariots testifying to ancient glory, and then ex-Queen Isabella. At last, after an absence of ten years, the royal fugitive had returned to Madrid on her son's wedding-day. It was a dangerous proceeding, and the ministry sat on needles; but the queen is too thoroughly Spanish to be hated to death. She has more or less of those national vices which endear rather than repel, and her presence was

bound to provoke no lasting resentment. The red-faced old queen was greeted with a slight fluttering of handkerchiefs as she passed the loyalists gathered on the balconies of the Department of Finance, and she bowed her acknowledgments; but beyond such courtesies the royal lady passed by like an apparition.

If this woman has played deep at the lottery of life, if she has won and lost in unequal proportions, what can be said of poor Eugenie of France? It was a cruel decree of fate that brought the childless empress to Spain in the midst of these merry fêtes, and on so sorrowful an errand. Almost unattended, the broken-hearted woman hurried from England in hopes of seeing her aged mother once again, but that was denied her; for the poor old Countess of Montijo had passed suddenly away. That December brought a wedding for the queen and a funeral for the empress.

The royal pathway was now clear for some minutes, but the soldiers stood at their arms and the dense crowd showed no signs of thinning, for the kingly groom must yet pass that way. Presently the beautiful strains of the wedding march choked the aristocratic street, and Alphonso entered upon the scene. The military escort was imposing, and contributed more than its share to the glory of the day. Men and horses moved as one through the Puerta, and the people applauded lustily at the magnificent show. A long retinue of courtly attendants and the royal halberdiers on foot escorted the king's coach. Eight spotlessly white steeds champed their silver bits, and pranced excitedly as they conveyed the young monarch to his bride. These blooded animals, spurning the rein, were led by grooms, who, in spite of the unsteady horses, did their best to imitate the dignified steps of the minuet. The king's coach was heavier and more emblazoned with ornament than the others, and carried on its top a globe, which once had a meaning.

Alphonso sat alone in his majesty, but through the open windows his subjects caught frequent glimpses of him, clad in the glittering uniform of a captain-general. He repeatedly leaned forward and bowed very graciously to the people, then, sinking back into the eider-down cushions, would be lost to sight. Not a cheer broke from those thousand throats as he rode through; not one spontaneous greeting did the successor of Philip receive in all that throng. It may be that the Spaniards are not publicly demonstrative, but this seems inconsistent with their vivacious characteristics; or perhaps ancient Spain is passing through the transition state, and is beginning to appreciate men for what they deserve rather than for what they are. The crowd did not even doff its hat in the royal presence. *Grandeess*, we know, are exempt, and on such occasions the common people evidently imitate the elect of the realm. Time and time again since that wedding-day I have pondered over that ominous lack of enthusiasm which was so noticeable, and I have yet reached no conclusion. As soon as the king passed the pageant was ended, but the long lines of troops remained at rest as they had from early morning; the crowd retired from the square, but the sidewalks were as impassable as ever, and all Madrid seemed literally turned out of doors. In little more than an hour the wedding procession came trooping back from the church, the king and queen occupying the golden chariot with the globe on top, and the others following with true Castilian stateliness of movement. The bands played their merriest, the unbroken line of infantry presented arms, Alphonso and Christina kept bowing out of their respective windows, and in a few minutes the last cavalier had pranced into the Arenal again, and the great nuptials were over.

But the festivities, of course, did not end with the wedding ceremony: that was merely the inauguration of the

sport. Madrid for a week glittered with wonders. The fountains played, grand equipages rumbled through the streets or went the rounds in the park, courtiers resplendent in satin and velvet exhibited their horsemanship to admiring crowds, troops were reviewed, and sham battles fought. The illustrious of Spain were all there, princesses, grandees, ambassadors, generals, statesmen, and ministers rivalling one another in the gorgeousness of their dress and in the observance of punctilious etiquette.

On Monday and Tuesday following the wedding, Spanish royalty, in accordance with tradition, entertained its distinguished guests with bull-fights that were bull-fights. Early autumn seemed to have loaned a sky full of warm sunshine to give proper effect to the brutal games, and the eager devotees as they looked out of their windows that morning were regaled with bright anticipations. The regular fighting season had gone by, so this was looked upon as so much pure gain. Precisely how the visitors from abroad viewed it made no difference: all were there in the same glittering uniforms, and sat it through. The papal blessing might as well be left out of the wedding as the bull-fight, and Alphonso in the declining days of the nineteenth century only followed the custom decreed by a long line of illustrious ancestors. It is one of the essentials of Spanish ceremonial, and its literal observance was demanded by centuries of precedents. Madrid with its large population has always been a generous patron, although the home of the sport lies farther south, in Andalusia. But the critics of the capital have nothing to complain of in the way of treatment. They get the finest exhibitions of bulls and fighters in exchange for their silver.

The star actor is a hero among men and women, and as he walks through the streets he is followed by admiring crowds that note his every movement; and if he pauses to

pass a word with some acquaintance the man thus honored at once becomes the envy of the throng. The names of Lagartijo and Frascuelo are more familiar to the masses than those of General Prim and Castelar, for even the children lisp them in their play. First-class matadors are as rare as first-class actors, and they command good salaries, varying from \$300 to \$800 for each performance; but the risks they run are terrible, and, moreover, their active career can last but a few years at the longest. The stage often welcomes Claude Melnottes and Hamlets whose years have passed the half hundred, but the sandy arena tolerates none but the youthful and agile. Rheumatism and stiff joints have no place in Spanish tauromaquia. Bull-fighters must keep their heads clear and their bodies supple, or forfeit their lives in consequence of neglect; and judging from a succession of observations, I incline to a high estimate of their temperance in all things. More perfect specimens of physical development cannot be found. Strength and exceeding grace are in every movement, and when to these is added a handsome face, as in the case of Frascuelo, the ideal man seems to have been found. This celebrated bull-fighter is the idol of the nation, and when he was wounded, several years before I saw him, half Madrid wept, especially the black-eyed señoritas and their mammas.

I had entertained a vague idea of bull-fighting, and considered it a kind of catch and go pastime in which all hands took part, and slew the animal without formality or rules. There could not be a greater misconception. The whole business is supremely barbarous, and yet I know of no sport where a greater and more scientific preparation is demanded. Bulls and men alike have to serve a long apprenticeship before they are accepted by the public, for a poor performer would be instantly hissed out of the ring, be he man

or bull. These fighting animals are no ordinary stock ; they come from blooded ancestors, and are as carefully bred as race-horses or hunting-dogs. Wealthy gentlemen in different provinces take intense pride in raising bulls for the arena—a strange freak of stock-raising surely, but they make it pay, and, what is better still, they give a glamor to their family name which neither the soldier nor the statesman can hope to rival. Their tauric fame spreads far and wide, and, as the family name lasts through many generations, the blood-loving Spaniards know what to expect when bulls from these farms are to take part. So critical have the devotees of the sport become, that unless some well known breeding farm furnishes the animals they would not honor the corrida with their august presence. This sharp insistence has brought about the propagation of as handsome and shapely animals as ever roved the fields, and they fetch high prices. The breeder, thus encouraged, keeps his stalls plentifully supplied with choicest bulls, ready at an hour's notice to supply the demand. But different farms produce different breeds, so that the public may be regaled with variety. One bull family is noted for long horns, another for short horns, one for black hides, another for red ; and then, as with our pugilists, they all have their own peculiar methods of fighting. Some bulls are tricky and give the fighters considerable exercise, while others lower their big heads the moment they come out of their cage, and make for the first horseman they see. These peculiarities are traits by which the farms are recognized, and in order to please the spectators the managers of the arena generally buy the bulls from different owners. I have often listened to old frequenters of the arena as they commented on the probabilities of some coming combat, basing what they said on the record of the particular bull families which were to take part. They remember the grandfather Taurus and the great uncle Taurus,

besides many collaterals whose valor was considered phenomenal. They have the corrida history at their tongues' end, and make their bets accordingly. Yes, they bet and take chances on everything. Of course the taciturn Castilians are never rash enough to bet in favor of the bull's saving his own life: the odds would be too great, although such an unexpected outcome might happen, as in the case of a broken horn. No, they lay their money on how the bull will be killed, or what he will do. The rules of the science recognize certain work by the espada or swordsman, such as *estocadas*, *pinchazos*, *amagos*, and *suertes*, which mean the methods of plying the sword; or the bull may receive so many lunges from the picadors or horsemen, or so many darts from the lithe banderilleros; or he may overturn horse and rider, or kill so many steeds, in his fury. It is the number of all these quick and sickening things that helps on the betting. They present a fascination to the habitués who register their bets after due deliberation.

It is so wonderfully systematic that a stranger is almost startled. In the excitement of the struggle it takes a cool head to discern every nice play; but this, like everything else, is provided for in the persons of official scorers, who note all the features of the butchery and publish them the next morning in *El Toreo*, a sheet entirely devoted to bull-fighting. From this last resort there is no appeal, and the bets must be settled accordingly. This reminds me that this journal is published weekly, and contains bull literature from all parts of Spain. The account of the fights is neither vivid nor picturesque, for the Spanish reporters seem unable to use the brilliant brush of their American brothers: if they only could, then the sport would be made either more popular or more repulsive.

In some respects bull-fighting is managed after the manner of theatres, the chief actor bringing his company with

him, the lessees of the ring supplying the bulls, horses, and attendants. The espada and his company are either paid so much, or are allowed a share in the receipts. At some of the large rings the management keep their own picadors and banderilleros, and only engage the espadas for the occasion. The large rings are generally owned by the local government and are rented to enterprising directors, who give Sunday and fête day exhibitions as long as fair weather lasts, and in this way both parties are assured of a goodly income. If the government did the work through its own agents, the chances of financial remuneration would be slight indeed. In some places the institution is the property of opulent citizens, as, for instance, in Grenada, but this private ownership, as might be supposed, is not popular with the masses. The expense of erecting a brick amphitheatre, complete in modern improvements and large enough to seat from ten to twenty thousand spectators, is no small matter; therefore such undertakings are generously left to the municipalities, which speedily respond, and up go the huge coliseums from one end of the kingdom to the other. The income derived is bestowed on good objects, such as hospitals, asylums, or sudden calamities such as flood or pestilence; even the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals has been the recipient of this bounty. There is a charming consistency in this, if looked at rightly. Truly charity often assumes a grim practicality in Spain.

The Plaza de Toros in Madrid is situated just outside the city at the very end of the fashionable Alcala, and thither on that December morning kings and queens, princes and princesses, coronets and garters, jewels and rags, wended their way in indiscriminate confusion. The occasion was extraordinary, and the world may never behold the like again. Rather than trust myself to those ramshackle conveyances I preferred to walk, and there was no lack of com-

pany. This fight was in one sense private ;—no tickets were suffered to be sold publicly, although it goes without saying that hundreds were disposed of for money, for the chance of making a few dollars was too tempting to lose. As a member of the press I called on the señor having charge of the invitations, and he politely gave me passes for each day, besides offering many unexpected favors. He saw I was ignorant of the science, and kindly let in considerable light, explaining its fine points, and, by aid of a plan, indicated what he considered to be the most desirable seats. His experience often became valuable to me, and I imparted it to other ignorant travellers, who thanked me, and doubtless wondered where I had picked up so much knowledge of things Spanish.

From the Puerta del Sol to the sandy plain surrounding the coliseum a mass of people on foot, on horses and donkeys, in 'buses, tartanas, victorias, barouches, dog-carts, and other nondescript conveyances, surged and crowded in almost frantic excitement lest they should be late. In the middle of the broad thoroughfare mounted policemen kept an open space through which the royal party might pass, but elsewhere humanity asserted its rights, and woe to the man that stooped to tie his shoe-string.

The great circular structure loomed up on the level plain like a fort at sea, and with loopholes, embrasures, and crenellated cornice the resemblance was certainly striking. Flags and pennants fluttered from the walls, and loud strains of martial music rose above the din. It was truly a nation's holiday. The great coliseum is the pride of the Madrileños. They glory in its spacious ring and its terraces of granite seats, where fifteen thousand spectators may behold the cruel games. On the ruins of the Roman amphitheatres rose the Spanish Plaza de Toros ;—men no longer butcher men, but the crowds are as thirsty for blood as in

the days of Nero—more so, perhaps—and bull after bull and horse after horse must be tortured to make a Spanish holiday.

A hospital is as much a part of the institution as the bull-cage, and likewise a small chapel at whose shrine the fighters may hear mass—the last perhaps they may ever hear. It always seemed to me that this was taking a mean advantage of the bull. How strange these customs are, and yet they excite no surprise among the natives, who take everything in a matter of course way and make no comments.

To find the section to which my ticket entitled me was very easy, and once there I was at liberty to choose any spot I pleased. The seats are not numbered, being long stone steps arranged as in a modern circus, so that one may keep near the ring, or go higher where the effect is certainly more pronounced, as one looks down on the picturesque battle instead of at it. It is doubtful if the ancient world could show any spectacle more exciting than these combats. In circular array sit men and women, closely packed, breathlessly watching the horrible scene. Blood, entrails, tortures affect them not, nor do they gasp when some luckless actor is impaled. Their pent-up souls await the final thrust,—then as the wounded animal drops dead a mighty shout rises to the skies, and they leap upon their feet in their excitement and throw presents to the successful espada, who calmly wipes his glittering blade before he acknowledges the ovation. In the coming cycles of time, who dares name the brutality that is to supersede the bull-fight?

When I looked about me the scene was fearfully strange. The tiers were fast becoming peopled with well dressed men and elegantly dressed women, uniforms were scattered in sparkling profusion, and below me sat the diplomatic corps of the capital. The American minister and one or two other ambassadorial colleagues were absent, but mighty kingdoms were represented most generously by under sec-

retaries, who from long residence had accustomed their eyes to all the quick phases of bull-fighting. In the great balcony over the entrance to the cage, bands were treating the crowd to the latest French airs, some of them being so familiar that thousands of throats joined in the chorus amid a general clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs. It was a study in animation. The arena had been carefully raked, the ring boys and all had withdrawn, when the gate opened, and the royal halberdiers, clad in their picturesque costume and bearing as arms short swords and long pikes, half spear and half battle-axe, marched across the ring and took positions under the royal box. Before the day was over, these fancy warriors found their old-fashioned halberds very useful in repelling the charges of infuriated bulls. All eyes were directed to the gayly festooned balcony, and the multitude showed a few signs of loyalty; but they were spasmodic, and quickly died out. Curiosity did its work, and scarcely a *viva el rey* was heard.

Alphonso in the uniform of a captain-general, as on his wedding-day, and Christina wearing the national mantilla, came to the balcony rail and bowed to their subjects, who received the courtesy in silence; but the next instant, catching sight of Isabella the exile, they called her name, and in response the real Spanish queen, surrounded by the Infantas, showed herself to the crowd.

In a moment all was ready and the queen waved her handkerchief, the music struck up, and the splendid cavalcade of fighters came upon the scene. This elaboration is never seen except on state occasions; at other *corridas* the men walk, and there is but little ceremony, but on this day the true Castilian pomp and circumstance shone in effulgence. Four mounted alguaciles, preceded by an inspector, led the showy train; then came kettle-drummers and trumpeters, mace-bearers, a state coach drawn by four white

horses with nodding plumes and containing high municipal officials, knights on prancing steeds followed by pages bearing spears, another coach, more mace-bearers, then more picturesque equipages, flanked by haughty footmen, alguaciles, and pages, then the fighters Lagartijo, Frascuelo, Gordito, and Machio, with their bands of dart throwers, picadors, and attendants, and last of all the indispensable mules, harnessed four abreast. As this cavalcade moved slowly around the arena, many were the exclamations of delight. I even experienced delight myself. One would have said that such splendor ought to be reserved for conquering regiments, rather than given to a company of bull-fighters.

Ordinarily the fight begins as soon as the procession passes round, but on this day more formality obtained, and the first two bulls were killed by valiant knights, the regular combatants merely assisting. The master of ceremonies rides up to the royal box and receives the key from the queen: at this the crowd howls with satisfaction. The kettle-drums roll out the signal in ominous measure, the heavy door leading to the cage swings open, and amid a painful stillness a bull rushes into the arena. It is really a majestic moment. Awaiting him are knights dressed in courtly lace and satin, and mounted on as proud steeds as ever champéd the bit. Twenty thousand spectators hold their breath, but only for an instant, for the bull is full of fight and makes for one of the cavaliers, who avoids him by adroit riding, at the same time plunging a wooden dart into his flank. The bull shakes it out, and, maddened beyond control, rushes again and misses his victim, only to receive another stab, which staggers him for a moment. But his blood is heated, and a highly exciting contest is kept up. The other knight often comes to the rescue, and flings his darts. Then the chulos throw their bright shawls into the bull's face, an insult too great to be borne, and he makes for the saucy fellows, who

take to their heels, bull after them. This is great sport for the crowd, and it applauds and yells. But the pursuit is brief, and quicker than a flash the horsemen are on him with their death-dealing darts. The bull turns on his new tormentors, but, already weak, his movements lack force. He pauses as if to plan a new attack, but his time has come, for the Sir Knight, with unerring aim, sends a shaft clear through the poor beast's quivering body, and down he goes prone in the sand. The music strikes up merrily, the vast amphitheatre roars with plaudits, handkerchiefs and hats are frantically waved. The mules dash through the gate, the dead bull is attached to the team, and away they go, lashed by their excited drivers, kicking up a great dust, and leaving a long furrow behind.

The next bull meets the same fate, but not until he has laid open the horse's flank and all but unseated his rider. Had it not been for the promptness of the chulos and ring boys, there would have been one cavalier the less in Spain.

After these preliminary combats of honor, the regular bull-fight took place. Three determined and rough-looking men, with wide sombreros, buck-skin suits and leggings, with long lances in their hands, mounted on the meanest and sorriest nags imaginable, came upon the scene, and took positions in different parts of the arena. These were the picadors, and Satan could never recruit a cavalry more to his liking. They use a high saddle in order to brace them in lunging the bull, and their legs are bound round with iron so that the horns may not wound them. Consequently when unhorsed they are unable to rise, and although in extreme peril, few are ever removed to another sphere by the aid of the bull : somehow they manage to escape. Theirs is the most revolting act in the entire performance : eliminate this, and bull-fighting, though cruel, would not be so horrible. It is a mistake to think of the horses as being noble

specimens: they are the worst old hacks that can be obtained. Thin, halt, and half blind, the poor creatures are really on their last legs, and their death is only hastened by a day or two. But the practice is inexpressively savage, and once seen can never be forgotten. To prevent the poor, trembling horse from seeing his impending fate, a handkerchief is tied over his eyes, and before he knows it his hide is torn apart or his breast gored to the heart by the merciless horns.

When all is ready, the signal comes again from the royal box, the cage is opened, and another spirited bull rushes out. As the animal leaps from his imprisonment, a rosette of different colors is hooked into his skin, so that the people may know from what farm he comes. No sooner is he in the ring than down goes his massive head, and he rushes like a thunderbolt at the nearest picador. You shut your eyes, but the sound goes through your soul. Open them: the horse is on his knees, blood pumps from his wound or his entrails lay upon the sand, while the bull is charging the next horseman. The picador tries to ward off the attack with his barbed lance, and oftentimes the bull sullenly retreats with a sheet of his hide flapping as he moves. When this barbarity has gone far enough, when several horses lie dead or dying in the ring, the trumpets sound, and the picadors retire from the ring to await the next victim.

Part second is now in order, and the handsome banderilleros are the actors. Three of them, dressed in flounces and ruffles of satin and lace, with knee breeches and low slippers, carrying short darts in their hands, come gracefully into the arena, and prepare to goad the angry animal in a way both novel and daring. The darts that they stick into his hide are about a yard long, with a hook on one end and gaily colored ribbons on the other, so that when his bullship has received the sharp compliments of the saucy trio, he

presents a rather grotesque appearance as he trots round in his fury. When it is borne in mind that these darts must be thrust and not thrown into the hide, the danger is seen to be imminent; but by long practice the feat is done, and although for an instant the fellow is actually grazed by the horns, he leaps away laughing, while his victim paws and kicks, and acts quite a comedy. The performer, holding a dart in each hand, dances before the bull and teases him; but one invitation is usually sufficient, and, lowering his head and closing his eyes, the beast charges the fragile piece of humanity in front of him. No athlete acts quicker than the banderillero; his movements almost vex the lightning as he thrusts his darts and is miraculously saved. Their dare-devil performances are blood-curdling; they actually invite danger, and a premium is offered for any feat more dangerous than any the present list contains.

I saw an especial illustration of skill defying death at this fight. Gordito, who is both a dart thrower and an espada, placed a heavy chair in the centre of the arena, and seating himself tempted the bull. In a second the wild creature bellowed an acceptance, and with the rush of a cyclone made for the solitary figure. I would not have insured that man's life for a penny: he actually stood in the way of an express train: but in went the red and white darts, and out of the way went the man and chair. Gordito, I believe, is the only fighter who does this act: but courage is not wanting to induce others to attempt it. After the bull has been generously bedecked with ribbons, the banderilleros go out and the last act takes place. People move uneasily, and change positions, for the suspense and excitement preclude the possibility of indifference even among stolid Spaniards. As the espada in his beautiful costume, holding in his hand the red muleta and his trusty sword, comes in view, the multitude give him a hearty welcome: he bows in return,

and walks like a monarch to the king's box. His majesty leans over the balustrade, and listens to the espada's declaration of loyalty and his purpose to despatch the bull for the honor of Alphonso. Then flinging his cap into the crowd, this man of steel walks confidently towards the wondering animal. The espada, his breast glittering with princely offerings and his short queue dangling behind, confronts the bleeding, foaming brute, while twenty thousand human hearts bound against as many breasts. The combat of death begins. The red shawl is waved, and the bull lunges madly at it; but quicker than thought the nimble fighter skips out of danger only to be again charged. He lifts the red cloth, and the curious animal raises his great head; he lowers it, and the shaggy head goes down; he shakes it, and the charge is made;—so this graceful play goes on for some minutes, until the bull, wearied by his unceasing persecution, stands panting: the crowd can endure it no longer, and a loud "*ahora*"—"now"—breaks forth. The bull's last moment has come: the espada, sure of his footing, lowers his cloth, and down goes the victim's head leaving the vital spot uncovered. The man draws back his glittering blade, and, rising on tip-toe, takes unerring aim and lunges with all his might. The sword goes in to its very hilt; the death blow has been given, and in a few minutes the bull sways and totters and falls dead. Then up rises a tornado of applause, and in its extatic insanity the crowd does queer things. Cigars by the box are flung down into the arena; hats, coats, money, and oranges follow in indiscriminate confusion. The espada shows his white teeth and vainly endeavors to pick up his offerings, but the task is impossible and he summons assistance. The merry French airs are broken into fragments by the noisy spectators. The royal box is very animated—but Christina is no longer visible: the scene has been too much for her Austrian

nerves. The halberdiers rest on their long spears ; and now that the dead horses have been dragged out, and the patches of gore sanded over, the kettle-drums sound the long and dramatic roll, the gate opens, and another magnificent bull confronts the noisy multitude. It is the same horrible repetition, varied perhaps by more brutality ; but the most unaccustomed eyes can stand the second scene if they can the first.

Now and then comical sights are seen, as, for instance, when the bull leaps over the barrier. The barrier is five feet high, but I have seen a bull leap it with the grace of a greyhound, and make a circuit of the enclosure between the arena and the spectators' benches. This unorthodox performance stirs men's souls to the utmost, and the confusion it produces is refreshing. The first time I saw this bull-jumping done, the enraged animal came back into the arena bearing on his horns one of the king's soldiers who failed to get out of the way. My heart sank within me, for the situation was blood-chilling. By some mischance the bull had caught the man by the sword-belt, and, mad at his mistake, actually flung the writhing victim unhurt to the ground, and dashed off for better prey. Within this outside passage are water peddlers, orange boys, idle fighters, policemen, and a few favored "sports," who always claim acquaintanceship with the actors. In fact, it might be termed an open-air green-room. Pestilence in its most hideous form could not work a greater fright : in comes the bull with blood in his eyes, out go the loiterers regardless of appearances. Situations are now reversed : the bull has possession of the passage, while the fright-stricken humanity hold the arena. It is a moment of unrestrained merriment. When I first saw this acrobatic feat, I wondered how they would get the bull back into fighting position ; but they did not keep me waiting many seconds. The heavy barrier is

generously supplied with gates, and in an instant one was thrown open outward, thus barring further progress, and before the bull could turn and run back another was opened, which left him in a small pen, with no alternative but the fatal arena. As soon as he reëntered it the gates were swung back in place, and the barrier made as firm as ever.

One infuriated animal, with long, needle-like horns, wanted to fight horses, men, halberdiers, and everything else. He gazed savagely at the tiers of spectators, and thought to himself the havoc he could make among them,—but the barriers between were too formidable; so he turned his attention to the statuesque halberdiers, and paid them a cyclonic compliment. In an instant he encountered a wall of spears, and his ardor dampened, but he showed his contempt by kicking his heels at them. Then in a fit of abstract madness he rushed at the fence and broke a horn close off. Here was a dilemma, for the enraged invalid would brook no concession. Gates was opened for him to go out, but he refused to go. Dogs were sent in, but he only chased them over the dusty ring: nothing seemed to influence him towards salvation. Finally several oxen were driven in, and he experienced a remarkable change of heart. He rushed up to the inoffensive creatures as if to shake paws with them, rubbed his wounded head against their sleek sides, and clung to them with an affection quite touching, following them in their amblings, and disappearing through the gate with them in a seeming state of complete bovine docility.

Oxen have great influence over the wild bull nature, and it is in their company that the bulls are driven to the battle-grounds and safely lodged in their respective cages. Connected with the arena by a wide and dark passage is the bull pen, in which they await their entrance to the public. This pen is divided into cells opening into the passage; so

when the signal is given the cell door and the great portal of the arena are opened simultaneously, and out rushes the prisoner. It is an interesting sight to see the bulls teased into these dark cells. All sorts of devices are employed to bring it about, while the few privileged spectators stand on the parapets and enjoy the amusing sight.

While bull-fighting can get no apology from me, an extended sojourn among the Spaniards did not prove them heartless or unfeeling. They are as good as humanity in general, and in some respects decidedly more open in their petty vices than some people who look upon them as uncivilized. Not to see a bull-fight I consider a mistake, and yet its atrocities are too much for some nerves. But it is as much a part of Spain as the glorious cathedral of Seville, or the sunny slopes purpling with the grape.

At this wedding combat eight bulls were slain, and many times more horses. Four hours of blood and agony, of loud hurrahs and merry music, of dust, excitement, and frenzy, and in this carnival of horrors Christina was introduced to her husband's people. I often glanced at the flag-draped box, and wondered if the young queen trembled at the thought of having to live among eighteen million subjects whose highest favors and heartiest plaudits were reserved for days like this.

CHAPTER XX.

MADRID TO MOROCCO.

THE truce offered to Madrid by the capricious climate proved of short duration, being followed by a succession of bone-tingling weather so savage as to send distinguished guests and idle tourists flying either homeward, or towards the genial realms of the South. The day after the festivities were over brought the thermometer down on its knees; snow garlanded the streets, and a wind like the breath of the Inquisition swept in unmitigated fury. Madrid was not to my liking. I could see it later under more propitious skies; so I turned my face Andalusia-ward, via Toledo. The change seemed to bring me several circles nearer the North pole, but the desolate old city on the crags could not be slighted; so I tried to appreciate what I saw, although I failed to enjoy the climate and the accommodations.

As the train crawled along the forty odd miles, with that slow, exasperating movement so common in Spain, I realized how much there is in life when one has the disposition to take things easily. It was late at night when we arrived; but night and day are very much the same there, and the omnibus with its consumptive lamp opened its creaking door for us. We then began the ascent, and a more thorough shaking up never befell mortals. The streets were so narrow that any sudden lunge might heave us into the private apartments of some citizen, where, when confronted with the host, we should be at a loss to account for our unconventional presence; but the good old vehicle brought us

safely through the labyrinth of dark and grewsome lanes and alleys, and landed us in the Zocodover or public square. Lights twinkled behind frosty panes, and the strains of café orchestras caught my ear, all of which went to show that the town was not wholly lost in slumber. But my ride gave me no desire to study interiors at that hour, so I sought the hotel de Lino, the only one in the city and the worst one in Spain. Half stable, half house, it was my only choice, and there I lay down to sleep. I was hungry, but they fed me not; I was cold, but they clothed not my bed; they promised me a breakfast, and, that I might have lively anticipations of the coming feast, they brought a brasier of live coals into my room. I shook myself to sleep, and was up the next morning breaking the ice in the wash-basin long before the sluggish landlord had fairly got to bed.

Toledo may be accepted as an epitome of universal history: the Romans, Goths, Jews, Moors, and Spaniards have all had their share in its annals, and left their testimony in quaint and becoming characters. The massive bridge, the whitewashed mosques, the alcazar, the splendid cathedral, the orange courts, and the gurgling fountains tell the story of the past more eloquently than any historian. Cordova excepted, I looked upon Toledo as the saddest city in Spain. There is a depression hanging over everything which few visitors escape. The atmosphere seemed surcharged with an indescribable melancholy which invaded one's inmost soul. I am at a loss to account for this, inasmuch as Toledo, notwithstanding ecclesiastical strictness, has not been more wicked or more cruel than Seville or Valencia; but certain it is that over her house-tops lurks a gloom which, though unseen, is always felt. Toledo has reason to be proud of a superb situation, for she sits enthroned upon crags and peaks, high above the encircling

valley, and at her feet the river Tagus plunges through its rocky pathway to the sea. No city is more picturesque than ancient Toledo on the heights.

The chronicles of New Castile attribute to Toledo an antiquity contemporaneous with the ark, and possibly it may be even so ; at all events the decaying houses and blackened ruins clearly ante-date the Christian religion, and furnish an abundant theme for serious contemplation. I believe there is more consummate dilapidation to the square foot in Toledo than in any other city in Europe. Even the people one meets have an air of decay about them, and this trait is vividly emphasized in the neighborhood of the asylum for the insane, where living death is fearfully portrayed. The military school is the one bright spot in Toledo : there one sees action and vigor, and hears merry shouts and gay songs, but elsewhere the silence is oppressive and saddening. The landmarks of history are thickly scattered about to show the epochs through which the city has passed. Each race has left its impress, the Moors the most enduring of any. Orientalism is prominent in architecture—even the Spaniards adopted it either by design or accident—and many of the churches and public edifices show the sensuous touch of infidel builders. Succeeding ages have never been able to divorce this influence, and in an architectural point of view Toledo to-day is more Moorish than Spanish.

Down through the narrow and crooked streets, with their opposite windows so near that people might easily shake hands across the intervening space, I came suddenly on the cathedral. This master work is justly famous the world over, although its annals are indistinct in the night-time of history. Surely it could never have been built by the motley and miserable population that now hover within sound of its great bell, nor do I think they have any appreciation of its surpassing magnificence. Within its walls archbishops

and cardinals, eminent alike in religion and state-craft, have directed the policy of kings, have hurled anathemas by the hundred, declared wars, and concluded treaties of peace. Memories of Marinus, Rodrigo, Mendoza, Tavera, and a long line of kings and queens, including properly enough the Virgin Mary, queen of heaven, are suggested at every turn. In no other spot on earth have the glory and majesty of political religion been so prominent as in this aged wonder-house. On pushing aside the leather curtain the scene disclosed is grand and imposing. The spacious interior is dim and silent, save the low sound of prayer or the occasional burst of song from the choir, while the scent of incense follows the slowly moving processions as they go from chapel to chapel. Five naves divide the church, and a hundred massive columns, deeply fluted, support the enormous roof. A transverse nave has been placed so that the interior might be cruciform, and on the sides are the high altar and the choir. In Spain, as in Russia, the high altar is the attainment of sublimity in decorative art. There the riches of bottomless coffers have been lavished until the altar has become a realm of gems, paintings, sculptures, gold and silver vessels, and all kinds of indescribable handiwork. Around all this shoot up into the gloom embossed steel bars, which give to the holy of holies the appearance of a gilded cage, from whose confines only prayers may escape. This beautiful prison is entered by wide and noiselessly swinging gates at the foot of the altar steps, kept open during services so that the kneeling worshippers may have an unobstructed view of the glittering ceremonial. The choir is also shut in by needle-like bars; but the public may penetrate its shades, and, under the benign glow of a monkish taper, study the marvellous wood carvings which so thickly adorn the singing-benches and stalls. The history of the world seems to be portrayed by these ingenious tracings,

and no one can look at the numberless designs without being wonder-struck at the exceeding patience that produced them. To me they were the most interesting feature in the great cathedral. In the rear of the choir is a chapel containing the shining alabaster tombs of Alva de Luna and his wife, and on niches and pilasters are his swords and armor and his trophies and orders. But the most comical sight is the adaptation of Mahomet's miracle to Spanish purposes, or, in other words, the suspended coffin of a high-toned grandee of Toledo, who was so troubled lest the common herd walk over his decaying body that his relatives hung him up high in the gloom; and there his bones contentedly await the last trump.

The famous Muzarabe chapel has the most interesting ecclesiastical story in Spain, and it is embellished in keeping with its glories. When the Moors captured Toledo many inhabitants begged to remain, and the generous victors granted their request, and at the same time guaranteed them freedom of worship. Hence they were called mixed Arabs; but they kept their religion during the four centuries of Moorish ascendancy, and at its end, when the Christians again came into power, the king wished the sturdy people to give up their Gothic missal and accept the Gregorian; but never was a king more boldly defied. Even the pope was at his wits' end. Expedients, such as burning the old and new forms, were tried; even a resort to combat between the champions of the change had no effect, and the old form of words held its own. But in course of time the Gothic sentences became like so many Egyptian hieroglyphics to the Toledans, and the ancient rites seemed about to be forever lost; then it was that Ximenes, unwilling that the memorable custom should be forgotten, caused the meaningless Gothic characters to be translated and printed in the vernacular; he then established this beautiful chapel

and appointed priests, and to this day services are carried on in that queer ritual.

In another part of the cathedral they show the Chapel of the Virgin, and a more noble offering to faith does not exist. The riches of emperors could suggest nothing, nor could the apartments of emperors be more ornate and dazzling. The Virgin Mary once came into this very church, so the legend goes, and they preserved the stone slab upon which she stood. For an insignificant fee her foot-prints may be examined, and if one's neck is long enough the slab itself may be touched by one's lips. In days gone by the faithful were permitted to lay their hands on the precious relic ; they might press their devout lips to it ; but an excess of devotion began to wear it away, and rather than have the thick flagging licked to nothing but an imaginary point, the authorities set it behind solid bars, where it may be seen but scarcely touched. No wonder the Toledans have shown their gratitude to the condescending queen of angels by erecting to her memory the grandest chapel in Spain.

In chapels appropriated for consummate display are silks, satins, and damasks studded with rubies, pearls, and emeralds ; candelabra thick with branching arms ; pyxes flashing back the lustre of countless gems ; wares, chalices, and all the lustrous paraphernalia of the Romish church. Here, too, are the robes of the Virgin spread out before vulgar eyes. What a change from the night in Bethlehem !

When the splendid interior loosed me from its fascination I strolled into the fragrant cloisters, and was spellbound by a loveliness where shade-trees flourish and flowers and birds and fountains lend an enchantment.

After the cathedral, the celebrated sword-works assumed a prominence in my saunterings, and thither I bent my steps. The cutlery business has fallen off, like everything else in Toledo, and, as now conducted, does not employ the regi-

ments of workmen I had supposed. Sheffield has given Toledo a death thrust, and the end cannot be far distant. The works are in a court surrounded by high walls, and soldiers were lounging about with the regular café expression, cigarettes and all ; but they carried arms, and were put there to guard the secrets of blade-making and to prevent stealing. I saw the various processes, but understood none ; though in the armory the quaint collection delighted me with its startling array of daggers, poniards, swords, stiletos, spears, and knives. Visitors not only contribute a fee to enter, but are cordially commanded to purchase souvenirs of the historic spot. But who could resist the temptation to buy some of those exquisite arabesque knives with embossed handles ? I could not, and I took many away with me.

Passing through the zigzag windings and the majestic Puerta del Sol, that Moorish gate beneath whose turrets all the town must pass, then up the steep hill, I came to the church of San Juan de los Reyes, whose terraces and parapets gave it a very martial appearance. This famous church of a single nave, with its arches and pillars richly ornamented with a riotous profusion of bas-reliefs representing men, women, children, birds, flowers, animals of frightful mien, and unintelligible inscriptions, and yet so gracefully arranged as not to suggest ridicule, is one of the sights of Toledo. Gothic art has done its utmost for San Juan, and has given to it an enduring elegance that soothes the brain like a sweet dream. Adjoining the church is the sculptured cloister, with roses blooming even in December. The columns surrounding it are slender and delicate, and yet their fragile bodies know the chisel, for they, too, tell history in quaint characters which mount up and up, and become indistinct in the foliated capitals. The pilasters are none the less inscribed, so is the frieze which runs round like a wiz-

ard's story, and the walls, too, are covered with figures and arabesques. The cloister is small, but never was so much harmony and richness combined as in this peaceful angle of old Tolédo. It is a marble allegory of faith, virtue, and courage, whose attributes become instinct with life and beauty and promise, so that the world may commune with them and go away happier.

In sad contrast with this sculptured paradise is the ancient synagogue of Santa Maria Blanca, with its narrow naves divided by four rows of columns upholding a series of low arches. The interior is a deathly white, and yet the Christians call it a church. No Romish ritual could exist in its desolate and severe interior. Even the Moors would spurn the cheerless and forbidding spot where not even the birds would enter; and as for the Jews, they seek other sanctuaries. The cedar ceiling bears traces of the wood-carver's skill, while the walls testify in Arabic to a belief in another world; but the place, while it suggests Orientalism, seems to lack that warm and sensuous character that connects the mosque with the Paradise of Allah.

Toledo streets would furnish rare facilities for coasting or tobogganing, provided ice were plentiful; and yet, on account of their crookedness, the sport might entail untold woe to its patrons. The very thought is sufficient to make one cross-eyed, for it made my eyes ache to patrol them at my leisure. Everything seems to be on the hill, and on the highest pinnacle stands the Alcazar. Charles V built this great castle: hence its name. It is large enough to lodge a small army, and its vast stables might resound with the champing of a thousand bits. Fortress-like, each corner has a huge square tower, and embattlements gird it round. There are casemates, loopholes, and other death-dealing spaces, so that an exterior view gives one a chilly sensation. But inside the portals the scene changes. The court-yard is paved

with blocks of light-colored stone, and two tiers of balconies supported on graceful columns extend around it.

For many years the Alcazar was left to bats and beggars, but lately the government has established a military school there, and the old courts and corridors are again alive with songs and chivalry. A handsome young officer showed me every part of the ancient palace, and no doubt gave me an honest history of the place, even to minute details, so when I came away my head was filled with all sorts of legends which my young guide had put there. The same unconquerable passion for Arabesque breaks out in the Alcazar, and has bespangled its façades and pilasters with ten thousand alphabets of grotesque scrolls, all meaning something to former generations, but absolutely nothing to the gay and careless cadets whom I saw blowing smoke into the air. I happened to see a battalion of these embryo captains go through the manual, and they did it with a precision and ease that could not be surpassed. The Spanish officers are proud in their bearing, well dressed, and lay claim to no small number of personal charms; but when this Alcazar academy has been at work a decade or two the older officers must look out for their laurels, for these young fellows will know all the latest devices in the art of besieging cities and hearts. In some of the rooms pictures of sisters, possibly, graced the melancholy walls, and strewn about were evidences of handiwork more delicate than man's; and yet these tender momentos did not banish the monastic aspect of the interior. That abominable negation of taste, whitewash, was everywhere,—in the passages, the dining-hall, the sleeping-rooms, the chapel, the court-yards, and, for aught I know, in the soup. I really longed to contribute a peseta towards purchasing a gallon of Venetian red. In midsummer this blankness may be cooling, but in the biting air of winter it sends the mercury into the bulb.

Down the steep paths I made my way to the inhospitable fonda, paid my bill, and eagerly turned towards the more genial realms of Andalusia. Through the crumbling defences built by Goth, Moor, and Christian, curious now but once formidable, then across the angry Tagus by the picturesque bridge of Alcantara with its dignified towers and threatening parapets, from which I cast a lingering glance at grisly old Toledo on the rocks, a shapeless mass of roofs and steeples and towers, and my visit to the venerable capital was over.

That night the train traversed the desolate plains where valiant Quixote rode ; but I slumbered unmindful of history, and only waked when the full sun blazed into my face to tell me that bleak Castile had given way to the soft and ingratiating charms of Andalusia. The ride was long but not tiresome, owing to the unwonted loveliness of the scenery—green valleys stretching mountainward, peaceful hamlets of dazzling white shaded by lofty palms, flowers, peasants, and above all a cloudless sky, bluer than the robin's egg. I was glad to get back into the sun-lit provinces, where braziers are regarded as curiosities, and where the women appear in the graceful mantillas.

In winter central Spain is about as ill-favored a spot as can be found,—cheerless, gloomy, and ugly, with scarcely a genial day during the whole season. But how different is the south ! There the sun flirts occasionally, but he is never mad with the simple people dwelling along the Guadalquivir.

I sailed from Cadiz to Tangiers in a tempestuous sea, and the cockle-shell steamer, with no accommodations save rough benches, performed all sorts of aquatic gymnastics, doing everything but sinking. Neptune evidently had no use for so insignificant a craft, and graciously permitted us to ride the waves in safety. It was a woebegone night, however :

sleep was out of the question : we could not lie down or stand up, and no expedients calculated to assuage our discomforts could be devised. How we shunned the vexed waves I shall never know ; but thrice happy were we when, just as the first faint glint of coming day etched the east, our anchor dropped, and we were at rest. Gradually the night vanished like a dissolving view, and the ghostly city on the hills revealed itself. An irregular succession of terraces, with square, windowless houses, cleanly to contemplate from the steamer, round castles with heavy battlements, shapely minarets and imposing towers, and dominating the block-like houses stood the prison. As the sun rose higher in its lustrous course the white city became tinted with red ; the magic of a wizard's brush seemed at work ; in rapid changes came the colors of the palette, while the roses lingered in the heavens. Never had I beheld a sunrise so splendid, and yet that outburst of nature aroused no delight among the dwellers in Tangiers. We were anchored not far from the beach, so that the sights became plainly Oriental. The scantily clothed beings, the grotesque conglomeration of everything,—natives, soldiers, negroes, Jews,—rowed out to us, but not near enough to touch the hem of our garments, for the health officer had not visited us. Presently he came, attended by a boat-load of as dangerous looking creatures as ever cut a throat. He was a Spaniard, and illustrated the old saying that the prophet is not without honor save in his own country. In Spain I did not entertain a high opinion of the medical gentlemen, but in Tangiers it was quite another matter. Our health was sufficiently good for us to digest Moorish cooking, and we were allowed to land. Then the fun began. A score of boats sprang into being, and they all wanted the four passengers. The half-naked boatmen yelled and kicked, waved their fezes, brandished their oars, and looked so ferocious that I feared for my

bones, and with good cause. The Moorish proposition was to divide four men into twenty parts, so that each boat might get a piece of them. How we ever reached the land I know not, but we did, only to encounter another and more terrific avalanche of aggravating attention. A kindly *deus ex machina*, in the shape of a stalwart Moor, came strutting upon the scene, and in an instant quiet was restored. I hailed him as our deliverer, and so he proved, for he gave ringing commands, and the crowd fell back, while more gentle menials took our traps into the august presence of the inspector of customs. This imperial functionary sat on a low bench, with his legs crossed, his robes wound around his corpulent form, his mammoth turban encircling his swarthy brow with the fulness of a feather bed; in his thick lips he held a cigarette, and at his side lay a curved cimeter. I inferred from his general appearance that he was collector of the port, and that he practised civil service with a frenzy. Our examination was on the Russian plan, and dropping some silver in his big official paw in accordance with the suggestion of the *deus ex machina*, the brief but dreaded interview was over. I turned just in time to see him ring the pieces on the floor to make sure of their genuineness, after which he put them into a small pouch and serenely awaited the next source of income.

The angularity of the Moslem lanes surpasses human comprehension, and their sharp and irregular cobbles bring tears to the eyes. The square houses are of uneven sizes, and conform to no street line. They are on the plan of a set of bad teeth: some are above and some below the level, and the space in front called the street follows the variations with a vexatious persistency. You must keep your eyes open, or a sprained ankle may be the price of carelessness; and besides this, when you see a donkey with panniers com-

ing, it is a matter of some moment to decide what to do. If no friendly door-way is at hand, you stand against the wall, draw in your breath until you fancy your clothes will drop off, and let the obstinate beast go past, and if he does so without scraping off a few buttons, pray consider yourself fortunate. From the landing to the Victoria hotel these local peculiarities are generously introduced, thus furnishing a sort of preface to the larger chapter of Tangier experience. This hotel is kept by an English woman, who, with her two half-breed sons, provided cheer and comfort in a truly intelligent way. One of the sons showed talents as an artist, and his pictures were commended by fellow-artists, whose search for material had brought them hither. Connected with the hotel was the celebrated guide Mahomet, whose graceful form and regal strut are familiar to countless travellers. He took me in charge, and never lost sight of me during my stay. He showed, explained, and possibly lied about everything; he charged commissions, and he charged beggars as well;—in truth, this man was my friend through thick and thin. Mahomet is a large frog in the Morocco puddle; he appears to occupy a position between the officials and the people, not as a shield, but more as a medium of communication for the purposes of a better understanding in money affairs. He speaks English, Spanish, and French, and his long association with foreigners has, so to speak, quite unmoored him. He uses profanity with an unerring precision; he smokes, drinks, and plays cards with a cosmopolitan freedom that excites the envy of his countrymen; but in one thing he is typically Moorish, that is his dress. A great Moslem turban gives a dignity which the ample white caftan, carelessly flung about his body like the toga of a Roman senator, somewhat reduces; his legs are bare, and on his feet are yellow leather slippers. His walk suggested the ruler, for

he strode along like a Cæsar. He seemed to know half the citizens; some he called by name, others he pulled roughly by their loose cloaks, and now and then, to show his superiority, slapped them over the shoulders or made up faces at them. Mahomet claimed acquaintance with Mark Twain: he asked me about the humorist, and after a moment's reflection said, "God! if you had four or five more like him America would be a different country." I was evidently in the hands of no ordinary Mussulman.

Mosques are closed to Christians, and churches there are none. Public buildings, if there are any, remain hidden; so nothing is left but that most interesting of all diversions—street scenes. The principal thoroughfare runs from the beach through the city to the great square or market-place outside the walls, and though uneven, ill-paved, and crooked, it might be called the background of history. Here we come across the first principles of existence. We meet face to face the primitive dwellers, scarcely changed in all the centuries, and yet Gibraltar with its Anglo-Saxon civilization lies only a few leagues away. There is no monotony in Tangiers's population: it is an endless variety of changing humanity, such as the Arabian Nights stories are made of,—Moors, Arabs, Bergers, Jews, negroes, slaves,—each with his peculiar costume, some bearing fire-arms and swords, others with long sticks going about silently as if in search of something lost. They may be dreaming or plotting, but their expressionless countenances furnish no clew to the workings of their minds. They are of all colors, from white to deepest black, and many are yellow and brown. There is no prevailing fashion about wearing the hair;—some have the head shaved as closely as a razor can do it, leaving only a tuft on top, while the rest glistens like the front seats at a ballet; still others let the barber alone, and long, matted tresses are the result. Their idea of

clothing is very liberal, and works both ways. Many wear turbans and flowing caftans, plain or embroidered according to station, but more cover their nakedness with long white woollen cloaks, with pointed hoods drawn upright over their heads. Stockings are unrecognized, and thousands go over the cruel cobble-stones with bare feet. Every one wears the fez, for this is a badge of patriotism, and must be observed. The Jews wear the black, all others the red, fez. In my vision now, just as it was then, Tangiers looms up as the most original spectacle I ever looked at, and subsequent sights have not effaced one fez or caftan from that Moorish picture.

The shops are more like cages than places of commerce, and always seemed to me more numerous than the requirements of the people demanded; but the adjoining country pays them tribute, and helps to make their owners rich. Customers cannot go into the shops; they stand on the outside and peep in and trade. There in cross-legged dignity sits the trader, with his merchandise hung up on the matted walls, or spread out on the floor in front of him. It consists of pipes, belts, curiously pounded copper-ware, embroideries, fezes, gowns, pistols, knives, and a general theatrical display of articles calculated to please the conglomerate customers. And yet the keepers of these boxes or booths showed no business activity: they evidently preferred to be wreathed in smoke, and through its clouds vacantly stare at passers by. It might have been that they were so rich as to be indifferent to gold and silver. Vagrant merchants, with arms full of beautiful brushes or brilliantly colored rugs, run up and down the streets yelling at the top of their voices, and venders of meat and vegetables did likewise. Money-changers sit in angles and corners, and shake baskets of coppers to attract attention. The Moorish Rothschilds are by no means prepos-

sessing: they are tough and cruel-looking bankers, and their curved cimeters give them an ominous aspect. But their capital is unlimited, and when I gave a small piece of silver to one of them, he returned to me as change almost a peck of coppers. He certainly treated me generously, if not honestly. Tailors, apparently unconscious of the intrusion, keep their shears clipping musically as you stand gazing at them, bestowing not so much as a professional glance on the cut-away coats and trousers that adorn their European visitors. In point of airy picturesqueness the modern costume cannot hold a candle to the Moorish, and the sneers of the swarthy workmen are readily accounted for. The tinsmiths beat a merry tattoo; and the blacksmiths in dingy cellars, grotesque silhouettes in the lurid glare of their fires, present a vivid conception of classical hades.

Hideous faces bend forward and beg for money. They are the most intolerable beings that ever came across mortal ken, and you meet them everywhere. Slaves with yokes across their shiny black shoulders carry heavy burdens, for horses and carts are not numerous in Tangiers. Rich merchants, with purple caftans and embroidered turbans, conscious of their superiority, march majestically through the uneven streets. Jews with girded waists and flowing gowns move quietly along with their hands in their pockets, servile appearing creatures, but thoroughly alert to the main chance.

Just outside the walls, beyond the fortified gate, is the market-place, and there you get a never ending panorama of life. Cactus and figs grow on the little hill adjoining; and up higher is the ancient grave-yard, where the peculiar monuments, having lost all idea of equilibrium, are arrayed in laughable irregularity. A market is held here twice a week, and the sight defies description. Everything from a dried fig to a camel is sold, and a babel of harsh jargon fills

the air all day long. Several buyers get a cow, and immediately deliver it to the public butcher, who then and there slaughters the creature, parceling out the carcass according to the amount each has contributed.

In the first shades of evening my good Mahomet took me to the camel camp outside the city, and there I saw hundreds of those animals tied for the night. It was the most original sight I had ever seen, and its weirdness rather grew on me the longer I tarried. Camp fires lighted up the scene, and revealed the camel drivers stretched out around them. We came across the professional story-teller, who had collected a crowd of half naked auditors, and was reciting with great vivacity some wondrous tale about a rich old miser who was providentially changed into a toad. He beat his tambourine with a violence worthy an end man, danced and sung, and occasionally got on all fours and leaped about, to the intense amusement of the spectators. In the background were the lofty, white crenellated walls of the city, and I fancied myself living a thousand years ago.

My stay in Tangiers was cut short by the sudden knowledge that a party of travellers was to start for Tetuan early in the morning, and I was delighted at receiving an invitation to join the little caravan. The journey is not long, but it is interesting, and need not be made tedious. The country through which the road lies presents many unique and characteristic sights, and gives one a comprehensive idea of Moorish ways and means. Our plan was to go to Tetuan, then to Ceuta, and across to Gibraltar, about a week's journey. A Belgian official had the undertaking in charge, and he attended to our welfare with fidelity and intelligence. He engaged the dragoman and the needed servants, provided mules, and secured the attendance of a brace of imperial soldiers, whose presence is deemed indispensable by

prudent travellers. It turned out that the soldiers needed us more than we needed them.

As our start was to be an early one, I went to bed, hoping to get a few hours' rest, but sleep was never so intermittent or so fragmentary. The narrow passage in front of the hotel swarmed with men and donkeys long before eager Aurora had opened her eyes. A most unearthly hammering resounded through the silent streets, shouts and vociferations full of meaning fell with unwonted regularity from the husky throats, and the plaintive but unmusical whinnying of mules and donkeys contributed to our discomfort. The street leading from the hotel to the city gate was as black as its swarthy pedestrians, and as I peered down upon the noisy scene I had difficulty in making out the forms of men and animals; but ocular evidence was not necessary. The entire escort,—dragoman, troopers, and all,—had arrived, and were arranging the preliminaries. They cuffed and kicked each other, and shrieked out Arabic curses in profusion; then they pounded the mules whenever the beasts displayed a restlessness or a lack of interest in the proceedings. To descend into such a confused and angry mass seemed like taking one's life in one's hands, but do it I had to, as time was of importance, and to delay in the land of delay would have been criminal. The faint glimmering of dirty lanterns enabled me to see my way safely, and by directions of the Jew dragoman a mule was assigned me, which I mounted forthwith. The humble beast then leaned heavily against the adjacent wall, using my leg as a sort of pad, and it was only after repeated blows that he shifted his position. Before the day was gone I became very much impressed with the mule's peculiarities.

One by one the travellers came forth, and in due time, amid yells and whoops, the order was given to start. Down the dark alley we proceeded in single file, as grotesque a pro-

cession as ever the stars looked upon, to the gate, which was opened by a night watchman, but not until much parleying and recognition had been gone through with. Then this imposing guardian of the peace, in bulbous turban and gown and bare legs, rose from his seat on the cold ground, and I saw how formidable he was. In the folds of his sash was a wicked looking cimeter. In one hand he carried a veritable dark-lantern of English make, but very dark, as the oil had long since vanished; in the other hand dangled a ponderous key, as large as a gridiron. From its size I inferred the lock must be as big as a Saratoga trunk; but this man of law and order knew how to manipulate his secret, and in due time the massive gate creaked and let us pass. One by one we filed out, the soldiers leading, then the six travellers, the guide and the four servants bringing up the rear. The moon was bright, the sky was full of twinkling lights, and the air was tinged with a pleasant chill, so that I felt refreshed and wide-awake.

The path wound round under the silent white walls for some distance, and then turned abruptly toward the sea. Beneath the embattled parapets, lying like dead giants in the sand, were several 30-ton Armstrong guns, and there they are likely to remain indefinitely. The Moors, evidently ignorant of their use, permit them to rust and to corrode; and yet they are good to gaze at, and undoubtedly serve to impress the rude natives with their country's greatness. The ride along the beach was delightful, but it did not last long, for our course was exasperatingly capricious, and took us through fens, bogs, rivers, up hill and down, through underbrush and over dusty plains, until the topography of the locality was thoroughly understood.

For the first three or four hours we neither met nor saw a human being, and I thought we had entered the land of the dead. The soil was harsh and seemingly unproductive,

and evidences of agriculture were wanting utterly, the attempts, if any had ever been made, being nowhere visible. All about was a sterile type of landscape, which even the Moors and their herds were glad to shun. This aspect, however, did not last long, for after a few hours the land became richer, the scenery more diversified, and the way-side scenes more entertaining.

Many times during the day I saw goats and cows pulling the plow—and what a plow it was! Only a pole with a crooked handle, with the share driven through the end to prick the earth, while at the other extremity was the ill mated motive power. The Moor guides it with one hand and flourishes his goad-stick with the other. Like all his compatriots, he is half dressed, and looks terribly in earnest. I did see a few oxen tilling the farms, but comically matched brutes appeared to be the popular contrivance—an ass hitched to a cow, or a partnership between the donkey and the goat. The yoke is box form and placed over the animals' heads, and is the most awkward design imaginable, having little or no leverage power; but if, as suggested, the box is filled with grain, it may have its uses in encouraging the team to greater exertions.

Morocco is one of the most fertile countries in the world. Cotton, sugar cane, Indian corn, thrive almost spontaneously; and yet little or no attention is paid to a systematic nourishing of the soil, as it lies neglected and unseeded, the natives holding their acres according to caprice, so that when they tire of one spot they move to another, leaving everything as they found it. The habitations are mud huts with thatched roofs, and so insignificant as to be unrecognized a few rods away. The inhabitants are not especially neighborly, as the distance between the huts is considerable, although we did see several small villages where a dozen or more dark-skinned peasants had placed their rude dwell-

ings. The true nomadic character of the people was shown by numerous herds of goats and sheep grazing peaceably in the unbounded fields, attended by small children, who were almost naked.

We passed several long camel trains bound for Tangiers, a score or more of lumbering creatures striding through the narrow defiles with all the awkwardness imaginable, turning neither to the right nor to the left, but keeping on their way like the monarchs of the desert that they were. Their drivers exchanged a rough sort of civility with our Mahometans, but not a glance did they give us. We were mere blanks in their minds, and they passed us by unnoticed. I observed this trait frequently, and rather wondered at the habitual lack of curiosity. The women may retain some of that Eve-like disposition, but their faces are so bundled up as to prevent an undue exercise of that universal female prerogative.

About noon we began the ascent to El Fondac, whose glistening walls had been in sight for so many hours, but the undulating country, like waves of the sea, kept tossing it farther away. Up through the olive and fig-trees, picking our way over stones and boulders, mules and riders constantly slipping and sometimes falling, we finally reached the height of land between the Mediterranean and Tetuan, and rode into the paved court-yard of that semi-military station.

This imposing war establishment seems to have long since fallen into disuse, and, aside from a few ragged and filthy natives who still infest its seclusion, Fondac is a past chapter of Moorish history. Architecturally considered, it was never more than a large square enclosure of high walls, within which even an ill disciplined rabble might maintain a very creditable siege. The court-yard is roughly paved, and around the sides are sheds and huts. Unattractive as the place was, we were only too glad to have a halt to stretch our cramped legs and to seek brief repose. Our

Hebraic guide, a fellow marvellously economical of the truth, had raised our drooping hopes by holding out promises of a commissary nature when we should reach Fondac, but, alas! even a moderate indulgence in gastronomy was doomed to bitter disappointment. Food there was none. The hampers which looked so generous as we left Tangiers at the early hour had now become mere reminiscences, only crumbs remaining, and Tetuan was still several leagues distant. The sullen and vermin-stricken basket-makers, or Berber thieves—the occupations are nearly the same—brought forth from their smoking dens native coffee and bread, and more execrable viands never rasped mortal throats, but our hunger compromised with everything and down they went. A handful of dried figs served as dessert, and our mid-day meal was over.

On a spur of the Za Kar mountains stands Fondac, and slightly indeed is its situation. From its walls one gets a splendid panorama of valleys, groves, streams, and far-away mountain peaks, an ever changing landscape, with here and there glimpses of the blue ocean, serving to remind one of Europe and its civilization.

Time precluded a long delay: the remainder of the journey was assuming large proportions, and we must be off. We took a new path, where rains had made great furrows and loosened huge rocks, so that the mules constantly made unexpected movements, sliding, plunging, rearing, and occasionally squatting on their haunches, until the gentle valley below was gained, when the caravan paused to take account of individual bruises. The travelling was now all that could be desired, and in our enthusiasm we had impromptu mule races, which, owing to the divine theory of mule construction, were tedious and uninspiring. In a moment of exuberant courage I challenged our soldier to a race, and the man-at-arms instantly put his sorry jade into a rattling

gait; but my mule, conscious of ancestry, suddenly developed into a pacer, and just as the contest was getting highly exciting his mulishness took it into his thick head to stop, and he carried out his intention with commendable firmness, but his rider went on for a moment as if nothing had happened! The earth was yielding, and save a few suggestive scratches no damage was done.

It was now getting dark, and Tetuan was not at hand. In the gathering evening the picturesqueness of the man-at-arms came out very strikingly, and reminded me of one of Detaille's desert studies. His swarthy face had grown a shade darker, and his peaked chin with its tuft of whiskers peeped out from the folds of his hood like an ivory statuette; his long robe hung loosely from the horse's side, almost falling to the ground; his trusty gun, with crutch-like breech and barrel carefully wrapped in flannel, was laid across the saddle, against whose brass and iron trappings his curved cimeter kept up a refrain suggestive of an inebriated cymbal-player. But grotesque were this trooper's legs, as in their nudity they described a triangle owing to the shortness of the ponderous stirrups, bringing the knees into the air so as to form a complete bulwark for his face. And this was our guardian and protector as he sat astride his fast dissolving steed. Compassion for the poor horse leads me to speak kindly, and yet, compared with him, Rosinante became an Andalusian steed such as Charles the Fifth might envy. This attenuated and staggering animal had evidently passed his prime ten years before he made our acquaintance, and yet the unwilling brute had to undergo further trials in order that he might be a companion piece to his rider. Both man and horse were amusing studies in anatomy.

We came across camel trains and men on foot, and a hour before we reached our destination a brace of sturdy

soldiers joined our little party and kept with us to the end. In the fast gathering night-shades the indistinct evidences of wayside huts indicated the nearness of Tetuan. The flickering lights and occasional voices were sights and sounds most grateful, for we were fatigued to the bones, and hailed with delight the stone bridge across a sluggish stream, for it brought us beneath the formidable white-washed battlements of Tetuan. It was nine o'clock, and the gates had been closed since sundown; but we all set up a mighty shouting supplemented by vigorous poundings, a real international concert, in which many strange tongues commingled, but it accomplished its purpose and brought a solitary silhouette to the parapets, who with the solemnity of an official ghost demanded what we wanted. This uncalled for question must be prescribed in the governmental rubric, for our appearance ought surely to have done away with any such interrogatory. After a long parley, in which mention of reward was frequently heard, the silhouette vanished, and in due time, according to Moorish etiquette, two hours or so later, returned with a permit from the commandant to enter. Even at midnight it was highly ludicrous to watch that Moorish functionary as he stood in the exasperating flicker of a lantern, and did his best to note our names as we gave them. His big ear-rings moved mechanically as he tried to catch the strange phonetics, but he stuck to his task most faithfully, and after satisfying himself that he had secured our patronymics, we passed down the narrow inner walks, a weird band, I'm bound, and then through another creaking gate out into the great silent market-place, hemmed in by solid blocks of square white houses with miniature casements like so many black eyes peering out upon the night. I do not remember of meeting a living soul in that midnight transit of Tetuan. Dogs barked as a matter of course, but the prowling

rounder or the drowsy watchman did not come upon the scene.

No sooner had we entered the purliets of the town than our man-at-arms, together with the servants and pack mules, disappeared as if by magic, and only reappeared when we were ready to leave for Ceuta. We kept our beasts until the tortuous alleys brought us face to face with the only hotel in Tetuan, the Hotel de l'Univers, where dismounting we entered the hostelry with all the confidence of mortgagees, and quickly proceeded to make ourselves comfortable.

The landlord, I soon observed, was a typical Jew, and a rather handsome one at that. His three score years had left but few marks, his complexion was healthful, and his black eyes were as bright as ever. The inn over whose destinies he presided was small and scantily furnished, but the old man did all he could to make our sojourn pleasant. He spoke Spanish and a strange kind of French, and evinced a commendable ambition to add English to his acquirements. His dress denoted that he was a man of some importance among his people, for he wore a long priestly looking gaberdine with a girdle of crimson silk round his waist; his stockings were black, and his low cut shoes were adorned with silver buckles; on the crown of his well shaped head was a black cap, from beneath whose edges came forth prim locks of white hair, which gave him a certain distinguished bearing and beauty. It so happened that our visit fell upon the Jewish Sabbath, and our host, either from dictates of innate piety or from a love of ostentatious pretence, observed it to the letter, even going so far as to inhibit fires until evening. The good old Hebrew, holding the Scriptures in his hand, tripped nervously about the premises, pausing a moment to con a precious promise, then trotting off to some distant apartment, whence quickly

returning he continued his vocation and devotion in sadly unequal measures. The pretty, olive-skinned servant maids chuckled at their master's impromptu sanctimoniousness, and winked slyly when his back was turned. The hotel was dark and damp, like all the Moorish houses, for profound secrecy in domestic affairs is strenuously insisted upon. The windows were too small to admit much light, and their stout lattice prevented the intrusion of lovers or thieves. Overhead was the open sky, for these dwellings are constructed around the patio, so there is no lack of ventilation and fresh air, nor rain either. The galleries surrounding this miniature court-yard were ingeniously carved, while the numerous pillars were thickly inscribed with strange mottoes and figures, all illustrative of something other than eating and drinking. The stairs leading to the different stories were as steep as it was possible to make them, and considerable practice was necessary to avoid tumbling down. Our bed-room was a long apartment, resembling some baronial hall of former days, with vaulted ceiling and horseshoe arches, stone floor, and windows of most diminutive size. The beds, however, were clean, and slumber came unsolicited.

Among the inducements held out to travellers by the landlord were hot and cold baths. "*Les bain froid e chand*," so the business card read, and I ventured to try one. A comical experience it was, for, instead of a room, I was conducted to a large wooden trough placed in the middle of the open patio, where, unscreened from vulgar vision, I was told to go through my ablutions. My companions leaned over the balcony rails, and amused themselves by harsh and unrelenting banterings. The primitiveness of the luxury was not in the least objectionable, but I cannot say so much about its embarrassing publicity.

Tetuan is Tangiers magnified, and as a place of trade is

very important, wool, cotton, leather, and fruit being the chief exports, and reports say the business increases every year. The Spaniards looked upon Tetuan, with its massive walls and frowning castle, as a strategic point during the war of 1860, and after a siege it surrendered to O'Donnell, and was held by Spain for more than a year. The successful general became known in contemporary history as the Duke of Tetuan, and the title is still retained in the family. I did not observe that the conquerors left much impress on the people, although in some quarters of the town the private residences denoted a European repose quite at variance with native customs.

The rabble is even more kaleidoscopic than at Tangiers, and all kinds and conditions of men are met on the streets, the most abject and miserable creatures imaginable. Disease-stricken beggars stretch forth their palsied palms for money, but nobody takes notice of them. Then there come along the prosperous merchant, the loud-mouthed hawkers of small wares, the fruit-venders, the donkey boys with shrill pipings, and the sharp-eyed Jew with hands behind his back. Then come the Tetuan women, with straw hats as large as cart wheels and faces hidden behind folds of linen, their eyes peering out and half smiling at Christian curiosity and modern trousers. Slaves with bare backs tugging at their work; soldiers, counterparts of our man-at-arms, with long bean-pole guns slung over their shoulders; hunters, with baskets of rabbits and partridges; and many other comical and interesting figures of humanity,—play their parts in the panorama of the African Orient.

Out in the spacious market-place were crowds of people seemingly doing nothing but existing, and yet many hidden currents coursed beneath that moving sea of turbans and fezes. The Moors appear stupid and meek, but they wear a mask, and behind it they keep up a tolerable thinking.

Artisans ply their trades in dingy holes and cellars, and the traders sit cross-legged in their cuddy-houses, wearing on their swarthy faces an expression of utter unconcern,—and yet, just begin trading with one, and in a moment you will be surrounded with a vociferous chamber of commerce, and then you will understand how much there is behind the Moorish mask.

I often paused to watch the dusky workmen at their calling, and was astonished at the rapidity and deftness with which they used turning-lathes and polishing-wheels. They turn our methods upside down by propelling the machine with their hands, while they hold the wood with their toes. Long practice has given them great dexterity, and cups, plates, and other wooden articles are rounded out of the shapeless blocks, and immediately placed on sale. Shoes and gaily colored slippers find ready purchasers, and so do articles of tin-ware.

Over these Tetuan streets long bamboo poles were stretched, so that during the hot months mattings could be drawn, and thus afford a shade to the surging mass beneath. We were fortunate in making the acquaintance of one of the merchant princes of the town, who conducted us to his residence, and offered his prodigal hospitality, unmellowed, however, by the society of his household females. These interesting beings were not exhibited to profane glances, but we were given a brief peep into some of the luxurious apartments occupied by them. Every room was suggestive in its appointments. The ceilings were richly inlaid, the floors were tessellated, and the walls hung with stiffly embroidered draperies. The halls were lofty, and thoroughly ventilated, opening into an exquisite garden rich with plants and musical with babbling waters. Low couches and divans were placed about the rooms, and in one I caught a sight of coffee cups, evidently hastily left on our approach.

But the house was silent: not even the tinkle of the guitar disturbed that midday stillness, as we passed like ghosts through the scripted pilasters and the mural hieroglyphics.

While strolling along, I was greatly astonished to see a small, ill scrawled notice in ink, vouchsafing the information that gin-cocktails were sold on the premises. Over the low door was a name in Spanish, and curiosity prompted me to enter and see for myself the enterprising mortal who dared to set up an American bar in the heart of Morocco. The dispenser of this trans-Atlantic beverage was a small, rough-looking Spaniard, who had left his country for his country's good, and had taken up his residence in Tetuan where the legal environments are not so embarrassing; and there he stood, with his burning cigarette, and in broken English related a long story of his life on land and sea. He had been quite a traveller, once living in New York—a circumstance which accounted for his phrases and his knowledge of the popular materialization of spirits. On the walls of his dingy quarters were numerous pictures cut from *Harper's Weekly* and the *London News*. Tetuan is a kind of Botany Bay, where Spanish fugitives congregate and remain till the clouds of vengeance roll by;—in fact, many members of the Spanish colony do not refer to their past careers with that degree of enthusiasm which the emigrant ought to feel, and the reason is obvious. Ceuta, a Spanish fortress and prison, lies only a few leagues away, and most of the refugees are prisoners who have succeeded in making their escape from the casemates and dungeons of the little town, for, once in the by-ways of Tetuan, recognition and capture would be wellnigh impossible. After an exchange of greetings I bade my new acquaintances *adios*, and again mingled with the strange crowds.

In the evening our host arranged a grand concert for our

delectation, and before it was half over we had heard all the Moorish symphonies we cared to hear. Three handsome young fellows played on tamborines, violins, and guitars with more or less success, accompanying their efforts with long drawn out bursts of national songs, mere unharmonious and monotonous chants; but they displayed a true professional conceit, and continued their vocal gymnastics far into the night. They sat upon the floor, and during the necessary intervals regaled their throats with copious draughts of black coffee; but as the evening wore on, the fellow called Absalom kept swaying to and fro in a most suspicious manner, till at last he dropped his tambourine, and rolled over on the floor in a splendid state of intoxication. His beverage had been gin, and it had worked out its inevitable results. His companions smiled and chattered, but their noise was decidedly lessened by the enforced cessation of the burly beater of the tambourine; however, as if to make amends the fellow began a most tremendous snoring, which made the little Jew grow pale lest there should be a corpse in the house. Finally, a Moor with a face blacker than a coal-mine in a thunder storm got a wet towel and bound it about the drunkard's shaved pate, and in a few minutes he was able to be marched from the scene of his enchantment. After this interruption the improvised concert came to a well earned conclusion, and with the usual amount of apology and explanation the dusky musicians departed with a generous supply of silver in their palms.

We found rest and interest enough to delay us several days; but these Moorish towns, aside from the street scenes and the strange population, do not demand long lingering, so, when the bazars and market-place had been many times visited, we again mounted our docile mules, and passed through the massive gates of Tetuan bound for Ceuta.

The motley caravan was in good order, the voices of the guide and his servants were unimpaired, the animals kicked with a new-born energy, but the man-at-arms was a curious bundle of gown, fez, and sash, made so by a too great indulgence in nocturnal dissipation. After a few hours' ride we came upon the Mediterranean, which we welcomed, for our path became easier as it wound over the hard beach and along the crests of the adjacent cliffs. Rain came upon us, but the air was warm and kindly, so the tedious ten hours ride was made bearable. Ceuta is always in view, gracing a jutting point of land, but the zigzag nature of the route became exasperating, for our course would frequently change, bending inland amid the thick shrubbery and annoying branches. Long before we reached the fortress of Ceuta the sun came blazing out, the white houses of Ceuta were coated with crimson and gold, the sea sparkled, and the landscape glowed with fragrant verdure.

The Spaniards have kept this strategic stronghold for more than two centuries, and their massive fortifications augur well for a continued possession. Over drawbridge and beneath deep portals we ambled, till in the gathering twilight we dismounted, and were at rest.

Ceuta is well constructed, clean, and sightly, but there is absolutely nothing to interest the stranger. The sights are common, the experiences plain, the accommodations as bad as possible, and the chances of sea communication indefinite and uncertain. For four days warring billows and boisterous winds kept us imprisoned in the little town, while only a few leagues distant stood hospitable but inaccessible Gibraltar.

The long days and nights were relieved by companionable officers, who showed us the few sights,—the prison, the works, the hospital, the mess-rooms, and other military spectacles, and on Christmas eve at nearly midnight we

attended mass in the Cathedral. At its conclusion the worshippers paraded the one long street, making night lively with merriment of every description. Small boys organized a unique band, which gave out the most woful sounds. Kegs with skin stretched over the heads, tambourines made from small boxes, and slips of wood with thin strings strung upon nails, combined to raise as successful a pandemonium as ever greeted the constellations. The best of nature prevailed, and I noticed the ragged Moorish boys participated in the good time as well as the children of the Spanish soldiers. Sleep did not come that night, nor did we tease it, for at daybreak a prolonged shrieking of whistles and the quick tattoo of drums announced that the steamer would make an attempt to cross the white flecked Straits of Gibraltar.

The sea was rough, and our frail craft creaked and staggered, and the decks were washed by ugly waves which rolled us about as if they wanted to submerge us. In the straits was a squadron of sail just spreading its wings for flight into the Atlantic, having been wind-bound during the storm; and a prettier sight could not be imagined. We glided through the fleet, and made for Algeciras, where safe behind the great mole we came to anchor, and a few hours later were rowing across the bay to iron-capped Gibraltar.

CHAPTER XXI.

GIBRALTAR TO SEVILLE.

THE rock-bounded fortress, with its good, sturdy, Anglo-Saxon customs and characteristics, seemed almost like home, after so many months of wandering, and I welcomed its limited attractions and pleasures. The taste for landscape ornamentation is exhibited in every spot where such attempts are practicable. Even the unwilling rock has been excavated in many places to make gardens and lawns, so that the English population may feel more contented. From the landing port to the Alameda one sees the rugged stubbornness of the town ;—on one hand the sea mole ; on the other, the sloping sides of the famous rock, thickly covered with stone houses,—terraces rising one upon another, and flanked by the sheer sides, which seem to defy the antic-loving goat as well as the invading foe.

The Alameda is one of the sweetest little breathing-spots in Europe, and is dear to the hearts of the Gibraltese, as land is a rarity in that uncompromising locality. There the gardener has displayed his most consummate skill in the arrangement of flower-plots, the setting out of plants, and in the care of hedges and shrubbery, until in the hollow of the rock there is presented to the eye a nook of rarest beauty, which even more favored spots might envy. In the afternoons the garrison bands discourse popular airs, and the town enjoys its daily promenade, while the lazy natives, to whom has been given the name of rock scorpions, recline at full length on the benches, and turn a deaf ear to the music. Beyond the sunny pleasure-ground, the road leads past

gigantic fortifications, across miniature ravines, and beneath frowning gates, until Europa Point is reached. There all attempts at pedestrianism must end; but the panorama of glittering sea and white sail is spread out with charming effect. There in silent contemplation one may sit and while away idle hours, taking no heed of time, conscious of nothing save the soft lullaby of the waves and the winds. This point being the land's end, attracts those in want of exercise, and furnishes a panacea for torpid livers. It is true that long walks may be taken beyond the "lines," as the invisible boundary between Gibraltar and Spain is called; but the roads are dusty and hot, and the eating-places are execrable, while at Europa Point tempting refreshments gladden the visitor. Consequently this two-mile promenade is popular with the ladies of the garrison, and with strangers as well.

At this jumping-off place are massive fortifications, containing guns of the heaviest calibre, powerful enough, so they say, to throw shells against hostile fleets endeavoring to pass the straits, though the distance is several leagues. Prettily dressed children play about these mammoth guns, mounting the carriages, or trying to climb upon their huge shining backs; but they might as well try to straddle the back of an elephant. And yet the mechanism is so nicely adjusted that a child might manœuvre the eighty-ton monsters with surprising ease.

Cannon are set in every vantage spot; they even lurk behind rose-bushes and in the shadows of jutting rocks, almost unseen by the passer-by, but ready at a moment's warning to belch out flame and shot. I would not undertake to say how many batteries there are concealed from view; it is enough to call to mind those in plain sight. On the east Gibraltar needs no artificial defences, for there the gigantic wall of rock is almost perpendicular to the sea, and no danger can

threaten it. At its base, on the beach, is Catalan Bay, a small settlement inhabited by fishermen, where the soldiers on duty look out for smugglers, and watch the blue sea as it rolls on towards the orient. The north side is equally precipitous, rising twelve hundred feet from the sandy plain, connecting Gibraltar with the Spanish mainland, and on account of its commanding position its unyielding sides have been hewn into those famous galleries that are the wonder of the world. In order to thwart any Spanish attempt at invasion, nearly three miles of these passages, costing vast sums of money and years of labor, have been completed, situated high above the sea, and punctured with embrasures, through which ugly cannon poke their black noses as if impatient to roar out defiance to the foe. These passages are large enough to work the guns in, and tortuous in their course, for they wind in and out in their long circuit, ending in a spacious chamber known as St. George's Hall. This unlooked-for cave is used as a banquet-hall whenever the officials wish to make a sensation; and many are the good times connected with its history. My soldier-guide suggested that I go out on a narrow projection, and look off. I did so, but nothing could tempt me to repeat the venturesome act. The shelf jutted out a few feet, and was wide enough to stand on; and there, motionless, between heaven and earth, I looked down that dizzy declivity six hundred feet; then, turning my eyes upward, I saw the same unbroken wall towering toward the sky. I dared not breathe on that perilous crag; the beating of my heart seemed to jar my brittle footstool; and when I stepped back into the Hall, I at once realized how foolhardy I had been. But this is the way to comprehend the martial importance of these galleries and their strategic position. Long and narrow slits are cut through the rock, so that riflemen, safe from opposing fire, may pick off their victims as easily as a

hunter shoots a squirrel. Nothing in the way of advantageously destroying life was omitted in the military calculations. Even the narrow peninsula leading to the Spanish lines is undermined, and can be blown up in the twinkling of an eye.

In old times Gibraltar was the key to the Mediterranean, but it is not so now; and no nation, Spain excepted, cares a whit about getting possession of its sullen crags and battlements.

High among the peaks is the signal station, and the walk to it is a favorite one with those who find solace in vigorous exercise. Its horizon of land and sea is one of the most expansive in the world, and no craft passes without speaking to the watchers on the parapets. In this way the maritime world is kept fully informed as to its vessels, for no sooner has the vessel been recognized than the intelligence is spread from Calcutta to San Francisco.

The little garrison consists of a sergeant and a few men, whose duties, while easy and pleasant, demand constant attention; but their lives run smoothly, and they find time to entertain appreciative visitors with good old English ale and cheese. Among their visitors, or rather neighbors, are the little Barbary apes, whose origin is as mysterious as their lives are sacred. The geese of Rome were not more revered than are these harmless, timid creatures, that play in the soft south wind. Shy and agile, they manage to keep out of the reach of friendly hands, and it frequently happens that they disappear from sight for long periods. Cold winds send them under cover, but when warmer weather returns, out they come, and make up for lost time by racing over the jagged rocks, and performing a series of intellectual feats, such as playing tag and leap-frog. The sergeant told me that often during the dry months these sagacious animals, being thirsty, would cautiously approach

the paved yard of the station in search of water, and not finding any, would ask for it by lifting a gun-ring and letting it fall. Then they would scamper away at the noise, and await results. It took some time to make the soldiers understand what all this meant, but they at last interpreted it to the satisfaction of the thirsty apes; and now when they hear a ring drop, the pump is set going and the trough filled. It is considered good luck to catch a near sight of these little tailless imps; and yet I was surprised to learn how rarely they showed themselves.

If there is any spot on earth that can show a more comprehensive collection of ethnological specimens in so limited a space, then I will place Gibraltar second in the list. I believe every civilized country in Christendom has its representatives on this barren rock, for, although the population is only 15,000 exclusive of the military, it is so thoroughly mixed that one meets nearly every nation on earth in walking up Waterport street. The natives, or "rock scorpions," take numerical precedence, and following unequally are Englishmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians, Frenchmen, Moors, Arabs, Maltese, Egyptians, Greeks, Turks, Russians, Austrians, and Americans. Jews—real tough Barbary Jews—have their place in this strange population, and they have their synagogue too, close by a battery of big cannon. Notwithstanding the old treaty, England permits these ill-favored beings to enjoy all the privileges of equal rights and religious protection, and they may stand on the street corners and enlarge their phylacteries without losing their liberty.

At first sight a stranger is deceived as to the population of Gibraltar, for on entering at the Water Port he sees a surging crowd of men and women, most of them decidedly un-English, all doing something in the way of trading. Donkeys and goats are numerous, and their unmusical

remonstrances rise above the unintelligible jargon of the market, where all are plying their commercial pursuits regardless of honesty or of consequences. Pursuing his way through the street, he sees small multitudes, so to speak, in every alley and lane, and he begins to wonder how so many people manage to live in a town so devoid of vegetation and the bare necessities of life as Gibraltar. After a day or two he learns that these crowds are from without the walls. They come in as soon as the gates are open in the morning, going out during the afternoon before the gates are closed; for to be caught in town after the evening gun is fired might entail considerable inconvenience. This horde of humanity are unmistakably Spanish, and belong beyond the Spanish lines, but they make their living by trading—bringing in produce and fowls, taking back calicoes, ribbons, tea, coffee, sugar, and, last but not least, tobacco. They have to smuggle this potent plant of civilization, for the soldiers at the lines are very rigorous in their searches, and woe to the unfortunate who is caught attempting to evade the law of the kingdom. I used to walk out to the lines to watch the operation of searching, and more sport could not be had on the comic stage. The long train of returning natives, with goats, fowls, donkeys, and vermin, comes to a halt at the Spanish barrier, blockading the road, and carrying on the loudest conversation I ever heard, evidently impatient to undergo the ordeal that awaits them. Pending this governmental inquisition they make arrangements for meeting the officers of the customs by concealing the contraband snuff and tobacco in every conceivable place. I have seen them take off their shoes and put the interdicted article into them, then sling them over their backs and go on barefoot. The women arrange their hair so ingeniously as to leave a cavity where a small package of the weed may be comfortably concealed. Even further does the fer-

tility of their cunning go, and they evince no compunction in devoting their capacious skirts and underclothing to purposes of smuggling, nor do they forget that an infant in arms possesses many possibilities in the art of evading keen eyesight. Loaves of bread are ingeniously cut into two parts, the soft inside taken out and the hole filled with good tobacco, and then flung carelessly into the donkey's pannier. This often accomplishes its purpose.

Of all ingenious plots, the one related to me by an English official beats them all. An old Spaniard was wont to cross the lines daily with a drove of turkeys; but hard luck seemed to follow him, so that every night he returned with the number scarcely decreased. He continued his honest endeavors for many months, but nobody bought his turkeys; yet he did not appear to be disheartened. Notwithstanding this adverse fortune, the aged peasant made his daily visit to the garrison, now and then selling a turkey, but never more than one; so he returned to the lines about as turkey-laden as he went. But alas for the aged peasant! one of the innocent and unsaleable birds, wearied by too much daily exercise, or overcome by the heat, took it into its head to go into convulsions and die right before the platoon of custom officers. The turkey-driver was transfixed with terror, and to add to his woe the rest of the drove became unmanageable, and indulged in a complicated series of gymnastics that surprised the lookers on and unfolded secrets worthy a prime minister. The turkeys flew and fluttered, raising their unmelodious voices, moving their drooping wings, and resisting all attempts at pacification. In the meanwhile the unfortunate cause of all this disturbance was no more, and one of the soldiers started to examine the fowl, when, to his utter astonishment, he discovered small packages of tobacco ingeniously bound under the wings. For months the enterprising old Spaniard had

successfully carried on this game ; but like all good things there had to be an end, and when I was in Gibraltar the turkey trade was zealously watched by the minions of the law.

The British government does not encourage a residence in Gibraltar, and one must have a permit in order to be admitted to the town. Even the countless throng from the "lines" must show their passes, or admittance will be refused them. The reason is obvious. Foreigners might learn too many secrets, or military men in disguise as travellers might obtain valuable information about the strength or the weakness of the fortifications ; therefore, if one desires to stay more than a day, his consul must sign a bond, and constitute himself a sort of guardian over his fellow-countryman. By following this course the population has scarcely varied 1,000 souls in half a century. Residents must not prowl around the sea mole after the evening gun is fired, nor may they be out of their houses after eleven o'clock at night, unless they show a permit or a good reason. My lodgings were on one of the public squares, across which I had to go unless I took a more secluded way, a proceeding that depended on the hour. A captain's guard lounged there day and night, and late wanderers were sure to be challenged. It frequently happened to me, but a word of explanation set me free, though often I have heard long parleys between the sergeant and the belated pedestrian. On the whole, it always seemed to me a safe kind of danger, that added a mild excitement to the monotony of living in times of peace.

If a love of soldiery interests one, then Gibraltar is fascinating beyond any city in Europe. The garrison numbers from 4,000 to 6,000 troops, mostly artillery, and yet when I was there infantry was in the ascendency, for there were three Scotch kilted regiments, besides the rifle brigade. Sol-

diers were met at every turn, and their bright uniforms gave a brilliant touch to the moving picture of Gibraltese life. On Saturday afternoons the entire garrison moves out the gates down on the North Front, as the sandy plain between British and Spanish territory is called, and goes through all sorts of war-like manœuvres. Charges, retreats, skirmishes, battles, parades, and reviews are practised before the governor and his glittering staff. During my sojourn I saw the Victoria Cross conferred on a brave man. The ceremony took place Monday afternoon on the rose-fringed alameda, and a lovelier day never dawned. A warm sun beat down upon the guns and bayonets, making them flash and pulsate as if instinct with life. The tunics and plumes showed in brightest hues as the garrison marched past to form the hollow square—the picturesque and barbaric Highlanders with bear-skin caps, red coats, plaid sashes, and leggings with ugly daggers protruding, the corps of engineers in dark blue, the rifle brigade in jackets and trousers of solemn black, while in the centre of the great square was the scarred and war-worn 24th regiment fresh from the fields of Zululand. Around this wall of steel was gathered half the population of the town, eager to see the ceremony. The commander-in-chief and staff formed the side directly opposite the regiment about to be honored. The consolidated bands, prior to the exercises, played their liveliest and most popular music; then at a signal perfect silence fell, and Lord Napier of Magdala rode forward, and the brave soldier, Williams, stepped from the ranks. In a few words Lord Napier congratulated the humble private for his courage and valor, then, dismounting, pinned the precious badge on the soldier's breast. The bands struck up their merry tunes, for the queen had been pleased to give her cross to a man who at the risk of his own life had saved the lives of six others who lay wounded in the

hospital at Rorkes Drift. Single-handed he defended his comrades against the furious onslaught of the maddened Zulus, and his reward was the iron cross.

Because of rains and winds I had prolonged my stay in Gibraltar beyond my intention, for I did not want my visions of Seville and Grenada obscured by mist and rain-clouds. The slow and rheumatic steamer plying between Gibraltar and Cadiz was not a model of sumptuousness, nor was it rated A1 at Lloyd's. But the sky was serene and the sea tranquil—points in our favor, and proving that indulgent fortune had her eye on the "James Haynes," and would allow no pranks to be played. Passing out of the harbor, leaving the forts and water batteries behind, we glided into the restless straits, and rolled on toward Cadiz.

Tarifa and its weather-beaten lighthouse recalled legends and history; so did the scene of Trafalgar, where the impetuous ocean, unmarked by monument or cenotaph, seethes and rolls, hiding from human eyes its immortal secrets. Three quarters of a century ago Nelson and Villeneuve met on this watery highway, and contested for the supremacy of the waves; and yet when I asked the Spanish captain a few questions regarding the battle, he showed an ignorance as dense as that of a Hottentot peasant. He kindly informed me, however, that it was so long ago that he felt no interest, and wound up by insinuating that he knew but little about ancient history.

The gradual approach to Cadiz from the sea is highly fascinating because of the constant changes which the white-winged city undergoes as the steamer swings on her course. The famous old town is viewed from every side, while in the midst of turret and tower the great mass of houses, with white walls that fairly sparkle in the sunshine, give it the loveliness of a young bride.

No sooner had the anchor been dropped than a flotilla of feluccas surrounded us, whose howling crews yelled for patronage. The wind was now blowing furiously, and these small craft bobbing up and down on the waves furnished an unexpected close to the day's sail. The sights as we got aboard were ludicrous beyond description, and the leaps made that afternoon were wonderful to see. Fat men and stout women, resolute in determination but slow of action, let go an instant too late, and down they went in a heap, only to be picked up by the laughing boatmen and hurried aft. The waves splashed over the seats and ran into the bottoms of the feluccas. Women uttered shrill exclamations, and men muttered their disapprobation, but the reckless waves heeded not our misery. As soon as a boat was loaded, the tan-colored sail was hoisted, and away it went, dancing and prancing over the white caps. As an ordinary choice, I prefer myself to a trunk: the usage is somewhat different: but in Cadiz harbor I would gladly have undergone an operation in metempsychosis and become a leather portmanteau. The baggage remained where it struck, but my experience was just the reverse. I must have jumped ten feet on to a deck so slippery that my legs went from under me like a flash, and I indulged in an unexpected slide that brought up rather abruptly under a seat, just as a playful billow broke over the gunwale and filled my mouth and eyes with water. My discomfiture was now complete, but I had to laugh it out in order to keep up the glee that my little marine adventure had created. My revenge was in laughing at the mishaps of others, although a critical observer must have detected a painful reservation in my sudden hilarity. But I came out of my troubles in good shape, for, on landing, my dripping garments moved the custom-house officer to unwonted pity, and by the payment or present of a peseta the considerate gentleman passed all my

trunks and baggage, and by way of consolation hoped that I would suffer no inconvenience from my drenching.

A stout porter seized my personal property, and we started for the hotel. As in most cities of Spain, the hotels are kept by Swiss landlords, and they endeavor to give a fair return for one's money; and yet the Spanish kitchen will not suffer a change without an obstinate resistance that must last through many years, and show itself when least expected. Once an unusually pungent piece of garlic found its way into my mouth, and later on, after the damage had been done, I asked the polite Swiss landlord why he permitted his cooks to use garlic so freely. "I don't," he said; "they have instructions not to use it promiscuously, but they are always forgetting." So there it is, in a nutshell. The bred-in-the-bone conceptions of cookery are not easily eradicated, nor should they be, for there are some truly national dishes which I would not exchange for the specialties of the *Café Bignon*.

Cadiz was gray with age half a thousand years before Romulus and Remus were born, and yet, paradoxical surely, it is the only new and burnished city in Spain. Even in the Augustan era Horace complimented the fidelity of his friend Septimus by declaring that he would go even to Gades with him,—and Gades, as Cadiz was then called, was looked upon as the veritable end of the earth. If history possesses the power to press in the earth's surface, then this jutting peninsula should show a cavity deep enough to hide the old city beyond recognition; but history does not possess this power, and travellers to-day, when they comprehend the vicissitudes of three thousand years of existence, may well marvel at what they see. It is difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile the modern Cadiz with the site of the Phœnician colony planted there thirteen centuries before Christ, and yet no amount of skepticism can prevail against

the fact. Perhaps no spot in Europe has been the scene of more strife and contention than this, and certainly there is none where so many races have won and lost. It became celebrated as long ago as the Punic wars. The Goths, the Arabs, the Spaniards, the English, and the French have each held it in turn, and each was loth to give it up; and yet, in spite of everything, the silver city reposes like a queen on her throne in the sea.

The town is the nursery of radicalism in politics. The people are born agitators, and only await a favorable opportunity to take up arms against the established order of things. The government keeps its eyes wide open both day and night, the fortifications are guarded by regiments of the line, and the fleet stands ready with spring cables and shotted guns in case of insurrection; and yet, with all this inherent discontent, the inhabitants love pleasure and fun. The amusements are many and well attended: even the bull-ring, despite its dilapidated walls, is said to contain 15,000 seats, while the theatres and operas never lack patronage.

Unlike other cities, Cadiz has no elasticity. She cannot extend her dwellings into the country and present beautiful suburban drives to her citizens. The sea hems in her walls, and within their limits the 70,000 inhabitants must live and die. Bombardments, conflagrations, and necessity have done their good work in making Cadiz the most beautiful city in Spain, and in point of cleanliness few indeed can equal her.

Aside from the lovely sea and dazzling sun, her charms are artificial. The promenades, the alameda, the Calle Ancha, the venerable palaces moulded in the splendor of architecture, the high white-washed houses and their exquisite courts,—all are made by hands; but those hands have wrought the beautiful. The streets, lined with lofty houses,

are straight and narrow, thus presenting admirable perspective views. Then to this is added the wonderful array of projecting balconies,—for every house has as many as it has windows, just uneven enough in line to remove any suspicion of monotony,—while lazily drooping over them are bright green Venetian blinds; and in the glaring sunshine this combination makes a picture rare and charming.

The Plaza of San Antonio is the popular breathing-place, and in the mellow evening air, under the magic influence of the moonlight, señors and señoras assemble, and likewise gay señoritas and their escorts. The band plays the liveliest of music, while these gay-hearted promenaders pace up and down the Plaza till the stars begin to blink at the coming sun.

The alameda is an alluring bit of oriental designing, clinging passionately to the great, thick sea-wall, whose giant form wards off the eager Mediterranean, and protects the plants from sudden blasts. Here, under the palms and date-trees, or amid the oleanders and roses, one may find the most delicious leisure, safe from the inquisitive rays of the sun, and fanned by the soft, sweet breeze from across the harbor. I found great pleasure as well as exercise in making a circuit of the sea wall, especially in the early morning, when everything was newly touched by the sun. How the blue sea sparkled, and how purple were the distant fields! How brisk the market-place as I looked down from my lofty promenade! Surely, there is no spot in all Spain where a body, weary with travel and change, can get so much solace as in sea-girt Cadiz.

Sight-seeing need give no concern. The shapely cathedral, with its twin towers and huge Corinthian columns, is about all there is; but after Barcelona and Valencia and Seville, its interest dies at once, and a brief visit is sufficient. In the crypt there is an astonishing echo, so jealous that the

least noise, like the low tone of conversation, disturbs it mightily, and the reverberation is appalling.

Cadiz was so restful and attractive that I gave myself up to her fascinations and stayed there two weeks,—and a red-letter two weeks they were, because they brought leisure and pleasure, and introduced me to some exceedingly kind people, whose endeavor it was to make my sojourn agreeable. I used to go out to the forts and watch the military evolutions, which took place every afternoon. Then, wearying of this, a love of the water would come over me, and I would engage a boatman and sail around the harbor. These boatmen are good-natured fellows, and willing; and, although their stock of information is small, they have the latest gossip at their tongues' ends.

Holy Week was approaching, and I was advised to hasten to Seville in order to secure a room, inasmuch as all the province flock thither at the sacred ceremonies. I must stop at Jerez, said an English wine merchant—and at Jerez I did stop; and under the guidance of my friend, whose repeated journeys into Spain had given him an acquaintance with the wine-houses of the district, I stopped, I saw, I tasted.

Jerez is about an hour from Cadiz, and the train, considerate of curious travellers, crawled on at a pace perfectly consistent with wayside sight-seeing. I saw the hills where the famous vineyards lie, surrounded by large tracts of arable land, with glaringly white fortress-looking farm-houses, and occasionally I saw the square keep of an aged Moorish castle overlooking the verdant landscape. This particular district is one of the most fertile in the Peninsula; and as I rode through it on that tranquil day in March, and felt the warm air as it came through the car windows, the old legend of the horn of plenty was vividly brought to my mind. I no longer wondered at the love bestowed by the Andalusians on their favored province.

Jerez, like Cadiz, asks one to peer into the dim twilight of history to find her origin, for she too is wrinkled and black, although of late years a remarkable spirit of enterprise and improvement has taken hold of the people, and the town is now able to show wide streets and handsome buildings. Near the railway station are seen the crumbling walls built by the Moors, their crenellated tops suggestive of war ; and farther on, the magnificent Alcazar, which, in spite of its centuries of hard knocks, presents a study for the traveller.

The gentleman into whose charge I had resigned myself took me straightway to the celebrated wine establishment of Gonzalez & Byass, the largest and most complete in all Spain, and there I saw how the sherry trade was carried on, and how much there was to it. The entrance is from the alameda, down stone steps and beneath an imposing mediæval gate, into an area of twenty acres, containing press-houses, bodegas, distilleries, engine-rooms, railways, cooperage-shops, and everything needed in making the wine and sending it away. Mindful of the beautiful, the proprietors have adorned this busy place with flower-beds and fountains, and with walks shaded by palms and orange-trees. The vineyards are some distance in the country, and are not worth visiting unless one is especially interested in vine-culture. My guide conducted me through numerous storehouses or bodegas, where thousands of butts stood ready for the market, and keeping them company were enormous tuns of sweetest wine, each containing, so the figure said, an amount equal to four thousand gallons.

A few time-stained butts attracted my notice, and at my request their history was given. The widow Arroyo sold them to Señor Gonzalez for £10,000, and, according to my informant, but little remains of the liquid, most of it having been sold at a great advance. As visitors from the United States do not overrun the establishment, I may have

been treated with rather more courtesy than I deserved. At all events they showed and explained everything, and answered my questions most freely. They introduced me to a vintage older than my country,—so old that the date is not known, hence is called Mathusalem. The wine was dark as Dublin stout, and possessed a body capable of withstanding a dozen changes of dynasties; so I sipped sparingly. In contrast was the amber-hued La Reyna and the full-bodied Romano. Under the expert direction of my companion I went through the bodegas in a scientific and highly satisfactory manner. I tasted many wines, but swallowed little, as such a practice vitiates the taste and prevents one from detecting the fine qualities. The guide is to the stranger in the well stocked bodega what the physician is to the sick man,—his advice must be followed without a murmur, for he alone knows what is best. When a man has spent two hours in such an establishment as that of Gonzalez & Byass, he could easily imagine himself the owner of the earth and the residuary legatee of the universe. The arumbador is an important factor in the wine-houses, and without him incalculable damage might be done. He is the man who plunges the venencia into the butt and fills the glasses. This indispensable instrument consists of a tube-like silver cup on the end of a long strip of whalebone, and, although one of the simplest contrivances imaginable, its use requires a proficiency which but few ever acquire. The arumbador steps on the rack, removes the bung, and sinks the venencia into the aromatic wine. Drawing it out, he performs some graceful sleight-of-hand, and succeeds in pouring it from his tube into the wine-glass, which he holds in his left hand. Considering that he holds the long ladle on a level with his chin, and the glass in front of his waist, and changes the liquid from one to the other without spilling a drop,—considering this, the feat may be put down as worth seeing,

more particularly when one knows for whom the delicious wine is intended.

The hotel where I dined contained so extraordinary a specimen of "English as she is wrote" in foreign parts, that I could not refrain from making a copy, which is literal in every particular: "Hotel de las cautro naciones—Zaragoza. Great departments for families, baths—The central office for all ways is found on the Low story particular carriages. M, Mrs, the travellers who will be kind enough as to honor him with their confidence will there be treated with the greatest consideration. They will find at the house a superb dining room con for table resturant Coffee house and bill—iards bathing house great appartments for families saloons & Co the whole nicely furnished the service will be performed at every hour and in the particular appartments if they wish so—The clean—liness care equity will be the base of all these things"

I looked upon this advertising essay with much pleasure, and had I visited Saragossa, nothing could have kept me away from the literary bureau of the Quattro naciones.

Seville, situated in a lovely plain and watered by the classic Guadalquivir, may well arrogate to itself the proud appellation of the Marvellous. Distinctively Spanish is the population. Manners, customs, and garb indicate the pure Andalusian, while the cathedral, palaces, and patios testify to the ancient opulence and love of pleasure. Altars, saints, relics, pilgrimages, pageants, are as much a feature of Seville as the alameda or the tobacco factory; priests are more jovial and fat, and beggars more hideous and gaunt. So intensely Spanish is Seville that midnight breeds hilarity, and midday induces quiet. All the peculiarities and romance of Spain seems to have been bestowed on Seville, and the venerable legacy has continued unimpaired to the present day.

The old capital is jealous of modern visages, and a walk through the winding streets does not reveal any new quarter where regular façades and Mansard roofs crowd out the awkward and hump-backed houses which have sheltered so many generations. In this tenacity of purpose Seville differs from Barcelona, Valencia, Cadiz, and Madrid, and yet the reason cannot be found in local decay or apathy. Seville is not asleep, nor is it a laggard in modern enterprise. Its manufactories are busy. Ingenious pieces of pottery find thousands of purchasers, iron foundries belch out smoke and cinders, wine and oil flow through the town as through a conduit, tobacco and fruits go away and return as shining gold, the river is alive with black hulls, and the sky is criss-crossed with masts and yards. Round the famous Golden Tower laborers surge and shout, and the nerves of commerce tingle just as they did in the halcyon days when the portals of this ancient tower flew open to receive the bullion from the new world. But then, Seville is such a strange combination of the old and the new as to bewilder the traveller. It is the sullen flame of the *auto-de-fe* and the fierce glare of the electric light strangely commingled.

One's first impression is that the town is age-ridden and paralyzed; that the nineteenth century is a hundred years ahead of its time, and that there is no disposition to catch up; but a careful inquiry and tour of investigation will disclose an undreamed-of activity so inconsistent with true Andalusian precedent as to give one a slight shock of incredulity. During a somewhat extended stay I saw for myself that Seville's life-blood was far from being coagulated. The Moors loved this sun-bathed spot, and lavished upon it the full measure of their wealth and enthusiasm; but wars and neglect have done cruel work, so that few evidences of the Arabian prosperity remain. The dwellings are essentially of Moorish origin and style; so are the snaky streets wig-

gling through the mass of houses ; but the public buildings were brought forth under a later dynasty, and as a result they are left unobserved by the wandering stranger. It requires a pretty strong passion for sight-seeing to ramble about the great corridors and court-yards of edifices whose histories go not back to the Arabian days, as the smell of whitewash and paint is altogether nauseating to those constitutions that love to exist in sight of flowering patios, mediæval gateways, and trickling fountains, where the annals of a race long since obliterated seem to glow and live again.

Seville is a world's fair as regards its population. Gypsies and Jews are counted by the thousands, and live in their respective quarters, whence they emerge during the day to crowd the streets and make a strange frame to the Spanish picture. I had looked upon this city and upon that as containing the worst assortment of divine chattels, but candor compels me to give an unqualified certificate in this particular to Seville, for nowhere can a queerer rabble of rags, filth, and squalor be found than in the districts occupied by the gypsies and Moors. And yet I ventured among them, despite the warnings against footpads and disease ; but one conscientious visit quite sufficed—the second was never needed.

Art and architecture have had their home in Seville from the earliest times. Indeed, there has never been a period since the middle ages when the paintings of Seville did not challenge the admiration of the world ; and fortunate, too, has been the town in giving to art two such masters as Velasquez and Murillo. This laughing spot has been singularly favored by the gods. A climate soft and kindly has been bestowed, the emperors Hadrian, Theodosius, and Trajan were born within its limits, masters in art were once children in its streets, and, lastly, the religion of Rome has

been fostered and developed under the grandest and most sublime auspices. After the city on the Tiber comes the city on the Guadalquivir, to show to the world those sacred pageantries which are alike the wonder and admiration of all beholders.

The cathedral will always live in my memory as the world's crowning glory of architecture. It is the earthly realization of those splendid mysteries that lie beyond the curtain of life, and the human heart almost pauses in its pulsation as the eyes for the first time behold its incomparable interior. Pushing aside the leathern screen, how wondrous is the scene before you! A vast cave of uncertain light is this magnificent cathedral, and yet its great painted windows attract the sunbeams, and magnify them into slanting sheets of flame. When the eyes have grown accustomed to the twilight dimness, the indistinctness of columns, chapels, paintings, and sculpture vanishes, and outlines and form assume their true grandeur and elegance. The gigantic columns supporting the fretted roof are no longer objects of guess-work: they rise majestically, like the trees of the Yosemite, and are lost in the gloom far above. Along the walls chapels are ranged, with lofty railings to protect their sacred precincts from the intrusion of the curious. Bas-reliefs and massive pieces of sculpture look down from the indistinct niches, and peering from golden frames are the master-works of Spanish painters. The area of the interior is large, and divided by eighty columns into four aisles of most generous proportions, through which superb ecclesiastical processions march and countermarch during the festivals, while crowds stand aside, wrapt in speechless wonder.

Spanish architects insisted on placing the great altar in the middle of the church, and separated from the choir by an open space: and they did wisely. Delicate steel rail-

ings called *rejas* completely surround the altar, and stout gates close in front of the altar steps. During mass they are thrown open, the place is quickly filled with women in black attire, and the service goes on, accompanied by the chants from the hidden recesses of the choir. Stationary seats are not practicable in these great churches, so the custodians furnish chairs for those who desire, although it is the custom with the women to carry along with them small campstools, which they manage with skill and grace, placing them in positions where they can keep their restless eyes on all that passes. Time and time again have I watched the indescribable play of these demure worshippers. The rosary, the missal, the fan, and the mantilla act their pantomimic drama, and tell of sighs and love and longings with an eloquence surpassing the power of speech.

The grand altar, almost a church in itself, is never suffered to grow dark; its myriad lights beckon on the faithful and the faltering, and its gorgeous embellishment and trappings make captive the imagination of the agnostic. In sombre companionship is the richly carved choir, where monks and singing-boys offer up their sacred chants, while overhead a pair of massive organs flood the aisles and naves with exquisite music. Even into the remotest recesses do these harmonies penetrate, wakening echoes from the fretted ceiling, and reverberating even to the confines of the orange court.

Behind the altar is the chapel dedicated to Ferdinand, and over its ponderous gate is the effigy of the war-horse he used to ride, while within are relics, flags, keys, chains, votive offerings, and last of all the silver chest containing the skeleton of the sainted soldier. In darker ages this was the rallying-place for the militant, and very likely celestial visitants came there to urge on the good work of keeping up the mem-

ory of the dead monarch. Even now that excessive veneration has not died away, and crowds flock around the gratings, eagerly waiting their turn to be admitted. To those whose experience with sacred anatomy has been limited to one or two saints this exhibition is highly impressive, and leaves its beholder surcharged with ecstasy; but to those whose wanderings have taken them into reliquaries innumerable, even the dry and shrunken presence of Saint Ferdinand fails to stimulate the not over-sensitive nerves, and the sight is soon forgotten.

The treasury, as might be supposed, is overflowing with riches, an enumeration of which would necessitate a catalogue of ponderous size, and to describe the gems, embroideries, vessels, and princely gifts would be impossible. But whenever I stood before its bronze portals, there was the same patient crowd of men and women, all intent on examining the glittering objects which centuries of religious aggression and zeal have conjured into this precious chapel.

This cathedral called me to it every day, and each visit revealed something of interest. The mass said in a score or more of the small chapels brought out glowing pictures, while the solemn vespers portrayed the full beauty and sublimity of the ritual. One never wearies of this religious realm of Seville, dominated by the massive Giralda tower, from whose battlements the Moor was wont to contemplate the glories of the Vega; and to-day this same luxuriant landscape charms the fancy and lulls the passions just as it did six hundred years ago. What this Titan tower was intended for does not appear, but it must have had a mission, else its stupendous frame would never have startled the world, and allied it to the Egyptian pyramids as a wonder of human labor. Legends are not wanting to pique incredulous minds, but they fail to assign a satisfactory reason for this gigantic structure. At its base is the lovely

orange court, where venerable trees still bear fruit and rustle their leaves to the dancing wind; and there we see the great marble fountain, whose pelucid waters are as cool now as in the reign of Al Mansur. The old mosque stood there: so this shell-like basin was the Moor's first thought as he turned his footsteps toward the holy shrine. He performed his ablution thoroughly, but his Christian successors in worship have not deemed it necessary to eternal happiness to do more than touch their finger-tips to the blessed water, and this they do with lamentable stinginess and caution. In the adjacent monastery is a library which no American should slight, for among the volumes are some that once belonged to Columbus. He read them carefully, and made copious marginal notes in handwriting singularly legible. The valuable books are securely guarded in heavy glass cases, thus defying the sacrilegious attempts of society vandals, who would think nothing of tearing out a leaf or clipping out a specimen of the navigator's chirography; but honest travellers may gaze at the precious works and indulge in all kinds of mental reflections.

At Rome Holy Week is not what it once was. The mutations of politics and their results have stripped off some of the scarlet livery, and the church, sensitive to the quick, no longer regales the people with those gorgeous processions which imparted an unwonted splendor to a hierarchy that needed none. These out-of-door parades have almost lost their glitter on the Tiber, and the sacred week passes by with but little demonstration: but not so in Seville. Spectacular and dramatic are the scenes enacted during Holy Week. Palm Sunday is the beginning and Easter the close of the elaborate display. Spend this week in Seville, and there behold the commingling of religion and levity, the marriage of the serious and the comic. The experience is novel indeed, and, like the

majestic cathedral, it is unique and incomparable. The hotels were full of guests, the *casas de huéspedes* or boarding-houses actually bulged with overcrowding, and the more humble quarters, where the frugal provincials lodged, must have been packed like boxes of herring.

Holy Week brings scores of pilgrims to Seville, and the number increases enormously every year—and why not? This is Spain's grandest festival, and continues seven days without cessation. Day after day the glittering processions wind through the crooked streets, an endless, monotonous shuffling of feet as the holy effigies are borne along on the backs of men.

On Easter the bull-fighting season is opened amid the joyous acclaim of twenty thousand patrons; then on successive days come races, regattas, exhibitions of paintings, the opening of public buildings, addresses, while at night the open squares are resplendent with fire-works and joyous with music. The grand opera, especially imported, attracts its votaries, for the prima donnas and the tenors enjoy a world-wide reputation. The theatre offers inducements, and the *zazzuela*, with its songs and light comedy, gathers to itself the careless and happy. After seeing a Sevillian *Semana Santa*, I readily understood how fascinating the experience was, and how surely it became an absorbing passion with the simple devotees. For a panorama of exceeding beauty, go and look at Naples from the sea; but for a picture full of life and romance, go and spend Holy Week at Seville. It is worth a long journey, and all the discomforts and vexations of travel will disappear amid the glamor of this new experience.

Connected with the parishes of the city are bands of men known as the *cofradias*, whose mission seems to attain its fulfilment on Holy Week, although their good deeds may mark each day of the year. During this period of religious

activity these societies parade the town, bearing in regular order life-sized effigies or pasos. These images belong to the parish church, and are given a thorough airing once a year, when they meet the upturned gaze of countless admirers. The number of pasos carried depends on the wealth and means of each *cofradia*. Some can afford only one, while others count five or six to their credit; but this numerical distinction is not taken into consideration. The pasos follow one another so closely that the cynical and envious are mute, and the solitary paso becomes merged in the common pageant. The processions march through the streets every day during Holy Week, but because of propriety and the excessive weight of the figures they march very slowly. Every day brings out new *cofradias* with their particular representations, thus giving variety and novelty to the display, besides lending an interest to what might otherwise seem monotonous. But the paso by no means completes the spectacle; it merely serves as a centre-piece around which the strangest setting is generally placed, and so great is the ambition to startle and surprise, that historical display becomes a pronounced feature. The wise men, Herod, Pilate, the Nazarenes, Jews, Romans, the rabble, the doctors, the apostles, the money-changers, the virgin, the grand scene on Calvary, the lamentations, the descent, and many events in the life of Christ other than these, were made subjects of representation during the week's observance. Each paso deals with some one of these events. It may be the crucifixion, in which case we see the realistic details of the scene—the dying Saviour in company with the thieves—all a masterpiece of sculpture; while following the paso are Roman soldiers and mocking Jews. To intensify the dramatic picture, one of this hired rabble thrusts a long stick with a sponge on the end into the calm face with its crown of thorns, while every few minutes others go

through the rending of garments. It may well be conceived that more or less repetition must take place, but with so many pasos this cannot be helped ; and yet, while the general appearance of many may be the same, the dressing of the figures and their positions are different, and so are the innumerable details essential to a clear conception of the scene. No two sculptors have portrayed the same events in the same way ;—human originality, to say nothing of unlimited money, could never allow this ;—so, notwithstanding we have several similar representations, the difference in treatment is well marked.

It matters not where the *cofradia* may have its church. The *paso* must be borne through the *Sierpes*—the principal street in Seville—thence across the Plaza de la Constitucion, where the high dignitaries of the city are seated, thence to the great cathedral. Many times during the march do the weary *paso*-bearers set their burden on the ground and refresh themselves with sweetened water ; then, having rested, they again lift their heavy load, the bands play solemn music, and the long, uneven line zigzags into the narrow streets. As every procession must go this way, enterprising speculators place chairs along the *Sierpes* and in the great square, so that by paying a *peseta* one may become a part of the show without the slightest discomfort. My chair was usually on the *Sierpes*, whose exceeding narrowness afforded a grand opportunity for a close inspection of the jewels, dresses, embroideries, laces, and other trappings with which the statuary was adorned, and I saw what an adaptation of tinsel to glory the show was, and with what small veneration the people regarded it. I used to see the actors salute ladies in the over-hanging balconies, who, pleased at the recognition, flung down flowers in return, and hear the Roman consuls and high priests bandy loose wit with the spectators seated along the route.

Tobacco plays an important part in this pageant. Soldiers and disciples, scribes and pharisees, eagerly seize the slightest pretext for smoking: out come the little packages, and up float thick clouds of smoke. Those making up the *dramatis personæ* of the cofradías are not all pious: many are hired for the occasion, and bring with them an assortment of personal habits which blend reluctantly with the solemnity of the occasion; but not even the most religious suffer this to disturb them.

On Tuesday the processions were not many, lasting perhaps an hour, but becoming larger every day, so that on Friday the week's splendid ceremonies culminated in a procession of pasos that occupied a large part of the day, beginning at two o'clock in the morning and ending late in the evening, with only a few hours' intermission at noon. Quite eight hours of flaring candles, singing nuns, and chanting monks; eight hours of shuffling feet, glittering pasos, and surging crowds—and the pageant was over. Through the dim and silent cathedral all these pasos were carried. Pausing for a moment before the monument of a thousand tapers, then moving slowly out the great doors to low and heavy music, the brotherhoods and their fantastic escorts resumed their march to the old parish churches, where the sacred figures were again restored to their accustomed places behind the high altars.

Transformed into a royal sepulchre is the great cathedral during Holy Week. The magnificent interior is dark with the shades of night, and a strange hush pervades the grand aisles. Worshippers kneel at the smaller chapels and offer up their prayers, priests move quietly about the altars, crowds surge over the pavements like threatening clouds, and in spite of one's self a paralysis seizes upon the soul. It is an association with the shades, a journey through the mysterious. Heavy curtains droop over the massive windows,

the huge columns are wrapped in purple velvet, and over the once flaming altar hangs a black veil. This alluring spot is now deserted save by servants, who flit up and down its sacred confines like errant souls incarnate, condemned by the gods to pace there in perpetual solitude. On the altar no candle gleams; the lights, before which all who pass must make reverent obeisance, have been removed to the lofty temple called the monumento, and placed in the middle of the broadest aisle.

On Holy Wednesday evening I joined the people, on their way to the cathedral to listen to the rendering of the Miserere by Señor Gayarre. Within the railed enclosure stood the singers, holding long candles that dispelled the gloom and threw grotesque silhouettes on the walls, while the full, rich notes of the Psalm rose in measured volume, floating over the heads of the listening thousands and dying away as softly as a child's breath; then, rising like the strong notes of an organ, they made the vast temple vibrate with overmastering ecstasy. Superb to the last scene is the portrayal of Holy Week. Even the washing of feet is performed by the old archbishop, while on Saturday morning the huge veil is rent apart, disclosing the grand altar in lustrous illumination. Fireworks and music welcome the august moment; men shake hands and women exchange kisses; children, even, detecting the meaning, show an elasticity of movement quite comical. Outside, on the green, artillerymen add their thunderous greeting to the glorious event, and a long line of penitent and happy pilgrims find their way into the presence of the archbishop to seek his kindly blessing. It is the end of Lent, and religious restraint no longer binds the mirthful Sevillians. The city acts like a boy just out of school, and saucy indeed are its pranks. The good time has come, and the vivacious Andalusian begins his hunt for the golden apples.

Holy week left the cathedral full of dirt and grease, for the endless processions wore boots and carried candles; but all this disappeared in a day or so, leaving the edifice in its former condition of religious burnishment. Once I saw twelve young boys, clad in silks and laces, dance most merrily at the foot of the altar steps—an extraordinary custom, surely; and yet the venerable hierarchy in creaking vestments was massed on the altar, and smiled benignly at the sight. An orchestra of string instruments urged on the gaily dressed dancers with music neither voluptuous nor mournful. It was rather like some easy-moving fantasia, conscious of its hallowed surroundings. The boys sung to the accompaniment of their clinking castanets, performing the stately measures of the dance with a dignity far beyond their years. Graceful and lithe, and handsome as well, were those happy youths. Again legendary lore essays an explanation of this custom, and again it fails to assign an acceptable one. Lost in the faint glimmer of dawn is the history of this beautiful dance. Even the wisest churchman is as ignorant as the peasant, and despite its ancient practice, the records of the church are hopelessly silent. Thrice each year is this ceremony observed, and thrice is the cathedral filled to overflowing. Constant training is manifest in the motions. The legs, arms, bodies, and heads show a marvellous precision. No false steps mar the pleasure of the dance, as the boys whirl and march and counter-march. Verily, the builders of the Seville cathedral must have been madmen! They made it the grandest of earthly temples, and bequeathed to it splendid legacies.

CHAPTER XXII.

SEVILLE—CORDOVA—GRANADA.

THAT Seville is not wanting in practical charities the hospital known as the Caridad abundantly proves, and a visit there is full of interest. It was founded by a reformed gallant, Don Juan Miguel de Manara, and, like all institutions so unexpectedly endowed, rumor assigns various reasons why the good work happened to be undertaken. In his day, this Don Juan was the terror of husbands and the beloved of wives. Duels to the death came as natural consequences, but his ready rapier always prevailed. He loved wine as well as song, and regulated his slumber by the contents of the flagon. Night was turned into day, and, although in the spring-time of youth, his incessant dissipations began to sprinkle the white tinge of autumn over his head. But disease fell upon him, and the handsome cavalier became as miserable as a mule-driver. Indulgent and pitying Nature lent her help, and he got well. Then the memory of his past life came back to him, and he resolved to do good to his fellow-men. Thus this large and admirably conducted institution owes its foundation to one of the worst rakes that Seville, a willing nurse of rakes, ever produced. But it is all forgotten in walking through the cleanly wards, where homeless and helpless old men find flowers and kindness as they totter toward the grave.

In the church connected with the hospital are some of Murillo's grandest conceptions, among them the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, and Moses Smiting the Rock. These are justly considered as masterpieces ; and yet, in the

Museum, not a mile away, the walls are gemmed with many other Murillos,—for no brush was more constant than was that of the genial artist, who once earned his living by painting cheap-priced Virgins and beggars to sell at the annual fairs. Go anywhere in Seville and you will come across this great painter's canvases, and a love for him will spring up which time only strengthens; and after the lapse of years there will come over you an almost irresistible desire to revisit the scenes and inspirations of Murillo's studies.

This Museum is a treasure-house of the never equalled Seville school, and its spacious walls are covered with paintings which money could not tease away. There one may look at the best works of Velasquez, Zubaran, Herrera, Cano, Goya, Leal, and Murillo, who outnumbers all others. Among his is the celebrated "Virgin of the Napkin." To casual observers there is nothing remarkable in its appearance; but legend tells us that the monks once asked for some souvenir from the great painter, whereupon Murillo took a napkin from the table, and promised to make its rough and colorless face glow with a divine conception. How splendid was the result this little picture alone can tell. What surprises me is that the monks of the seventeenth century ever used napkins; however, this skepticism on my part did not lessen my admiration.

The churches of Seville are neither wonderful nor ordinary on the outside, and their interiors are woefully commonplace, after the cathedral; but their chapels are enriched with works from the old Seville easels, and if one is in extatic search of old masters, these parochial sanctuaries must not be passed by.

To the saturnine traveller, whose ideas of art are so crude as to need stimulation, Seville offers a sight that cannot fail to exert a spasmodic enthusiasm in his sluggish breast, and

to cause his heavy eyes to open wide. On approach, the immense stone edifice, with countless windows heavily capped with balustrades of dignified sculpture, may seem like a royal palace; for soldiers pace up and down before the massive gate, giving to the vicinity the unmistakable air of governmental espionage. It is not a palace nor a war office, nor is it the national mint; and yet, tear it down, and the Spanish exchequer would be like the pockets of rollicking Don Cæsar de Bazan. It is the famous tobacco factory of Seville, and one of the sights of Spain. No wonder that it needs military protection, for within its massive walls are tons of rich Cuban weed, and a thousand black-skinned, saucy girls. No sooner have you passed the imposing portals, than this latter fact is made evident by sounds much resembling the discordant and disconnected attempts of a primary school to say its letters. It is the spontaneous chatter of a thousand Andalusian tongues.

In long halls these girls sit and roll up package after package of doleful cigarettes; and how like lightning-machines their nimble fingers go! Long practice enables them to keep up their average, and at the same time to carry on lively conversations with their neighbors, or, more to their taste, launch uncertain compliments to visitors. In strange dialect they send forth broad satire and bare-faced impertinence, at which every one hearing it laughs and roars, while the embarrassed foreigner becomes the cynosure of all eyes. These damsels are not overburdened with strict conventionality, and the exceedingly modest man runs imminent danger of getting red in the face; but the ordeal is not a long one. It passes quickly, but the experience, brief as it is, leaves a permanent mark. Many of the young women are mothers, and their offspring crawl about the dirty floors, or slumber peacefully in empty boxes. Here one sees a brilliant display of shawls and dresses, indicating

an Indian-like infatuation for gaudy colors, highly out of taste in their arrangement. Religion, however, hovers about this worldly institution in the form of sacred pictures and dimly-lighted shrines, and yet methought the number was not disproportionate to the necessity.

The process of changing the layers of tobacco into cigars and cigarettes was not very interesting,—not so interesting by far as our Virginia factories; but out of deference to the guide, due appreciation was demanded, and given. Just as the bell strikes, the careless throng emerges from the colossal building, glad that the day's work is over; it laughs and shouts, pokes fun at everything, and, like an inundation, carries all before it. A few hours later you will see some of these light-hearted creatures, in different attire, promenading the *Sierpes*, or reclining on the soft cushions of the *cafés*.

Pride, no less than necessity, furnished an Alcazar to every one of these Morisco-Spanish cities. They all possess Alcazars, varying in size and magnificence, according to ancient requirements. Many are splendid memorials to Saracenic power and affluence; others are only stone and plaster structures, with few or no architectural glories; but courtesy classes them as Alcazars, and as such they rank in corresponding dignity. The Alcazar at Seville is a perfect masterpiece of that rich designing and construction which the Moors loved so well. Indeed, this palace surpasses the Alhambra in wealth of gorgeous decorations and dazzling effects, and proudly claims for itself the first place among the famous works of man. Its thick and impregnable walls give it a fortress-like look, while its graceful arches and richly tiled interiors instantly banish all thoughts of war, and present to the imagination a marvellous succession of most dainty conceits. An elaboration until then undreamed of gave an enduring lustre to the apartments of

the palace, and to-day, after the passing of centuries, the venerable walls and ceilings retain their color and burnish, and afford to the lover of Mahometan art a rare opportunity for study.

Every apartment and corridor helps to make up the personal history of the tyrannical Don Pedro, who spent his time in beautifying this unique palace, and in chopping off the heads of those nobles who offended his whimsical notions. In the fourteenth century the courts and patios must have been among the most sensuous spots on earth ; and yet, amid the columns and the flowers, Pedro never for a moment forgot how cruel he was. Heads fell from shoulders, living bodies were cast into dungeons, maidens were delivered over to him, innocence and guilt were the same in his eyes : in short, he paused at no outrage, he shuddered at no crime. Like Ivan the Terrible of Moscow, Pedro was the incarnation of fantastic art and relentless cruelty. The two certainly accomplished wonders, and left imposing structures to adorn their widely separated capitals.

Pedro more than Ivan was addicted to grim humor ; so he laid out the lovely garden of the Alcazar in shady walks and arching bowers, and through the shrubbery he placed water-pipes thickly perforated. Then this sanguinary joker concealed himself until the ladies sought this fragrant spot for their evening stroll, when he turned on the cold streams, drenching the beauties to the skin. This practical performance in hydraulics afforded the old king as much amusement as it did to crawl through long and darksome tunnels to overhear secrets in order to surprise somebody. He left an indelible impress on Seville, and supplied the town with a stock of legends that may, not unlikely, outlive the remotest traces of his magnificent palace.

Seville boasts of another distinguished citizen, the Mar-

quis of Medina-Celi, who lived two hundred years after the celebrated Pedro, and bequeathed to posterity a house as singular as it is ornate. The "House of Pilate" is its appellation, but it is less a house than a palace. The old marquis was a sort of religious pilgrim, whose love of journeying took him to Jerusalem, where, among other sights, he saw the house said to have been the residence of Pontius Pilate. With a zeal which would have done credit to a nineteenth century showman, he set about procuring plans of the house so that he might cause wonder among the pious Sevillians; and the marble and stucco edifice at the junction of crooked and pestilential streets is the result. How faithful the representation is can only be surmised, but the devout recognizes every line, angle, and holy association, while the skeptic commends its symmetry and antique treasures, and approves of the array of Roman gods set up in the court-yard. The designers and builders were Moors, and, in spite of plans, the patio, the galleries, and the interiors conformed to the prevailing style; and yet with all this the sure signs of architectural degeneration are everywhere visible. There is a sad falling off from the work in the Alcazar. The exquisite touches so abundant there are less numerous here, and throughout courts and halls the changes of two centuries are painfully apparent.

The obsequious servant, clad in the ducal livery, fairly earned his fee by giving us long sermons on the mutability of human affairs, and by narrating the stories of urn and bust even to the minutest details. He was a walking encyclopedia, and wearied me. To test his readiness at invention, I called his attention to a curious pillar upholding a section of the balcony, and the rascal told me it came from King Solomon's temple. Had I spent another half hour with him he would have convinced me that Pontius Pilate was his maternal uncle.

One of the popes displayed most excessive generosity by sending all sorts of relics to this house. The original pillar to which Jesus was bound during the scourging was one of them, and nothing excites so much fervor as this. They show the representation of the cock, and willing eyes love to rest upon its mute figure: they even point out a vase containing the ashes of Trajan, and expect people to believe them. These sacred objects do not increase the effect of the interior, however much they soothe the asperities of warring consciences. I turned from them in search of the truly beautiful, and I caught a glimpse of it.

Through a long and ornamented casement set in a frame of fluted marble I looked out into a miniature garden—such a garden as Queen Mab might fancy—where roses blushed as they met strange faces, and where, amid the fragrance, luxuriant vines spread a thick green mantle over the gray old walls. In the centre of this fairy domain an ancient well rears its moss-capped head, as if to invite the thirsty to partake of its cool waters in remembrance of the historic spot. Across the little enclosure, set in sunken masonry, is an admirable specimen of a Moorish window, deeply recessed, and protected from without by ingeniously wrought railings, through which captives of love may once have gazed into the hearts of knight errants.

One day a Spanish friend took me to a walk about the old town, and I then saw what a large and grim city Seville was. The houses conform to no regularity, and the streets, although as level as a floor, are hemmed in by the worst collection of habitations conceivable. Whitewash tries to hide the decay, but complete rehabilitation is impossible. The façades are gnawed with age, and the projecting balconies are dimmed with rust, and yet as one strolls along, taking heed of the imposing archways leading into the inner courts, a forgetfulness steals over one's prejudices, and façade

and balcony fade out of mind as the beauties of the patio unfold themselves.

The patio is a small, square yard paved with tiles, around which the mansion is built. Opening upon it from each story is a wide balcony, upheld by shapely columns and curved arches extending around the four sides, while behind it are the apartments of the family. The patio is open to the sky, thus admitting light and air; but during the summer solstice, when the sun gets too inquisitive, thick mats are drawn over the open surface for comfort's sake. According to the owner's purse are the embellishments of this speck of Spanish Arcadia. Some are elaborately adorned with sculpture and plants, and are irresistibly inviting; others are plain and inexpensive, and yet tenacious of infidel blessings; fountains gurgle and sing all day long; even at night, amidst profound silence, these waters keep playing their gentle serenades. Here in the evening the family gather to converse, or find amusement in games and music, or to receive their friends; and late at night the faint glimmer of swinging lamps falls upon merry companies. It is the only home the Spaniard knows: his language has denied him even a synonym for home: but there, in the soft atmosphere of his patio, he cannot but find repose and contentment.

My companion paused before a heavily capped gate, imposing as that of some ducal palace, and remarked that it was the entrance to the Foundling Hospital. The outside walls were cheerless, and thick gratings like those of a prison hung over the deep windows, shutting out light, and suggesting purposes other than the succouring of infants. And yet behind the forbidding stones are broad courts with plenty of sunshine, with birds and fountains and shrubbery, and facing them are dormitories cleanly and comfortable. I did not inquire into the foundation of this charity, nor did I read

its rules, but the little iron cradle set in the wall near the street entrance gave some information as to its practices. This cradle appears and disappears as if by magic. A pull at the bell does the good work, and in the twinkling of an eye the innocent outcast is deposited in the receptacle and received as a member of the institution. The mother need never be known in this transaction; her secret is safe, and strange but kindly hands bestow a mother's caresses. This hospital is in a flourishing condition, and keeps locked up in its great heart the woes and misfortunes of generations of unfortunates, who, were it not for the revolving cradle, might add crime to misery.

The bull-ring in Seville is very suggestive of Roman coliseums in sturdiness and clumsy architecture: stone and stucco are the materials employed in its structure, and rusty, trough-shaped tiles cover the gallery roofs. The entrances, like the gates of a walled town, were built in mediæval times, when tauromaquia was a royal sport and grandees were espadas. The ring is gray with age, and pregnant with the history of two centuries or more of Easter fights; but the time will come when the new order of things will clamor for more sumptuous accommodations and modern improvements. Seville is behind her sister cities in the perfection of her Plaza de Toros, and this must be humiliating, for Seville has always been the recognized foster-mother of bull-fighters.

The Jews' quarters present a fruitful study in rags and squalor, and so do the habitations of the Moors; but these evidences of genius were never interesting to me. Italica, the birthplace of emperors, still retains a suggestion of better days, and has some Roman ruins to show, and yet a visit there is not as profitable to the seeker after sights and experiences as the same hours spent in prowling in and out the by-ways and streets of the vivacious and original peopled city.

I was in Seville twice,—once in December, and again in March,—spending in all quite a month. The climate was soft and consistent, and the skies propitious. Unlike so many European cities, Seville is never monotonous and fretful, for there is ever some new sight to see or some new place to visit. Even the Cathedral and the picture galleries are always new: they never cause weariness by repeated visits. Go and view the mass of yellow stone, from this point and from that, or pass into its grand interior by its different portals, and an entirely new aspect is presented. The Cathedral is so stupendous and magnificent as to paralyze the imagination. And so with the city and its hundred thousand inhabitants: it is a kaleidoscope of humanity in silk and tatters, of spires and towers and open greens, of lofty houses and dull red roofs, of priests and soldiers, of cigarettes and mandolins, of virtue and license unrestrained, of dark alleys and glittering parks, of donkeys and prancing steeds, of midnight serenaders and slow-pacing funerals, of loud-shrieking hawkers and way-shrine penitents;—such is the changing view which honest eyes may behold every day in the great city on the Guadalquivir.

Seville and Cordova are not far distant from one another, and the journey by train is quickly made. The same glowing landscape that captivated the Saracens still charms the traveller of to-day. Long stretches of downy fields, with an occasional patch of the peculiar red soil worked in for contrast, make a picture as fascinating as it is rare. Cultivation peeps out on all sides, but the soil is so fertile that man is not compelled to toil early and late to get abundant returns. Nature most generously provides fruits and grains and vines for the indolent dwellers of Andalusia, and with a singular dispensation relieves the railways from fence-building by supplying an unwonted growth of aloes. These plants flourish with wonderful vigor, attaining great size and

strength, and are so set out along the track as to hem in the railway with an almost impregnable barrier.

Among my fellow-passengers was a priest on his way to Madrid, but he told me he should pay a visit to friends in Cordova, and offered to act as my guide. Despite a crafty and unpleasant face, he proved a valuable companion, as reading and travel had given him a polish and manner quite cosmopolitan. He related his experiences in different lands, and had no hesitancy in criticising and ridiculing whatever failed to sooth his lively prejudices. But he knew Cordova by rote : its history, annals, and legends were at his tongue's end, and its crooked lanes and blind alleys were as familiar to him as to the house cat. Under his clerical guidance I visited the celebrated scenes of old Cordova. I marvelled at what I saw, and, in fitting conclusion, I became absorbed in sad reflections.

Set in a paradise of exceeding loveliness, with nature kneeling at her feet, Cordova ought to be the queen city of Spain and the happiest of the happy. But fate has been unrelenting, and the wondrous capital of the Arabs has now sunk into the insignificance of a provincial town. Sorrowful indeed have been the years since the reign of the caliphs—years of decay and weakness, of gloom and hopelessness, without one promise for the future.

This sad transformation is hard to realize in walking about. The houses are cleanly, the citizens evince no disposition to be miserable, and the public places resound with idle chatter. If decay has seized hold of the town, we travellers fail to see it. There are ruins, to be sure ; but Spain is made up of ruins and vanities. Crumbling arches and dislocated walls always help to interpret history, and Cordova forms no exception. The number of dwellings and public edifices is too large for the place, and it is this, perhaps, that makes one feel lonesome and discontented. While Cordova

has many features of interest, a brief stay is quite sufficient, and one visit carries with it a peculiar recollection of melancholy and unrest.

For a city whose streets were the first to be paved, the example is frightful; for nowhere, save in torrent-plowed gullies, can a more excruciating arrangement of stones be found. As I picked my way through the hurtful places, giving my ankle a wrench in spite of extra precaution, I thought how efficacious would be this *via dolorosa* in the discipling of recalcitrant sinners. A journey well done ought to effect a permanent reform; it surely would in my case, even though I were steeped in iniquity. Civil engineers flourished centuries ago; but their skill was given to bridge-building and fortifications. Such minor necessities as streets seemed never to engage their attention. So Cordova furnishes an oriental puzzle in the mysteries of zig-zaggery. Full of agonizing twists and turns are the streets, and the more crooked they are the sharper and more uneven the paving. A lesson in sea-sickness might be profitably learned by walking briskly from one end to the other of these serpentine alleys. Even the so-called street leading from a grass-grown square to the great mosque, and dignified by the name of Calle Jesu-Maria, is a marvel of detached tortures, not at all conducive to complete equanimity of the mind.

However, these are merely transient things, which soon die away, leaving naught but comical reminiscences to conjure up against poor old Cordova.

High yellow walls, with embattled parapets, enclose the mosque, giving it the appearance of a military institution rather than a sanctuary; but it is not easy to see how this could be avoided. The plan of the temple insisted on a low and unattractive exterior: a lofty façade would have been ridiculous and in ill taste. Into the expanse of oranges

and lemons and mournful cypress trees my guide conducted me. It was a beautiful garden, whose high walls keep eternal vigil over flowers and fruit and drowsy humanity. This is the much sung-about Court of Oranges; and surely the spot does invite the lyre to sing its sweetest, for peace everywhere pervades this little Utopia. In the centre, a mammoth marble fountain plays all the year round, attracting to its refreshing sides multitudes of Cordovan Rebeccas, who are duly admired by the not over-critical Jacobs. Stone benches are placed against the walls, and somnolent husbands appropriate them with commendable regularity. This sun-showered court-yard, protected from rough winds, affords an excellent retreat for lazy men and beggars, and not even sudden rain banishes these lizards, for they are up in an instant seeking shelter beneath the friendly porticos of the mosque, only to return after the shower. The precincts containing the mosque and the Court of Oranges form a great area of several hundred thousand square feet, that of the latter alone being more than two hundred thousand feet. Thus the immensity of this wonderful undertaking gives it a solitary mystery among the structures of all ages. Had the religion of Islam succeeded in overrunning western Europe, Cordova was to be its religious capital, and this mosque was to be its sublimest temple; and so, to be prepared for the coming triumph, vast quarries were depleted and existing churches robbed in order that this should be made the masterwork of earth. Pause beneath the arched gateway and survey the extraordinary interior,—then say if the followers of Mahomet did not fulfil their vow. Earthly vision never beheld magnificence like this! A thousand polished columns, placed with mathematical accuracy and separated by equal distances; a thousand columns of marble, jasper, porphyry, and rare granite, gathered from the monuments of Nimes and Tarragona and Narbonne, and from the

temples of Carthage and Alexandria ; a thousand columns of many shapes and varied colors, surmounted by Doric and Corinthian capitals, giving support to the semi-circular and horseshoe-shaped arcades,—form that grand perspective which cannot be imitated, and never surpassed. Upon the sturdy arches rests the cedar roof, with its wealth of gilding and ingenious sculpture, the crowning work of Arabian artists, who came from the far East that they might make their names immortal by their marvellous skill. Inlaid are golden stars and crescents, which, under the influence of the slanting sun, gleam and brighten like the hosts of the sky, and coax the dim interior into a superb resemblance of a wooded park at twilight. The rich glass in the ceiling is reluctant to let in the day, and only soft streamers of light play upon the glistening capitals and mosaics. A perpetual shade involves everything in mystery and solitude. This was not so during the reign of the caliphs. Then a countless array of perfumed lamps flung their golden beams into the vistas, where worshippers dropped on their knees and offered up prayers to Allah ; now, under the dominion of Rome, the naves are gloomy and deserted.

The brilliant scenes enacted in the mosque during the ascendancy of the caliphate can only be revived in imagination ; and even then the glowing pictures will suffer the loss of innumerable details, and be imperfect. We of this age can know but little of the startling ceremonies and customs of this Mussulman temple. The world has cooled a good deal since the days of Abdurrahman and his successors, and given us quieter and more moderate practices. The Mahometan ritual, unlike the Romish, lacked many semi-military and imperial features, and depended not so much on imposing processions and sacred relics as on the steady enthusiasm of its believers. And yet the forty marble streets, with their overhanging arches, afforded opportunity

for religious displays such as Seville might envy. How far this was taken advantage of we can only conjecture from the annals of that period. But beautiful beyond description must have been the interior up to the time of the Christian conquest. Then many arcades led from the Orange Court into the mosque ; now there are only five, the others having been closed by the Spaniards. Then the pavements were of rarest marbles, arranged in artful inconsistency, and were the glory of western Europe ; to-day common red tiles rest there instead, the marbles being lost. Then golden devices covered the columns, and marvellously delicate mosaics adorned the spacious walls ; now to see them one must look sharply, for unsightly plaster has been smeared over everything.

Under the plea of purification, the Catholics removed and erased as much as possible. They even destroyed the fountains, and set in their places ill-visaged saints, upon whom the grime of years has gladly accumulated, and for purification's sake they took out hundreds of the shapely columns in order to make room for a cathedral and choir. Placed in the central aisles is this Romish altar, and a more exquisite specimen of design and finish does not exist ; but it is woefully in the way, and is nothing short of an impertinent intrusion. No wonder Charles raved and stormed when he saw the results of such devastating enthusiasm. He said they had put there what might have been put elsewhere, and they had taken away what could never be replaced : and latest generations will always be in accord with the emperor.

The pulpit used by the Moors was of ivory and spiced woods. Egypt and Araby contributed it, and its ten thousand panels were engemmed and gilded. From this gorgeous throne preachers discoursed on love, morality, fidelity, and war, while the worshippers remained as silent as

the glistening columns. At the close the pent-up feelings found expression in loud exclamations of "Allah! Allah! there is no God but Allah!" and the murmur, rising like a coming tempest, swept into the remotest chapels and out into the beautiful Orange Court.

At the extreme end of the mosque is the wonder cave, known as the Mihrab, or Holy of Holies. Here, according to belief, rested the Spirit of God, and no spot in Islam was more venerated. Extraordinary and indescribable is this miniature chapel. The Mihrab is a deep recess, seventeen feet in circumference and twenty-five in height, cut in the solid wall. Here was kept the celebrated Koran, of fabulous value, whose mysterious disappearance was long the theme of historians; and here, in stately procession, came the caliphs to pray. The entrance is beneath a honey-combed arch, with deep azure sides inlaid with mosaics, which glisten like the crown jewels in London Tower, and quite bedazzle one at first; but it vanishes in a moment when one steps into the octagonal niche. Then one is overcome with bewilderment. This part of the mosque is precisely as the Moors left it. Not so much sacrilege as a pin-scratch is anywhere visible, and the wanton breath of so-called purification has not dimmed the glossy marbles, or defiled a single arabesque tracing. But the Spaniards deserve no good words for this forbearance. An utter ignorance of its existence did the work of preservation, and when it was discovered, in the early part of this century, hatred of the Saracens had died away, and along with it the inordinate zeal of obliteration.

To securely seal up this sacred Mihrab so that pollution might not stain its spotless interior was the parting work of the vanquished infidels; and they did their sad task so well that it remained hidden till long after the proud kingdom of Spain had lost its prestige, and sunk into insignificance among the nations of the earth.

In this marble cave the Moslem used to crawl round on his knees, making the circuit seven times, and mumbling prayers all the while, then bowing thrice, silently took his departure. As proof of this peculiar devotion, the hard floor is deeply furrowed where the knees pressed upon it. This evidence of religious devotion was one of the exceeding few I really believed. The walls are formed of marble panels, and the spotless dome, in a single block, is grooved like a huge shell, and deeply cut in the cornice are scripts from the Koran.

Just outside are those splendid specimens of mosaic art said to be the richest in existence, and the claim is well founded, for nowhere in all the handicraft of Byzantine wonder-smiths can the like be seen. So faultless are the symmetry and arrangement of each particle, that one really has doubts about its being artificial. Minute bits of glass cubes are so delicately placed that the keenest eye is deceived, and yet each shining atom engrossed hour after hour in order to attain the required perfection.

No traveller can know this mosque in its entirety: to do so would be almost impossible, and a fugitive visit is only self-inflicted cruelty: but once seen, even for a brief half hour, it will never fade from the memory. Stupendous in conception and magnificent in completion, the mind reels in the presence of the thousand columns and airy arches,—literally, I say, the mind is unsteady at the spectacle, nor can it be reconciled to the undisputed fact that this colossal mosque, and all therein, was conceived, born, and reached its growth in the space of two decades. In twenty years the work begun by Aberrahman was completed by his son Hisham; in less than the brittle span of one generation the banks of the Guadalquivir were adorned with a temple so splendid that all coming centuries will pay it homage. It is the supreme development of Islam

architecture, and the incomparable monument to a race whose sudden rise and fall surpasses the fiction of all literature.

Cordova is full of antiquities antedating the Cæsars, and only a short distance from the buttresses and battlements of the mosque is the massive gateway of a Roman bridge, whose great abutments were sunk into the thick brown current many centuries before the hosts of Tarik flung their lances across the face of Europe. Leaning over the mossy parapets, I looked down upon the warped roofs of the quaint mills where the Moor used to grind his corn and sharpen his spear. Around their rugged forms sweep the churning waters, but the wheels long since made their last revolution, and the picturesque old sites are given up to bats and vermin. This romantic stroll takes one through the pleasing suburbs of the town, which, quite contrary to the usual suburban customs, are cleanly and fragrant, and evince a mild type of rustic enterprise.

When night closed over the housetops, and moonbeams played, all the grandeur of ancient days came back, and I saw the busy capital, with its universities, libraries, schools, and its train of students; I heard the voice of industry and toil, and beheld the wondrous product of its thousand looms; I listened to weird music floating upward from the streets; I heard the muezzin cry out from the lofty minarets of the mosque; and from my casement I detected silent figures clad in long gowns moving on toward the place of prayer. Then my reverie vanished at the long, monotonous drawl of the shambling sereno, who paused beneath my window with his "Hail, Mary, most pure! two o'clock has struck." Spain and things Spanish again surrounded me, but Cordova, the bride of Andalusia, was ever present in my dreams.

The journey to Granada lasts all day, and is a constant

series of changing pictures painted in brilliant colors, portraying the gentle and rough of Spanish scenery, blissful fields, mountain peaks, and angry torrents plunging through black gorges. If one can spend but a few days in Spain, let those be spent in Seville, Cordova, and Granada, and a lifelong delight will be the return. There one will see all the architectural glories of two races, together with scenery at once serene and imposing. Blot out the rest of Spain, leaving Andalusia and Granada, and the world would lose nothing that could not be replaced; but these twin provinces, bright gems in the necklace of nature, are sacred to the gods themselves.

Late in the evening the lights of Granada twinkled in my face, and a day of exquisite pleasure came to an end. Through the old and dusky Moorish streets lumbered the hotel diligence, its one weary lamp just ready to expire, and its mules more than willing to lie down and sleep; but on we went, with frequent stops, to the foot of the hill. There an additional mule was attached, and under the vigorous cracking of whips and vociferations the creaking conveyance plunged up into the darkness beneath a great arch, and along the wooded avenue leading straight to the very portals of Boabdil's palace. Grateful and soothing are lofty trees and murmuring streams at midday, but in the night-time they lose their attractiveness, and assume a portentousness which only long familiarity can dispel; and within the walls of the Alhambra park the murmuring darkness evoked a mystery out of which the ghosts of slain Moors might leap and seek revenge.

An ambition to be patriotic kindly led me to the Hotel Washington Irving, and there I made my home for nearly a month. Across the road is the Hotel Siete Suelos, kept by a fat old Spaniard with two attractive daughters, whose vivacity and good looks really constituted the only point of

difference between the two hostelries. So far as food went, the guests of each inn were always regretting they had not gone to the other. However, we all managed to live and enjoy ourselves, but a more liberal larder would not have lessened the pleasures of a prolonged stay.

Granada, with its marvellous fertility, was well chosen as the home of the Moor, and under most favorable conditions the great city of industry and art sprang up and became wealthy and powerful. For strategic reasons the hill lying to the north of the Moorish city was selected as the site of the fortress and royal residence, and surrounded by thick walls and defended by the most powerful of arms. Within that strong enclosure was the famous collection of buildings known throughout the world as the Alhambra, whose area comprised about thirty acres. It was oblong in form, and its angles were strengthened by massive square towers, save on the river side where the precipitous rocks bid defiance to assault. As may be supposed, the inroads made by enemies and earthquakes have undermined and toppled over many of these great defences, although there yet remain a few sturdy citadels in all their Moorish majesty. The walls are constructed of a peculiar clay containing a large amount of iron, which gives them a highly ornamental appearance, especially in the early spring-time when the verdure and flowers are at their brightest. In some sections of the walls the bricks are of an unusual size, while in others they fall far below the average American measurement; and yet why the sizes are so different does not appear, unless it is that methods kept changing during the period of construction.

That part of the Alhambra comprising the palace, the halls, and the other decorated edifices, is situated within a separate enclosure, shut off from outside Granada by massive façades and thick walls, and is as exclusive as stern regula-

tions and watchful care can make it. It used to be, and may now be, the custom to appoint a governor of the Alhambra, whose dominion extended over the old boundaries of the Alhambra, wherein he exercises absolute power, amenable only to the authorities at Madrid. And the thanks of the world are due to these vice-regal officials, for they have generally dwelt in the old palace, amid the splendor of most delicate architecture, and in that way they came to love the place with its sweet yet sorrowful precincts. Consequently they used all the means at their disposal to preserve, repair, and renovate the enfeebled structures, and to maintain them in their pristine elegance. They pointed out to Spain the riches and treasures contained in this little nook, and urged upon the laggard government the immediate need of protection,—and, happily for us wandering earthlings, their works bore fruit. The government is kind to the Alhambra, and the insatiable ravages of time no longer blacken the marbles and stuccos.

Soldiers are quartered there to perform guard duty, but their services are, I fancy, mere tokens of the government's determination to exercise vigilance and watchfulness. In one of the old square towers petty offenders against local laws are imprisoned, and I thought I detected a look of disgust in the sentry's eyes as he walked his beat. Surely there is a wicked incongruity in using these historic keeps, once the citadel of the Moorish guard, as mere strongholds for common drunkards and farthing thieves, and I did not wonder at the wounded pride of the man-at-arms. A few years ago the Alhambra precincts, because of their independence of Gíanada, were the haunt of smugglers, footpads, robbers, pickpockets, and every kind of noxious being, who played havoc with many a lattice and tile, and succeeded for a while in defying law and punishment. One of the governors took these pests in hand, and the

lovely courts and gardens were cleansed and purified, so that now only respectable people dwell there.

Close by the palace walls extends a long and winding street, dotted with stone and brick houses, made cheerful by lovely flowers and shrubbery, affording good homes to the traveller who comes to Granada for a long stay. Secluded, to be sure, and yet what an enchanting seclusion is theirs! Face to face with the Alhambra, almost a part of it, these extra mural habitations are like pleasure domes in Xanadu. Humble people live here; so do people in better circumstances in life. Monks congregate in the neighboring convent, and sing vespers; priests in broad, black hats and trailing gowns and open missals silently pace the street; children shout in glee; and mothers sit in the doorways and weave. Within this delicious retreat, all by themselves, aloof from the great city below, and seemingly as independent of Spanish affairs (bull-fights excepted) as the rude natives of Timbuctoo, live a population both solemn and vivacious.

To reach this charming spot, one must pass beneath the ponderous masonry known as the Gate of Justice, with its wide-arched entrance and its symbolical hand and keys, then through other smaller arcades, out into the open place called the Aljibes. This is within what might be considered the second line of walls, the first or outer line being the long, straggling wall separating the Alhambra hill from Granada itself. This dainty realm of unwonted splendor, too precious to lie open to every pilgrim and curiosity-hunter, is securely guarded by a third series of barriers, and no one may enter there unless accompanied by a guide. As to the rest of the Alhambra, admission is free and unchallenged.

Aljibes is the Spanish word for cistern, and most appropriate it is when applied to an open court, where the coldest

water runs all the year, just as it has for centuries. Fresh from the bounteous Darro come the clear streams, foaming and impetuous, to empty themselves into the great reservoirs which the Moors so thoroughly constructed. How great was the capacity of these subterranean wells matters little at this late day, but they are said to have contained a supply quite sufficient for the needs of the entire Alhambra; and from what we know of the Moorish love for water, there is no ground for disputing it.

Water-carriers from the heat-oppressed city below, with donkeys and wide-lipped jars, come here to get the icy blessing for the purpose of selling it to thirsty throats; and from the number of peddlers I concluded that the vocation was fairly remunerative. These easy-going fellows add a conscious picture to the Alhambra panorama, as they stand forth in sugar-loaf hats, short jackets, frilled shirts, and knee-breeches bespangled with bright buttons, smoking, of course, and urging on the ribbon-decked donkey by a constant "Arah! arah! arah!" now and then varied by a smart switch of the whip.

The monarch who abdicated his throne, and afterwards, in the fulness of vanity, celebrated his own obsequies at the altar of Yuste, could not resist the temptation of rearing a palace of his own amid the splendors of the Alhambra. So he set to work with his architects, and half completed the strange pile which forms the prominent sight in the Plaza de los Aljibes. The Renaissance façade of Charles's vain-glorious undertaking presents a pitiable appearance, and well it may. Instead of dominating the work of the Moors by virtue of its own dignity and chasteness, it stands forth as a sad example of overweening ambition and conceit. Its weather-worn interior, circular in shape, reminds one of Roman amphitheatres—mute god-fathers to Spanish bull-rings; and, strangely enough, the august precincts of this

very palace have been frequently converted into a ring where bulls have fought and died. Into the warm recesses of this imperial desolation basket-makers and potters have ingratiated themselves, constituting its rulers—a claim that nobody contests. In the upper sections, where only trailing vines venture, the owls and bats have things their own way; and in the moonlight, when they issue forth in quest of earthly pleasures, one might think they were either the avenging spirits of the expelled Saracens, or black, shapeless specks from the caverns of eternal fire, come to vex the earth.

Down a gentle slope, leaving the Spanish ruin to the right, is the path leading to the gems of the Alhambra, but not the slightest hint is given of what lies beyond. Severe and uneven is the exterior of the ancient halls, but within them is the fairy empire of the world. We come to a wooden door, and pull the bell. It opens, and a guide in uniform bows, and stands aside for us to enter. Into the Court of Myrtles we go. Like so many of the courts, it is rectangular in shape, and surrounded with apartments and galleries, all thickly covered with a fascinating profusion of that cabalistic writing so inseparable from Mahometan handiwork. From the gridironed windows the ladies of the harem used to fillip crumbs to the goldfish in the great marble tank extending up and down the middle of the pavement. Around its calm waters is a broad marble walk fringed with myrtles and brightened with flowers, where the fair prisoners were wont to enjoy the soft evening. The quivering basin is more than a hundred feet long, with a corresponding width, and is said to be five feet deep; and through it runs a ceaseless stream fresh from the mountains. In its cool waters the hot-blooded monarchs used to bathe and splash, like the amphibious bipeds that they were, affording infinite amusement to the veiled inmates of the seraglio who watched them from above. The extreme delicacy of

construction begins to show itself in this first court, serving as a gentle promise of what is beyond ; for the builders, although far from neglecting this portion, did not endow it with that superlative degree of rare and beautiful designing which they gave to the halls farther on.

At the end of the court, rising like a mountain, is the monstrous tower of Comares, its grim sides punctured with miniature casements, and its great square roof fortified with sturdy parapets, once ready to resist the fury of battle, but harmless now with pigeons and creepers. This was formerly the state department, if we may so term it, and there foreign princes and ambassadors were given audience. That the power and opulence of the sultan might be duly impressed on these distinguished visitors, the builders seemed to redouble their efforts, giving it walls of great thickness and mural decorations of marvellous brilliancy. The size of this apartment, known as the Hall of the Ambassadors, was commensurate with its importance, being about forty feet square and seventy-five feet high. Its walls were resplendent with glazed tiles in blue and gold and red, and its lofty azure ceiling fairly scintillated with crescents, crosses, stars, wheels, and triangles burnished with gold. Here the throne was placed, and around its velvet canopy assembled one of the most splendid courts of all history. Seven windows of magnificent proportions, deeply recessed in the thick wall, admitted the sun to awaken to life all this glowing scene, while at night, during the royal festivals, vast lamps, like low-swinging planets, beat down upon this cave of wonders. In the hospitable alcoves made by the stately windows, one beholds that incomparable view which made Boabdil sigh and turn away ; and contemptible, indeed, must be the soul that feels no thrill at its contemplation. On one side expands the luxuriant Vega ; on the other glides the classic Darro, through sunless caverns, hundreds of feet below.

This strange architecture has so many nooks and niches that the sight of them does not always awaken curiosity, but in the Hall of the Ambassadors were two closet-like openings, set in the arch at the entrance, that attracted my attention. After considerable inquiry I ascertained they were the places where the faithful deposited their slippers before going into the royal presence. This trivial circumstance was interesting, and showed me another phase of Mahometan customs.

I venture to say that the first sight of the Lions' Court will prove disappointing to nine out of ten visitors, provided those persons have ever formed any impressions about it. I had pictured a place spacious and imposing: I found a place small and fanciful. Instead of towering arches were bizarre façades, upheld by clusters of brittle columns. And yet the Court of the Lions, together with the adjoining apartments, is considered the master paragon of Saracen architects. It certainly exercises a charm over all who come within its pale, slightly at first, inasmuch as the mind has been stimulated by what has gone before, but gradually becoming stronger as the unrivalled imagery plays before the eyes, until one stands transfixed as if by the spell of magic. The wand of the Arabian necromancer has touched every spot in this home of wonders, conjuring forth from the surfaces of wall and cupola countless and indescribable configurations, which seem to squirm on the glassy background like minature serpents. Everything surrounding the court is of a lace-like texture of light touches, just heavy enough to leave an impression without much indentation, and exhibiting a most extraordinary outburst of oriental caprices.

It is oblong in shape, measuring one hundred and sixteen feet by sixty, and surrounded with a gallery supported on the capitals of more than a hundred white columns. At

each end a pavilion extends into the court, offering its generous roof and wall as tribute to the insatiable ambitions of Moslem decorators. The pavement in the open court is of dark marble, while that under the colonnades is pure white, with walls of glazed tiles highly colored. In order that a tiresome monotony might not weary eyes ever seeking for variety, the slender columns upholding the roofs and galleries were arranged in beautiful irregularity, singly and in pairs, by threes and by fours, and yet so gracefully placed as to excite the liveliest pleasure. Ornamentation beyond the pen to describe garnishes these delicate columns. Their shapely shafts are lettered with texts from the Koran, and their capitals remind one of the foliage of the groves. Over the pillars is the continuation of the elegant arabesques and the undecipherable characters which make this epoch so bewitching.

In the centre of the court is the far-famed alabaster fountain, resting on the backs of twelve marble lions. Conscious of my want of respect, I could but laugh at this legacy of the caliphs. It struck me so comically that seriousness was out of the question. The fountain is beautiful, but the lions are gross caricatures. Comparative anatomy and the dime museum might make something out of them, but I was unable to classify them. They may have been designed for tigers, bull-dogs, cinnamon bears, or splay-footed dragons, so far as sculptural accuracy goes, but they certainly conform to no family of forest monarchs. The Moslems used the chisel with as little grace as a rustic uses a table-knife, and with much worse results. They were inhibited by holy writ from essaying graven images; and clandestine sculpture, like contraband spirit, is not likely to be of the highest quality.

The waters of this historic fountain did not play during my sojourn in Granada; perhaps they never do, notwith-

standing these fringed arcades depend on gurgling channels and singing fountains to keep away the enervating heat of summer. On the rim of the larger basin is quite a panegyric on the lions, illuminated by all that rhetorical warmth which the East knew so well. It starts out with the premise that the animals are really lions; then, with an ingenuousness which in these days is called wit or sarcasm, says that life alone is wanting to make the lions perfect. An exuberant vanity permeates the stanzas, and makes one smile. Here are two specimen verses: "Like the prisoner of love whose face shows annoyance and fear of his rival, so this water is jealous of the stone, and the stone is envious of the water." "To this inexhaustible stream may be compared the hand of our king, which is as liberal and generous as these lions are strong and brave."

Adjoining the Court of Lions is the Hall of the Abencerrages, a stately room with a *media naranga*—half orange—dome beautifully decorated in blue, red, yellow, and white, and creating the most exquisite effect in the whole Alhambra. Here the walls are covered with Cufic and African characters singing praises to Allah and ascribing glory to the sultan, the frieze is emblazoned with delicate tracery, and the cusp-covered arches sparkle with prisms. In this hall the chiefs hostile to El Chico lost their heads, and their blood still stains the pavement, and, like the spot on Lady Macbeth's hand, it will not out. No wonder the halls of this fantastic realm are full of legends where fair sultanas glide through the moonlit portals, and turbaned monarchs with gleaming cimiers steal noiselessly after: a struggle and a stifled cry, and the deed is done. Headless queens are very common in these Alhambra legends, and if rumor be true, the six and thirty beheaded Abencerrages are wont to assemble in the Lions' Court, and carry on long meetings in pantomime. Even the harmless shadows of

peak and column lying across the silver patio assume strange shapes to superstitious eyes, and fluent imagination weaves them into soul-stirring annals. To take away these marvellous tales would be cruel indeed ;—so let the ghosts of Saracen cavalier and lady flit in and out the splendid apartments ; let them make love again, and enjoy their ethereal existence amid the glory of their ancestors.

The Hall of the Two Sisters, at the left of the Alabaster fountain, is supposed to have been the private apartment of the Moorish kings, and its sumptuous furnishings and decorations would warrant the belief. The floor is remarkable in containing two marble slabs fifteen feet long and seven wide, and as white and spotless as the fleeciest cloud of heaven. The walls and roof again revel in panelling and tile-work, on which are inscribed amatory verses with frequent allusions to king and prince, while scattered profusely are long couplets singing of the wonders of Arabian architecture, its lightness, and its undying splendors.

The Hall of Justice is divided into several alcoves, on whose walls are dim and indistinguishable paintings, representing epochs in the history of the king and the people of Granada. In this legal sanctuary the first rites of Christian religion were performed, the devout Ferdinand and Isabella deigning to use the mosque for that purpose.

This brings to mind the circumstance that the old mosque, which must have been a creation of surpassing magnificence, has utterly disappeared, having probably been immediately demolished by the angry Spaniards. Even its site is in dispute, though students are inclined to place it near the site of the palace of the Emperor Charles. The world can never realize what it lost in this Alhambra sanctuary which time has so completely engulfed.

The Christian queen, as well as the Mahometan sultana, deserved a hall or boudoir, and she got it. Modern hands

painted its walls and decorated its vaulted roof, but the work, however, is pleasing, and affords an agreeable relief from the highly wrought conceits of the Moor. Windows look out into a lovely garden where terraces and fountains continue to invite the presence of the never-to-come queen, and beyond, over the house-tops, is spread out that lustrous landscape of hill and plain.

The Alhambra was munificently furnished with chambers and salons and ante-rooms, whose former uses are not at all certain, but the intricate plan comprised everything known to comfort; and a walk through the corridors of this labyrinth shows how extravagant were the Moslem notions about palace building. The bath-rooms beneath the pavement present a study in oriental luxury, and give one almost a sensuous delight. Cut in solid marble blocks are these baths, in which so many generations of pleasure votaries have whiled away years of idleness; and yet resistance to such temptations was made impossible by fascinations of every kind. From upper balconies musicians sent down sweet music to beguile the bathers, cascades tripped over artificial courses in soothing rhythm, and through holes cut in the form of crescents and stars light was admitted, so that the midday sun came into the subterranean passages like so many constellations.

Visitors are shown the famous mint whose dies brought forth heaps of glittering coins to excite the cupidity of the Castilian hosts; but to-day no vestige of how they were made can be seen. The conquerors swept away everything within reach, and it mattered not whether it was this treasure-house or the mosque. When we stop to think how ruthless and wide-spread was the devastation, that neither the beautiful inlaid doors nor the gleaming gold on the columns was suffered to remain untouched, how the graceful cypresses as well as the parterres of flowers fell

prey to this Christian barbarism, then we begin to realize how changed the Alhambra is from that resplendent epoch when this little nook was the residence of the Moorish kings. And now, after so much has been done to ruin these marvels, a feeling of sincere repentance has at last taken hold of the descendants of the spoilers, and the marble patios and gilded domes are forever safe from vandal insults.

The French have a catalogue of crimes to answer for before the world's tribunal. Once they occupied the Alhambra, and revelled among its intoxicating fancies; and yet, when they came to evacuate it, neither dictates of honor nor a sense of the beautiful deterred them from committing sacrilege, even to the extent of blowing up one of the great gates. In all probability there remains but one danger to the Alhambra. Religious fanaticism has done its worst; so have wars and insurrections: now its only enemy is the earthquake. These disturbances are not infrequent along the Sierras; they come without warning, sparing neither gypsy cave nor Saracen palace.

Over across the Darro is Sacro Monte, once the burying-ground of the Moors, but now the domain of the much-sung-about gypsies. Every tourist visits this hill-side empire, approaching it full of curiosity and manifold anticipations, picturing in his mind scenes of romance and chivalry and love, of beauty and costumes and merry-making; and the chances are ten to one against seeing a single exhibition of these charming characteristics. I am not insensible to romance and things picturesque, although they have never been subjected to a refining process; even dwellers in huts and wigwags may present something attractive,—but I must declare the Granada gypsies to be a dirty and uninteresting community, whose persons and habits well become the nasty caves which shelter them.

These holes are not spacious. They generally contain two rooms, but a family of a dozen or so eat and sleep there as contentedly as a litter of pups; and in plain sight of all this, some enthusiastic travellers claim to be enchanted at the primitive customs of the swarthy denizens, and pay them repeated visits. For my part, this maudlin affection is incomprehensible. In front of the caves cactus plants thrive in riotous profusion, serving both as front doors and miniature groves, beneath whose shade the first families of the empire may enjoy the delights of a *fête champêtre*.

During my rambles through the gypsy quarter I had the pleasure of being presented to the king, who impressed me as a man of observation and of dignified bearing. He spoke Spanish very fluently,—so fluently, in fact, that when he asked me to buy his photograph, I had no difficulty in understanding him. Noticing the scarcity of men, the monarch told me that they were absent in the city and the adjacent provinces, engaged in work of divers kinds. These gypsy men are ubiquitous in Spain. They ply all sorts of vocations—horse-selling, and horse-stealing, too. They are artisans, peddlers, tinkers, musicians, blacksmiths, and Jacks-of-all-trades, and they grow fat where others starve. In the abstract, the gypsy is certainly interesting, but in the concrete not so much can be said of him; and yet every soul of this weird race contributes its mite to one of the most remarkable histories ever known. So these *Sacro Monte* groundlings, repulsive and unclean, are as much a chapter in the world's genealogy as the Gauls and Saxons, and no people can trace its history further into the darkness than these cave-dwelling gypsies.

The children playing round the huts boasted an economy of dress which is charming to sentimental eyes; so are the pigs and dogs. The women, when they once begin to grow old, are powerless to resist the inevitable, and quickly

become wrinkled and gray, then toothless, and at last hideously crone-ish. When they reach this state, fortune-telling is their chosen business, and, more repulsive than the witches of Macbeth, they stretch forth shrivelled arms to receive the silver.

Near my hotel, only a few paces distant, are the beautiful gardens of the Alhambra, where flowers of brilliant colors and hedges of fragrant myrtles are as unchanged and as enchanting as in the evenings of the caliphate, while mingled with them are grottos, caves, and cascades, to afford grateful rest from the midsummer heat. Visitors are freely admitted to these arbors of peace and loveliness, which, from their appearance of being suspended from the hill-side, are called the Hanging Gardens.

In another direction, over carpets of velvet green, is that delightful spot known as the Generalife, or Garden of the Architect. Situated on a hill overlooking the russet battlements of the fortress is this open-air palace, where once reigned supreme the most sensuous delights imaginable. This sylvan retreat has never passed from the possession of its princely owners, who, with their parterres, bowers, and water-courses, have preserved the rich fancies of the golden age.

Nowhere has ingenuity devised such a variety of hydraulic displays as in these gardens. Conduits six miles in length coax the cold sources of the Darro for water to supply the pipes of the Generalife. An infinite amount of work was put into the fountains and canals. Amid thick bowers minute jets spurt, filling the air with iridescent sprays, rainbows, and gay hues, and covering the bystander with a film of refreshing coolness. Corpulent cypresses lean against the vine-draped walls, and the servants tell you they are nearly a thousand years old. Legends assign many a historic annal to them; and beneath the shade of one aged trunk, they

say, a frail sultana was wooed by a bold Paynim knight. However truthful the legend, this elysium might well invite to its lovely precincts all the brave and the fair of romance and song.

The Generalife is the ideal dream-spot of Spain. Its exterior of glaring white peeps out from behind green screens, showing towers and windowless arcades deep set in massive niches, where not even the fierce solstice dares to penetrate. The construction and design of this villa make summer discomforts impossible, and for superb enjoyment of the passing hour I should prefer it to the glowing angles of the Alhambra. Very likely the Moors took the same favorable view of its charms, and yielded to the intoxicating influence of balmy air and gushing waters, content to let to-morrow take care of itself, and flattered by the knowledge that no prince of Araby, however potent, ever lived in a paradise so happy as this. Voluptuous and careless were the ancient dwellers in the Generalife; and now, when nearly a thousand years have gone, and man has become metamorphosed by science, these graceful terraces and arbors remain unchanged, and are still lurking-places of the fairies and the sirens.

If one had never explored the lanes and alleys of old Moorish-Spanish cities, then Granada, as viewed from the Alhambra hill, might rouse one to action, for the great collection of faded roofs and aspiring steeples promises rich returns in the way of sight-seeing and experience. I became so attached to the quiet and comfort of the Alhambra, that urban excursions gave me little interest. And yet I could not think of leaving Granada without some further acquaintance, however slight it might be.

The streets are typically Moorish, being, like those of Tangiers and Tetuan, full of angles and leanness, but the houses are higher and more substantial, evincing a far bet-

ter appreciation of domestic needs than those African cities ever dreamed of. And, moreover, the custom of painting the exteriors was commonly followed, so that even now, after a period of several centuries, many of these picture-fronts remain to tell the forgotten story. The designs have faded somewhat, and their meaning is rather uncertain to us foreigners; and yet, strangely enough, our ignorance is not more profound than that of the populace infesting them. I soon gave up questioning the native, preferring to trust to my own imagination to interpret indistinct frescos. In many places the sidewalks are made of colored pebbles, ingeniously laid so as to show quaint designs, which run into each other and produce a mild resemblance to the kaleidoscope. This conceit may be charged to the fantastic infidel, whose love of the beautiful found expression even in sidewalks.

The alameda is a favorite sauntering-place, and rejoices in the appropriate name of the Salon. And well named it is; for it is the open-air reception-room of Granada, where all classes meet to promenade and gossip. Shade-trees line its sides, and at each end a massive marble fountain, upheld by mythological deities, furnishes lively music for the pleasure-seekers, while the terraces between this park and the half-fabled Genil form a succession of tasteful flower-beds.

Public edifices and open squares, with babbling fountains, are more common in Granada than in any city I recall; and it should be so, in order to relieve the dangerous overcrowding of ugly and weather-stained houses. It was very pleasant to escape from the close and suspicious streets into sun-bathed spots, noisy with birds and sweet with roses, and to rest on the stone benches and view the ceaseless concourse of human pictures as they pass by. Models and suggestions rich and complete enough to supply the ateliers of Paris can be found in these oases. They assume postures and extrav-

agant gestures, and yet they are graceful in their tatters and even regal in their manners.

The Gothic cathedral, with priceless pillars of jasper and rare marble, is sacred to the dust of their Catholic majesties, which rests in a beautiful chapel at one side of the Great Altar. Its walls are hung with shields and medallions, and statuary stands around telling of epochs in these royal careers. The bodies lie in a crypt beneath imposing monuments, bearing recumbent figures of the king and queen ; and for a small consideration you may penetrate the gloom and stand beside the leaden chests. I ventured into the tomb, accompanied by a verger with a flickering candle, which seemed reluctant to go on such an errand, and had to be carefully nursed during our dismal visit. The tomb is small, being scarcely higher than one's head, and laid on top of one another are the cumbrous lead coffins. They are misshapen and indented, and securely bound with iron hoops as if grave-robbers lurked thereabouts, and are marked with the royal initials. The unfortunate mother of Charles also reposes in this imperial crypt, and near her rests Philip, safe at last from the extraordinary hallucinations of his crazy spouse. I placed my hand on the dull lead, and was about to indulge in serious reflections on the mysteries of foreordination, when my sable-garbed torch-bearer, thinking to divine my thoughts, grinned in most approved sepulchral form, and, with a voice to match, exclaimed, "The Catholic monarchs are surely dead!" This authoritative expression did its work ; and, turning away, I climbed the slippery steps up into the sun-lanced church, and roamed the immense aisles, wonder-struck at the surroundings. On some columns were printed rules of action exceedingly funny, and yet they served a good purpose when beggars assailed me. One forbade conversation with women within the cathedral ; another commanded silence during mass ;

and a third warned heretics and infidels of the wrath of Jehovah. I conned them with great care ; but, so far as strict observance is concerned, I fancied they were wellnigh obsolete. It must have been a sublime conceit on the part of a wifeless bishop, when, by means of rules and regulations, he commanded women to be silent.

A mile or more to the west of the city is the deserted monastery of Cartuja,—deserted in the sense that the monks no longer dwell there ; but services are still performed, and the establishment is well cared for. The exterior of the building is commonplace and unattractive, the locality wears an air of desolation and despair, and one might pass by, unconscious of the gems contained within these sombre walls. A remarkably stupid guide conducted me through the cloisters and aisles of monastery and church, pointing out this object and that, and rattling off history and legend most volubly ; but the moment his attention was directed to anything not in his stereotyped repertory he became dumb as an oyster, and looked like a confirmed idiot. In the cloisters are life-sized frescos, representing the deeds of the fathers, their victories amid flames and wild beasts, and their splendid sufferings. One painting showed how the Saxons burned the missionaries, and my guide had all its details at his tongue's end. He pointed out the actors, calling them by name. He knew the persecutors, and scoffed at them, styling the ardent avengers cowards and assassins. He pointed with great satisfaction to the blonde hair and beard which the artist had given the Britains, and kept uttering the word *rubio*, which, being interpreted, means red. To this day the rheumatic old guide implicitly believes that every Englishman is a blonde. Beyond being extravagant, these mural paintings are uninteresting to travellers, however precious they may be to Spaniards. But when I stood before the battle piece

of St. Quentin and remarked the havoc in the French ranks, the oyster-like man got infused with enthusiasm, and, like Goldsmith's veteran, he shouldered his crutch and showed how his countrymen did it.

One masterpiece represented a decaying corpse rising from the grave—a sickening spectacle, but made supremely ridiculous by the figure of a looker-on wearing eye-glasses. It seemed to me that it might be a debatable question which of the two was the more horrified.

The sacristy, with glossy marbles and nicely moulded columns, shows how rich and influential this Cartuja used to be before the monks were expelled; and, although now in disuse, the vestments and religious paraphernalia are still kept in all their ancient splendor, and the altar, superbly rich, receives the daily care of servants. Much of the delicate work seen here is from the chisel of that versatile genius, Alonzo Cano, who, like Angelo, was sculptor and architect as well as painter. This extraordinary man, a native of Granada, lavished his skill on the decorations of sacristy and altar, until he could do no more. Then he set about producing the most exquisite medallions cut in agate, giving them a truthfulness that a brush might envy. These are placed in the walls, where they succeed in masquerading as choice paintings. To commemorate the founder of the Carthusian order, Cano produced a miniature figure of the saint, which is the admiration of all who behold it. A more life-like effigy was never made. It is small, and yet remarkably expressive. It would stand the severest criticism, for not a vein nor a hair has been omitted: the little hands are studies in themselves, and the beard just starting from the freshly shaven chin is true to nature.

On the blank walls of the deserted refectory Cano painted a huge cross—a sort of *memento mori* for the feeding brothers to gaze at; and so perfect was his picture, that

the phantom arms have been scratched and mutilated by birds vainly trying to gain a resting-place on them. Through the open casements this artistic creation allures songsters by the score. Even while I stood before it birds flew round the inviting arms, undecided whether to perch there or not.

On my way through the town I came upon the bull-ring, which had just been dedicated with glorious carnage, and even then the memory of it was so fresh that small boys in the streets talked of nothing else. It matters very little what commotions and reforms may visit Spain, insurrections will call a truce while the ancient sport goes on, and reforms must pass by the Plaza de Toros as something too sacred and honored to be interfered with. Even there, under the shadows of the Alhambra, the dawn of the twentieth century will behold a coliseum to which the cruel games shall attract new generations.

The Alhambra has so many charming spots that each person must choose his favorite. The old Vela tower, with its wealth of history, seemed most fascinating, and I frequently went there. Standing like a sentinel, it overlooks the city and the rich plains, and embraces one of the rarest horizons in the world. Surely its mute stones ought to speak forth their praise. In this tower is the alarm bell that once called the sleeping hosts to arms. Now to better uses has it come, for its strokes measure off time to the farmers of the Vega: by its command they open the irrigating sluices, and at another command they close them. At sunset the scene from this place is truly ravishing: then the colors thrown upon the landscape make a living picture of indescribable splendor. Across the russet tiles and uneven roofs of the great city the vision of the Vega unfolds. Brilliant is that verdant garden in the wake of the departing sun. The yellow fields gleam like gold, the groves

break the uninterrupted monotony of the plain, and the silver Genil, the generous patron of the Vega, curves through, lavishing its waters on every side. Villages, glistening like white wings on the sea, give to this master sketch a touch of life and action. Beyond, in shadowy ridges, rise the Mountains of the Sun, faintly painted by the evening light, and away to the north the ermine-clad Sierras stand against the bluest of skies, their heads crowned with burnished sunshine and their majestic shoulders draped in royal purple. The reflection of the sun works fantastically with these Granadian summits, and creates an unceasing variety of exquisite images. From the first slanting rays of the afternoon till the rising of the evening star the sun magician is never at rest: he plies his wondrous art with fascinating versatility, and transforms the Vega and its rugged frame into scenes too splendid for fairy-land and too delicate for dreams.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OVER THE PYRENEES TO SOUTHAMPTON.

TO vary the monotony of railway travelling, and to see more of the country and its people, I secured a ticket in the diligence running between Granada and Baylen, and resigned myself to the vicissitudes of an overland journey. At five o'clock in the morning I shook my host of the "Washington Irving" by the hand, and, clambering up into the nest behind the driver, disposed of myself for the day. The mules seemed impatient to begin their work, but the driver and the porters, true to inherited instincts, smoked and gossiped with an exasperating indifference, defying the time-table, and calling down upon their frowsy heads the extravagant imprecations of two Englishmen who chanced to be among the passengers. All day long these men growled and grumbled, until I heartily prayed for a robber ambush, or some other alleviating process.

The elms of the Alhambra park were never more graceful, the fountains and cascades more lively, nor the songsters more merry, than at the moment of our departure. Everything conspired to arrest our going, and for my part I felt an inexpressible reluctance to leave that paradise of nature and art. There is only one Granada, and to see it for the last time in the full glory of a spring morning makes one quiet and sad. Down the shady avenue, beneath the frowning gateway, out into the stony streets we went, and the Alhambra hill with its yellow walls disappeared from view. Under the assiduous attention of a cracking lash the team

dashed over the pavements of old Granada, creating a disturbance worthy a heavy battery going into action, and causing many a matutinal balcony scene, effective if not entirely dramatic.

Over the Vega hung a dense mist, which the coming sun was driving away in great clouds, disclosing here and there patches of green, and bringing out the uncertain forms of farm-buildings and wayside churches; then instantaneously the scene changed, and the landscape again became obscured and dark. This play of lights and shadows lasted an hour or more as we rolled along the highway; then the day, conscious of its loveliness, chased away the mists and dews, and stood out in regal beauty. The air was lightly touched with frost, and the earth had been recently moistened by showers: so the dry and dusty inconveniences of travel gave us no concern.

The aspect of the country surprised me by its apparent niggardliness of fertility, and the farther we went the more sterile and barren became the soil. I had looked for an expansion of the rich Vega, not taking into account that the road to Jaen runs almost due north from Granada, and that every mile bore us nearer to one of the most rocky provinces of Spain. The transition from the soft cultivation of Granada is rapidly made, the gardens are more widely separated, the husbandmen are less numerous, and the glow gives place to a yellow and faded look. The soil is dry and the region desolate. Men and cattle find sustenance, but the abundant harvests of the plain cannot be coaxed to venture into the craggy confines of Jaen. The mountains are bare, and are burned and wrinkled like gypsy crones. The highland roads are well kept, and the threatening gorges need not frighten one. The Spanish government has known this route for many centuries, and its importance allows of no neglect. Nowhere in Europe do

I recall a road more carefully maintained than this; and notwithstanding these days of steam, the famous old *camino real* is not forgotten by the king's engineers.

Jaen used to be considered the key to Andalusia, and has long been a strategic point; but under the radical changes in military manœuvres and communications the rock-bound old province has lost its importance. Its people are ignorant of all this, however, and still believe that they guard the gate to Andalusia. In the good old days of hand-to-hand conflict, the spurs and defiles of the Morenas, like so many fortresses, teemed with armed men, ready at any moment to stand battle or to make forays; but they are deserted now save by shepherds and their flocks. Behind these rocky walls Isabella established the Castilian court, and thither went ambassadors to treat for peace. Kings found a refuge among the fastnesses of Jaen, and in epochs more recent bandits and robbers have made these haunts friendly to their calling. The ragged mountains no longer shield king or outlaw: only the humdrum, every-day existence circles about them. Peasants and rude husbandmen dwell in the shadows, but even they thin out as the years roll by. Every census counts a smaller number, and it would not be surprising if, in the years to come, Jaen with its historic rocks might become as desolate as some isle of the sea. Even now its hardy inhabitants are beginning to compare their lot with those in better climes, and they manifest a restlessness that means depopulation.

The city of Jaen is perched upon the slopes of a mountain, where, like an eagle, its eyes may see a most expansive horizon of undulating plains, shut in by black-ribbed mountains and distant ranges, snow-tipped and ambitious. A venerable bridge, with arches strong enough to uphold a coliseum, crosses the river just at the base of the last ascent. Then the streets become ludicrously and painfully

paved, while the rough stone houses thrust in by the road show some evidence of life. Our mules knew full well that Jaen meant for them a respite from toil, and the exertions they made up the steep streets were highly commendable. They pulled at tugs and reins, and their heavy hoofs beat the stones in a most hilarious tune. Fortunately, nothing gave way, and after the regulation number of twists and jerks the stubborn stage-coach crashed into the public square, and came to a full stop.

The driver having vouchsafed the information that we could dwell in Jaen for a full hour, I set about exploring the quaint collection of mediæval curiosities. There is nothing new in Jaen—not a chimney or a shawl that does not claim an antiquity antedating by far the reign of the Bourbons—and the inhabitants, in faded gowns and turbans, have about them the stamp of primeval origin. They wear a facial expression that must have been put there during the middle ages. A fierce stare that commands a responsive shiver is very common, and so is the deep-set scowl and theatrical strut. Very probably strangers passing through are taken for enemies, and regarded accordingly; but they ought to dismiss such unjust sentiments after a century or two, and offer wandering strangers at least fifty per cent. less of austerity and moroseness. However, these homely traits may be indigenous only to such out-of-the-way places as Jaen, and instead of signifying displeasure and envy, they may be intended as so many fifteenth century compliments. If the swarthy Moorish denizens really meant harm, all they needed to do was to whip out their ugly navajas and cut intruders into piecemeal, without so much as an *ora pro nobis*. I saw peasants lounging in the alameda with guns by their sides; and as for knives, the custom of carrying them appeared to be very common. The blood of Jaen, scarcely contaminated with modern corpuscles,

courses in the same hot and sluggish way it did when Saracen spears were flung against the town. Man has changed but little, and the customs of five hundred years ago have been transmitted like so many heirlooms.

The cathedral dominates everything, and is, no doubt, one of earth's wonders to the people. It certainly is a pretentious one, and possesses extravagances enough to satisfy Seville. Legends lurk in every chapel and stall. Even the devil himself played an important part in its history, by once carrying Eufrazio, the patron saint of Jaen, to Rome. The incorrigible Satan is said to have adopted the popular method of pickback locomotion, and performed the somewhat extended journey in good time. On the theory that history repeats itself, this somewhat unusual performance may be attempted again; and if it should be, the iron-clad exclusiveness of town and people will be broken up beyond the power of Spanish bigotry to revive it.

Somewhere in the treasure-house of the cathedral is the famous Santa Rostro, with which, according to tradition, the woman wiped the face of the Saviour on Calvary. The relic is not on daily exhibition, being only exposed on great festival days, but the people make up for this infrequent display by wearing round their necks proxy expedients, which are thought to possess all the virtues and powers of the original. The shops of Jaen partake of two civilizations,—the Moorish and the Spanish. They are small and dark, and their contents coarse and unattractive. The houses belong to an ancient order of things, and their owners still peer into the night in hopes of seeing the solitary horseman and his faithful squire. Jaen is rather sad, and its primitiveness is too intimately connected with squalor and neglect to captivate the traveller; but its history, and above all its remarkable situation, give it an identity among the cities of Spain, and entitle it to the respect of strangers.

Around the diligence, in small amphitheatrical curves, had gathered the usual crowd of do-nothings and beggars, who watched every motion, now and then offering criticism in a hoarse tone that sounded as suspicious as it did brutal, but attempting no familiarity beyond the laying on of hands and the insolent leering into our faces. The Paul Prys kept at a respectful distance and took a mental photograph of everything, while the mendicants, with true professional energy, edged in upon our paid-for sanctity, and beseeched us for the love of God to relive their pressing necessities. It was a case where an indulgence in sweet charity would have only increased the supplications beyond control; therefore we withheld our coppers until the relay of brown mules jumped forward, when out went handfuls into the crowd, and a helter-skelter panic was the result. As we rattled round a sharp corner I saw our Jaen acquaintances on hands and knees, bareheaded and capeless, struggling like so many animals, and giving vent to loud vociferations, which for aught I know may have been followed up with duels and murders.

Down the mountain-sides in roundabout windings went the highway, the mules taking no heed of steep places, but plunging onward at a very alarming gait, which threatened to bring disaster at any moment; but the beasts displayed an unlooked for steadiness, and inspired complete confidence in their good judgment. No sooner had the road become level than these sagacious mules so relaxed their speed as to justify the Andalusian oaths of the driver. Imprecations availed nothing, and the lash fell far short of the leaders. When this exasperating moderation bade fair to become chronic, the boy riding one of the wheel animals slid off his seat, and, running along the road, filled his hat with stones, which he skilfully laid at the driver's feet, and then resumed his saddle. This ammunition thenceforth played an impor-

tant part in our journey, and the way the stones carromed over the laggards' backs was a caution to the whole mule tribe. In especially flagrant cases the driver dropped the reins, and, rising in his box, let fly volley after volley of oaths and stones until he grew red in the face. As I sat directly behind him, I felt a deep interest in all that he did, and once or twice, at his urgent invitation, I essayed my skill at stoning the mules. It often happened that an unlucky aim took the postilion in his back, but experience had hardened him also, for he only squirmed a little and shook his fist at the marksman.

We now reached a long plain, so dry that clouds of dust were easily excited as we rolled on, and the journey soon lost the rugged and effective scenery that had made it so charming. There were no more peaks and gorges to arouse the mind: everything had succumbed to the common-place, leaving not so much as a ruined castle to stimulate the fancy. At regular intervals we came across the *guardia civile*, whose trim appearance coincided with all that is modern in soldiery, and we breathed freely in full consciousness that the strong arm of law and protection was within easy call. To these men may be attributed in no small degree the safety of travellers and the good order of the country. Their duty consists in guarding the public highways, over which they make daily patrols, and in keeping a strict watch over the doings of the inhabitants. That they may be more effective in case of need, custom has ordained that they shall never go singly, but in pairs—*unapareja*, as it is called. In this way one sees them in every part of Spain, and a handsomer or more soldierly class does not exist in the world. Their uniform is modelled after that of the French *gen d'armes*, chapeau and all. They carry carbines and short swords, and invariably wear white gloves, whether in the suburbs of Madrid or in the

dark passes of the Sierra Morenas. In order that masculine beauty may be ever present, a well cared for moustache is prescribed, which adds not only to their good looks, but also reassures the timid. Under the constant attentions of this corps of men, Spain has been largely rid of those bandits and pests that once overran it. Order has been educed, and, so far as I know, travelling is no longer involved in insecurity and personal danger. Their powers are large and their processes summary, being a modified form of drum-head justice, so that the unlucky offender, once in their clutches, stands no possible chance of escaping a punishment commensurate with his crime.

During the journey from Granada to Baylen we met several score of these monarchs of law and order, each one so nearly like another that I had my doubts whether their own wives could tell them apart. This uncertainty about domestic property may not be a recommendation, but it goes to show that the civil guard is selected with wonderful care, and that only men of about the same age, stature, and general appearance can hope to be admitted into this distinguished branch of the Spanish army.

Away in the distance were the houses of Baylen, toward which the mules made a rattling pace, enveloping us in a winding sheet of fine dust, and causing the passing peasants to stare with wonder. Perhaps our break-neck speed suggested to the oldest inhabitant the capitulation of the French, for the diligence certainly possessed the power of raising a war-like din whenever the six mules evinced the proper disposition. Over a handsome iron bridge spanning the lazy Guadalquivir, then through the suburbs of the town to the railway station, and the day's journey was ended. The hardy postilion doffed his cap and received the customary fees, likewise the driver and guard; then this picturesque trio vanished and was seen no more.

Baylen, lying at the foot of the Morenas, used to be the key to Castile, but the key has long since become rusty and the lock broken. The day's ride had been full of pleasure and experience, without a solitary moment of dulness, but I must confess the sight of the train, with a comfortable coupé, was welcome ; and once embarked, the further incidents of the journey troubled me not at all.

The next morning I was again in Madrid, prepared to look about me. During my stay there I saw the Spanish Fourth of July,—that is, the second day of May, or *Dos de Mayo*, as they call it. This is a national holiday, both to celebrate the deliverance from the French, and to commemorate the memory of the brave Spaniards who fell fighting in defence of the capital. How widely this festival is observed I know not, but very likely it reaches its fulness in Madrid, notwithstanding it was the day that gave birth to the war of Spanish independence.

While the church was not slighted, yet, unlike all the national processions I have seen, the black gowns seemed to have very little to do with the demonstration, which from the requirements of the hour devolved more on the garrison and civic authorities. Early in the morning booming cannon announced the fête, then martial music played through the streets, while the devoutly inclined collected at the glaring altar in the Prado, or in the churches of the town, and said prayers for the heroic dead.

The day was most delightful, and as it fell on Sunday the population was largely augmented, so that by the time the pageant came through the Puerta del Sol the addition of another person would have surely overcrowded it. It reminded me of the wedding of the December before, save that the enthusiasm of the people was more strongly manifested, and there was a vivacity and gaiety which Alphonso's nuptials did not call forth.

The gouty state coaches, with their prancing steeds, were no part of this procession—those are kept for uses more aristocratic—but in their stead were brilliant cavalcades and glittering troops. The most noticeable feature was the battalions of young boys from the city colleges and charitable institutions. They wore a uniform, and marched with a precision worthy a regiment of the line. Many of these youths were orphans, descendants undoubtedly of the victims of Soult's brutality, and the occasion was a patriotic lesson to them. Veterans, maimed and faltering, with breasts bright with medals, the heroes of many battles; officers in resplendent uniforms, civic officials, and public servants,—marched in military unison, followed by the steady platoons of the garrison, to the beautiful Prado, where orators selected for the duty spoke words of eloquence to the assemblage. I tried to get within hearing of the speakers, but failed: the crowd was dense, and as immovable as the gate of the Alcala. Later in the day I drove through the Prado, and the crowd was but slightly diminished: the people lingered near the wreath-strewn monument, and in their fervid imaginations pictured the valor and the massacre of the May morning so many years ago.

Strangely enough, the French barbarities have long since been forgiven, and while the Spaniard still reserves to himself a superiority over every other nationality, he harbors no revenge against the French. I should have said that a spirit of hatred rankled in his breast, and that the recurrence of *Dos de Mayo* excited his sluggish soul into intensest heat: but it is not so. The Spaniards laughed at my idea, and declared that the day was too hallowed for such feelings. They revere the sorrowful memorial day just as we Americans revere ours, and in common homage to the dead drown every brutal passion. The day showed

a new phase of Spanish character, which, for sincerity, simplicity, and tenderness, made the most beautiful Spanish vista in my wanderings.

The eighth wonder of the world still attracts succeeding generations of visitors, and sends them away full of tingling blood. In all my experiences, through pest-ridden prisons, among tombs, in black catacombs, along the greasy tunnels of steamer shafts, beneath avalanches of water, and over fathomless crevasses, the journey to the Escorial made me forget them all. Sad, dismal, and depressing are the precincts of Philip's masterwork. It is the autobiography of the old tyrant done in sombre granite and marble. As he was taciturn, pitiless, and ugly, so is the Escorial silent, severe, and plain. It is Philip, look where you will. Courts, galleries, refectories, turrets, chapels, everything bears his imprint. Even the windows letting in the light of day are small, just as his soul was small, and light is admitted mixed with darkness. The intention seems to have been to make the interior as suggestive of the eternal mysteries as possible, and it has been done with extraordinary fidelity.

It happened to rain and blow on the day of my visit, but even these unpropitious accompaniments exercised slight influence upon the surroundings. They came as a matter of course to emphasize the traditional melancholy of the palatial neighborhood. I really think sunshine must feel lonely in the great congregation of shadows, and call forth an involuntary compassion.

The Escorial is a score or more of miles from Madrid, across a landscape seared and sterile and rocky. The railway is not an easy one, nor does it run through gardens or leap cascades. Even the engineers who surveyed it must have reproved nature for giving them so grim a route.

Away from the turmoil of the political world, shunned

by human habitations save those of the custodians, and sulking in the hateful embrace of the Guardarrama mountains, more like a stupendous mausoleum than an imperial palace, is the Escorial. The selection of this out-of-the-way site can only be attributed to the caprice of its founder, for it is secluded, unattractive, and disagreeable. To be sure, the court did not prolong its stay beyond two months, but even that brief sojourn must have sprinkled gray hairs on knight and lady, and shaken their limbs like a palsy.

- A small and insignificant brotherhood of monks dwelt in the poverty-stricken hamlet of Escorial long before Philip made his pious vow to commemorate the famous battle, and it is more than probable that their wretched surroundings presented so strong a picture of humiliation and abstinence that the morbid king forthwith set about his gigantic undertaking. In the course of years the towering walls of the wonderful convent loomed against the heavens like a huge screen, almost shutting out from view the dark mountain peaks.

The atmosphere of terror hanging over this massive pile is now rudely dissipated by the echo-breeding screeches of locomotives, for, in spite of propriety and Spanish prejudice, the railway makes a graceful curve—a curtesy, if one pleases—as it enters the royal domain. A miracle has worked strange changes, and peoples from beyond the Pyrenees and the ocean alight from railway carriages at the very portals of the Escorial, and perambulate its sacred corridors with an independence of action that ought to cause the portraits to leap from their frames and resume their holy tortures.

Amid the wonders of the Escorial I could but marvel at the incomparable genius that designed it all. Toledo and Herrera were its architects, and they brought forth from their brains the most extravagant of architectural fancies.

Thirty years were needed for its completion, and sixty millions of dollars for its cost. For more than three centuries has this imposing structure been startling the world. Kingdoms and empires have fallen to decay since Philip attended mass within its walls, and yet the world keeps wondering why it was made and what were its uses. When one understands that the term Escorial means everything inclosed by the walls, and that within the 400,000 square feet are churches, chapels, a monastery so large that a legion of Jeronymites could vex night with lamentations, infirmaries, a seminary where Spanish youth might learn of castles beyond Castile and Aragon, oratories, courts with splashing fountains, towers, audience halls so spacious that provinces might gather there to swear allegiance, refectories, a library richer in manuscripts than any extant, picture galleries and frescos that are the admiration of the age, and, last, that decorated pantheon where sleep the royal dead, then the magnitude of this regal conceit comes before one.

The shape of the structure is a rectangular parallelogram, with great square towers at each corner, so that impressionable imaginations insist that the plan represents a gridiron. Well, so it does, and likewise it might represent other useful and ornamental things, if one were an adept in searching out resemblances. I gave no thought to the fanciful gridiron, but looked about with wondering eyes. Surely, the character of the Escorial is the grandest in Christendom. In no part is there a falling away from the majestic harmony. Each section is to the whole what a link is to the chain.

Entering through the principal gateway, with its ponderous portico, one comes into the Court of the Kings,—and an applicable name it is. High and roughly hewn walls enclose the court, and reveal the immensity of the Escorial.

As you enter, the church is directly in front, and on its great steps are the celebrated statues. Six in number and colossal in size, they are rightly placed there, for they are the kings of Judah. Why Philip in his ecstasy did not bestow a cathedral dignity on his Escorial church is inexplicable. The congregation, to be sure, was not large, but the grandeur of the sanctuary could not be surpassed by any church in his kingdom. It stands on 70,000 square feet, and measures 340 feet one way and 200 the other. It would command the profoundest reverence anywhere in the religious world, but shut up behind prison-like walls, its interior only is left to admire. Constructed in the form of a Greek cross, with a mammoth dome rising 400 feet, this church may well be ranked among the architectural triumphs of all time. Its interior is somewhat disappointing, inasmuch as everything suggests barrenness. The pillars and columns are huge and lofty, the marbles and porphyry on the walls are rich, and yet there is a noticeable want of that ecclesiastical ornamentation so common throughout southern Europe. It may be that the gloom of the locality intensifies the prevailing sombreness of the church, and conceals the gems and marvels of sculpture which the edifice certainly contains; but account for this in any way I pleased, the feeling of uncanniness and depression would not be shaken off.

The high altar vies with Seville in gorgeous embellishments, and so do the oratories beside it: on both, chisels and gold have plied their splendid arts until they dazzle in the uncertain light. In the small chapels, and in the pretentious sacristy, are relics innumerable, most of them garnered up by Philip, although his successors are said to have been very assiduous in their attention to holy bones. It must occur to every one that no better storage place could be found on earth. I was permitted to peer into chests ossifying with saints and saints *emeriti*, and had I been more patient my

guide might have given me some of the sacred remains to handle.

Above and at one side of the altar is the little room occupied by Philip during his last sickness. In this mean cell one may indulge in all sorts of meditations: the vicissitudes, the glamor, and the power of potentates present themselves most vividly, and teach a never-to-be-forgotten lesson. Scantily furnished and bare of ornament, with cold tile floors, was the last throne room of the great monarch. Hideous with disease, loathsome beyond the pen to describe, neglected and almost alone, prone on the pavement, the crowned fiend looked through the open window upon the flaming altar. Thus he heard his last mass; and after so many years the avenger of Egmont and Horn came into the strong Escorial and fulfilled his vow—and the son of Charles was no more.

Beneath the altar is the burying-place of Spain's royalty, and into its depths a flickering taper leads you. The chamber of death is octagonal in shape, and formed of black marbles and jasper. A small altar is there, and hanging over it is a superb crystal chandelier, whose darting prisms rarely illumine the gloom. All around are places for the dead, most of them tenanted; but a few are still yawning. With a showy ceremonial each king and queen selects a favorite niche, so that the post-mortem proceedings may not give rise to acrimonious discussions. In these narrow homes lie Charles V, the Philips, the Charleses, the Ferdinands, and queens, among them sweet Mercedes. It will not be many years before this crypt will be found insufficient: then modern Spain must desert it, and leave the Castilian kings alone forever.

The palace has nothing to command the leisure minutes of strangers: its apartments are like hundreds of others in all parts of Europe, and its decorations call forth no especial

remark. The tapestries are faded and colorless, but the master canvases of Velazquez and Goya still show lustre and expression. Fortunately, the best pictures have been carried to Madrid, where care and safety are assured.

Over a staircase so grand that a regiment of the guard might bivouac on its marble steps, are the enormous frescos of Giordano, and beyond is the magnificent library, whose volumes are almost as unattainable as the nectar of the gods. It is large, and full of most ornate moulding and gilding; the cases contain thousands of precious works, among them a complete history of the Moorish epochs. But so ignorant are the fussy librarians, that no one may see the inside of a single tome. However, they are beautiful to gaze upon, and, with edges turned outward, remind one of golden wainscoting. Flames, inconsiderate of manuscripts, swept through this depository, and much was lost; then the French, like so many red Indians, applied the torch; and still later, in our own day, another fiery calamity visited the library. But enough is left to delight the beholder, especially the illuminated texts, which are as bright as golden sunsets.

The convent, its wards and deserted refectories, will not detain one—the scene is too sad; so on through silent courts and endless corridors you go, then across paved squares where even grass and weeds struggle hard to live, threading narrow passages, emerging on granite galleries only to meet the dull stare of an opposing façade, never stopping, only too glad to be moving, then faltering, fearful that you are hopelessly lost in some frightful labyrinth; but the old guide reassures you, and on you press. Even beneath the monstrous pile a subterranean tunnel runs, and along its oozing sides you feel your way, your heart pressed almost into your mouth; then the open air, although so leaden and damp, seems like a ray specially sent from the sun. Such were my

experiences in Philip's wonder-house, and when I left its grim precincts I was glad that the vast fortress of departed grandeur and hollow mockery of kingly ambitions would not lay across my path again.

After months passed in the cities and provinces of the south, Madrid can hold out but few attractions: its origin is comparatively recent, and its architecture belongs to the present age. The royal palace is the handsomest and largest of the public buildings, being some 400 feet long and 100 high—so the sharp-voiced guide informed me. It is built in the Tuscan style, and, owing to its elevation above the Manzanares, presents one of the most imposing façades in Europe. Admittance is not easily obtained, and I contented myself in walking about the great quadrangle, flanked with its massive pillars of carved marble.

At one side of the palace is the royal armory, containing the completest collection of arms and armor in the world, and affording a rare study of man-killing contrivances from the darkest ages down to the present. A general in the thirteenth century, and those immediately following, must have been suggestive of a moving silversmith's shop, for his adornments surpass church decorations in elaboration of design and workmanship. Nor was his steed neglected by the ingenious hands of those gallant days—not at all; the animal came in for a generous recognition, and, judging from its weight and cumbersomeness, nothing short of a broadside could have upset him.

They point out the sword of the Cid, and talk so fast regarding it that one is left in doubt whether that worthy used it to cleave off heads or to adorn his august person. Boabdil contributes several family effects, such as rings and helmets, and the battle of Lepanto furnishes spoils enough to fill a large section. The museum is so full of curiosities that only a student can get away without a headache. In

an hour or two quick tourists will take a comprehensive glance at every thing worth seeing, and never regret that a sword or a saddle has been passed by unseen.

At the opposite end of the palace are the royal stables, rich with the world's most beautiful horses, who demand the nicest care. I have seen these splendid animals at a king's wedding, and shall never forget the appearance they made nor the encomiums they received.

Away in another part of the city, past the Cortes,—and I must confess that for a parliament house this is in no wise noteworthy,—is the magnificent picture gallery. No matter what calamity may befall Spain, may the gods spare two objects—the Alhambra and this gallery. More than two thousand pictures hang on its walls. The choicest productions of that galaxy of immortals who grace the earth but once,—Titian, Rubens, Raphael, Velasquez, Murillo, Tintoretto, Van Dyck, Goya, and others scarcely less eminent,—are seen here at their best. No gallery offers such unbounded advantages and opportunities as this. In Paris, Dresden, Florence, and St. Petersburg the cities themselves are jealous of attention, but it is not so in Madrid. There one is free to spend whole days among the master canvases, and may quit the city without losing a sight worth regretting. To a person contemplating a visit to Madrid, reasonable time ought to be given to this museum, and by way of preparation a good descriptive book on art should be read; then, conversant with a catalogue, the progress through the priceless rooms will be both pleasurable and profitable.

Vagabondage in its pure nakedness is not often seen in Madrid. The racy types of Granada and Seville do not seem to thrive so far north. Sickening deformities are not held at a premium on the banks of the Manzanares, and the low moaning and rattle of tin cups are not heard. For

my part, this conspicuous scarcity was thoroughly appreciated. I have no doubt that Madrid, like every other city, has its full share of unfortunate inhabitants, but, so far as my observation went, the fact did not show itself in any unpleasant way. The people, even those of lowly calling, appeared more self-reliant and better conditioned than in other Spanish towns, and they had an air of something to do about them which was truly refreshing. In respect of their garments, it is plain to any one that they depend more on tailors than on indulgent Nature to keep them warm. You see very little of the Andalusian filigree of rags and tatters in strolling about the streets, for either the climate or the police is hostile to such masquerading.

If one could go to Madrid by balloon, the sights and experiences, while odd at first, would quickly adapt themselves to a rational arrangement, and, the bull-fight excepted, the city and its people might pass for a detached section of France, Germany, or Italy; but as aerial travelling is not practicable, Madrid must be seen focused through many strange lenses. Even then distinctively Spanish traits are reduced to their lowest terms, and no longer furnish cause for remark. Unless one seek the slums of the city,—and the slums are not a dead cat or a heap of garbage worse than the same localities in New York or London,—the general appearance is cleanly and respectable. The labyrinthian streets are infrequent, for much the larger number are straight and dignified, their houses are better constructed, and the patios and court-yards are better kept. In the quarter inhabited by the wealthy the mansions are Parisian to the last nail, and were it not for the idiom of the neighborhood, one might as well be in Parc Morceau. But while these imported comforts are too un-Spanish to please the sight-seer, they certainly afford a relief from the picturesque unevenness of other places, and give to Madrid a

well deserved reputation for rest and comfort. The hotels are by far the best in the country, and one begins to scent Frenchified delicacies in soup and entrée.

It is so with the shops: they are exotics, and most decidedly foreign, but I fear as much cannot be said of their clerks. Instead of "English spoken here," it is "*Ici on parle Française*," and such a *parle Française*! The Spaniard makes a terrible piece of work with the language of Corneille and Voltaire,—worse than the English, if such a thing were possible. He has his own method of pronunciation, and of syntax, and is courageous to the last degree. No matter how imperfect one's knowledge of French may be, a journey through Spain will make one bold to temerity, and give no end to conceit. As a rule, anybody's French is as good as the Spaniards', and there need be no hesitation in speaking right out.

My last hours in storied Spain were fast fading. My search for a genial winter had been rewarded by everything that tended to make life enjoyable by health, pleasure, and profit; and now that May danced on the horizon, I regretfully threw an affectionate *adios* to the romances and realities of the castled kingdom, and turned my face toward the Pyrenees.

Just at dusk the train rolled past the grim shadows of the Escorial, standing against the mountains like some monster fiend incarnate; then the night and its mysteries enveloped the earth, and I had seen the last of Spain. Through the darkness the train climbed and toiled, but my sleep was sound, and perchance my dreams were of cathedral pageants and the sports of the arena, of Moorish palaces and wild fantasies; but on it sped, until the early sun was flinging a million sparkling gems into the Bay of Biscay. I had reached the frontier, and Spain had become a worshipped idol.

The little town of Irun, bunched upon the banks of the Bidassoa, is the gate through which I passed back into France. There every one must change carriages, relegate things Spanish to the past, and forthwith cultivate a fondness for the people, the table, and the language of the French. The wayside sights and station experiences, even at this frontier post, are almost as deeply dyed in Spanish peculiarities as any I had seen. The costumes varied somewhat, owing to the admixture of Basque modifications, but the true characteristics still remained. It was the same old crowd of loud-talking and easy-doing mortals, with scarcely a modern idea about them. They dressed in short jackets and trousers, and wore broad red sashes. Their skins were as dark as those of Andalusia, and their cigarettes impregnated the air with a rankness quite unmistakable. The houses were huddled together, the streets were uneven, and the general aspect was of the antiquated Moorish kind. Spanish tenacity held out to the very edge of the kingdom, almost persuading me that the boundary line was many leagues distant; and yet a child could have tossed a pebble into the republic of France. National reluctance to change was everywhere manifested. Even the carriages of the Spanish Northern Railway are not permitted to leave the country, nor are the French carriages suffered to glide over into Spanish territory. This little international gap, if the place may be so insulted, is too sacred for the common passage of men and women, so all are conveyed from one country to the other in neutral carriages, whose trips could not exceed three minutes.

Midway in the unpretentious Bidassoa is a little island called the Isle of Pheasants, half being in Spain and half in France; but aside from its former uses, the insignificant patch of turf would be unnoticed. Louis XIV went there to meet his bride, and later it became a favorite spot for

treaty makers ; but now ambassadors prefer to perform these momentous duties amid more genial surroundings, and the Isle of Pheasants has become a mere speck in geographical annals.

Anchored in the tranquil stream was a small gunboat with the tricolor flying from its mast, and on its polished deck were a score of trimly dressed sailors. Into France, so cleanly and smiling, we had come, and nowhere in Europe is the transition from one country to another so remarkable. Every field was clad in brightest verdure, the hedges were cut like the moustache of a gend'arm, and the white-washed houses presented a wholesome contrast to the twisted and saffron habitations across the border. In that instantaneous view I realized at once how old and tarnished Spain was, and how strange were its customs and its people. It is a wrinkled grandee wrapped up in a rich cape. How strangely different was the threshold of France. There at Hendaye, known only as a frontier village, the comforts and pleasures of Paris began to show themselves. The station was commodious and tidy, and the buffet appetizing.

The trainmen had changed as completely as the scenery. They no longer appeared indifferent to time, but moved about with military promptness. The custom examination did not lag, and after a reasonable wait we moved on across the sandy plains known as the Landes. The soil is wretchedly poor, owing to its annual overflowing, and agriculture exists only in its simplest form. Yet in the face of this, the landscape, as seen from the windows, is not wholly sad ; on the contrary, there is a freshness and promise about it which is undoubtedly the result of patient husbandry. In the distance, and often, too, in the foreground, large forests of pine trees relieved the sterility of the country, and gave evidence of an artificial attempt to reclaim something

from the caprices of nature. In my school-days this section of the earth's surface was vividly associated with walking on stilts,—and sure enough the pictures of my boyhood became striking realities, for many times during the ride I saw men and women trudging along mounted on stilts, which they managed with astonishing ease. Through the sandy fields and over stubble, pausing at no obstacle, these ostrich-like peasants took their way. The men smoked and chatted, and the women kept on knitting, quite unconscious that wood-cuts of their grandfathers embellished the geographies of the New World.

No part of France furnishes the artist with choicer bits of nature than the sea-girt provinces of Landes and Gironde, and art galleries will never be without canvases depicting their picturesque scenery and quaint inhabitants. The plains, the pines, and the long sweep of the dunes, are in themselves a rare combination; but add to them the rude peasants in strange costumes, and the picture grows truly fascinating.

Biarritz, clinging to the overhanging cliffs, holds out a variety of marine attractions, which allure to its bosom votaries from every clime, and send them away refreshed and invigorated. The old town is built on terraces gentle in steepness, thus affording easy access to the chalets and hotels, and at the same time giving a wide expanse of blue sea and passing sail. The season was in its infancy at the time of my advent;—the streets were deserted; the shutters hung over the little shops where souvenirs are sold; and the hotels were just opening their watchful eyes. Everything presented a pleasing appearance quite consistent with the pure breezes from the sea. On the hard beach fishermen were repairing nets and tarring their boats, creating quite unconsciously one of those very pictures that artists are always searching for. Near by, children played among

the rocks with a freedom which is denied them during the height of the season, for then their antics and economic ideas of dress become a trifle racy for polite society, and have to undergo considerable change.

The women wore wide flapping hats, from which hung long braids of glossy hair. Their dress was lively in color and short in length, and on their feet were cumbersome sabots. Like so many of their European sisters, they think nothing of bearing bundles on their heads so as to leave their hands free for knitting. My rest in Biarritz only afforded a glimpse of the townspeople, and yet they made a most favorable impression because they looked honest and frank. As for physical recommendations, I am prepared to concede all the complimentary things travellers have said about them. They are fair in face and good in form.

Prominent on the long promontory stands the Château Eugénie, once the summer palace of Napoleon, but now unoccupied and silent. Still, sad as its history is, it was in keeping with the surrounding mansions, and had it not been for its unusual size and somewhat isolated dignity, it might readily have passed as the seaside house of some city banker.

A few hours of this solitary sight-seeing, even at Biarritz, is sufficient; but the town breaks the long journey from Madrid to Paris, and enables the traveller to make a fresh start, and more fully to enjoy the pleasures so thickly scattered along the route. Pleasing diversions and new sights begin to show themselves in the streets of this fashionable watering-place, and one readily recognizes that the customs of the inhabitants are neither wholly French nor Spanish; and the same may be said of their language. I think of this extreme south-western country as one possessing an interesting identity, and jealous of its ancient customs

and privileges. Let the tourist by all means give a few idle hours to the salubrious breezes of Biarritz, and so make certain of a speaking acquaintance with one of Europe's most famous breathing-spots.

The journey toward Paris is agreeable and easy, and the ride of 400 miles is comfortably done by rapid trains, which rush through some of the most charming scenery in France. At Bordeaux I tarried again, and was richly repaid by the sights of a most beautiful city. Like Seville in many respects, and yet unlike it, is this city on the Garonne. It is situated in the midst of a lovely district, and the river curves and widens through it, much as the Guadalquivir does in the Spanish city; but Bordeaux is cleaner and more dignified. The edifices wear, so to speak, an aristocratic air, and the boulevards have a spaciousness decidedly becoming. While Bordeaux, like Marseilles, is one of the great commercial cities, it has managed in some way to retain the distinctively Gascon characteristics, only modified or changed in accordance with the requirements of progress. The city is quiet, and yet its inhabitants are light-hearted and pleasure-loving, and their theatres, like their wines, have a well established reputation. The old-time exclusiveness pervades every street and alley, and even the antiquated tower of St. Michael, with its cave of unsightly inmates, presents a certain haughtiness quite in keeping with the rest of the town. It is the haughtiness of horror, to be sure, but it impressed me strongly. In the crypt, ranged around the black walls, are the grimacing dead men, each standing erect, with shining skull and skinny hands; and by the aid of the flickering light they seemed to move, as if eager to pace their accustomed streets once more. The guide explained all about his mummified neighbors; but when I asked if he himself looked forward with pleasure to his own burial, he did not take it in good part like

the jolly monk in the Capuchin convent at Rome, but glared at me and muttered in unintelligible Gascon.

The broad Garonne is spanned by a stone bridge, the handsomest, I think, in Europe; and below is another, over which, when the lamps were twinkling, my train rushed on its way to Paris. Through the night and into the morning we sped, then the splendid city of the Seine was at hand, and my journey was at an end.

A few weeks later I was in Southampton, where two years before I had taken the steamer for the Channel Islands. The town had not changed a cobble-stone; even the jaunty red-coat, with his collar-box cap and short stick, standing on the quay, looked just as I left him, and I could scarcely realize how far I had travelled and how much I had seen in my seven hundred days.

There is no education comparable to that taught by travel, and its diploma is good the world over. Above all, it teaches its pupils the inestimable art of philosophy and patience, and enriches the mind beyond the power of age to wither. One learns to bear the inconveniences he cannot change, and to regard the seeming absurdities of different peoples as so many essentials in their national existence. When one can conquer prejudices and discomforts, and discern silver linings in dark clouds, then the journey from Aalesund to Tetuan will be a golden chapter which time can never dim.

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